



**PROSE ROMANCES
PLAYS AND COMEDIES
OF BULWER**

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PREFACE

O recall to the many who value Bulwer some of the exquisite and noble characters he created and a few of the truths he sought to enforce; to acquaint new readers with the purpose of the several works and facilitate the just appraisement of their merits; and to record one estimate of the productions of an author who, in accordance with precedent, must wait a couple of centuries, before his country produces a critic capable of comprehending his power, wisdom, and mastery of art, is the object of this attempt to explain and appreciate the achievements of a great writer in the realm of romance. Another volume will deal with his poems, essays, criticisms, and speeches, for the romances are but half of his works.

Because of the vague notions prevalent concerning literature, poetry, and romance, an essay treating of these precedes the articles on the romances and their author.

The chapter on Bulwer is largely derived from the writings of his wife, and the two publications

of her executrix. Material for a more detailed and much stronger presentation than is here made exists in these works, of which a further exposition may become necessary.

The aim of this volume is to help those who desire to read Bulwer understandingly. None of the papers exhausts its subject, but if the reader is stimulated to examine and discover for himself, the purpose of the work will have been accomplished.

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BULWER

LITERATURE — POETRY — ROMANCE

LIITERATURE is the inclusive term for the several productions of those artists who by means of words and symbols used appropriately, either chronicle and record observations, discoveries, facts, methods, and events; or represent characters, moods, feelings, emotions, passions, and the conflict of these. Its service to mankind is analogous to that which memory performs for the individual. It has the same object as all art, viz., that of increasing man's knowledge, refining his judgments, and developing his perceptions, and like other arts it can be degraded to base uses.

Memory retains the results of observations, reflections, experiences, and communications. Its stores are increased, and drawn upon as aids, in two distinct exercises of the intellect.

One of these is by experiment, measurement, accumulation of details, qualities, and particulars, and a step-by-step progress toward certainty; the object being exactitude or truth, the method reasoning, and the result science. For the purpose of its records, its use of words and symbols is precise and even technical. Details are exhaustively considered, and only after careful examination of many particulars are deductions arrived at, or generalizations ventured upon. In its extreme examples it becomes profound and abstruse, as in pure mathe-

matics; and affords interest and benefit only to the few who have laboriously mastered the branches of learning which require for their advancement and comprehension the exercise and use of this development of the reasoning method. In proportion as a work is rigorously scientific, will its appeal be limited to scientists only.

The other way of employing the intellect is by conjecture, assumption, and apt combinations; discarding the unnecessary, simplifying the complex, ignoring minor details, and avoiding the actual. Characters, incidents, and situations are not copied but created, or combined into new wholes from parts selected because of their suitability. It does not imitate, it represents: it does not argue or demonstrate, it declares and asserts; it does not measure, it compares; it disregards the local or particular, noticing only prominencies or general characteristics. Its aim is perfection, of which beauty is a synonym, its method the imaginative, and its results poetry. In its representations it avoids the vulgar, the harsh, the restricted, and the commonplace, preferring the noble, the graceful, and the grand. Its rarest achievements have little contact with earth or humanity. They revel in the ethereal, and therefore provide enjoyment only for those who delight in the mystic and transcendental. A work of pure poetry will be esteemed by poets only.

Neither Science nor Poetry restricts itself to but one of these methods. Science begins with imagining, and then by reasoning proceeds to substantiate its conjecture; but apart from this commencement, every evidence of a resort to imagination detracts from the worth of the dis-

quisition in which it is indulged. And poetry would dissipate its energy in fantasy, if it did not employ reason in guidance, in selecting its materials, and in constructing its fabric; but if the use of the methods of reasoning is permitted to obtrude in poetry, the work is to that extent blemished.

The regions which are severally adventured into by the intellect in reasoning and in imagining, and the different procedures necessary in each instance, parallel the relations borne by the expanses of sea and land to physical man, and his varying methods of traversing them. Imagination, like the mariner, dares into a realm having more of the vast, the wondrous, and the mysterious; and as the explorations of navigators have increased the bounds of the known, so the poets have enriched, enlarged, and beautified all intellectual life.

For its purposes of recording and representing, Literature combines its materials into two fabrics: verse, the necessity of which is regularity, wherein the syllabic construction of sentences is constrained into equivalence with the time-beats measuring the succession of words and pauses composing its lines, which may use or dispense with recurring rhymes, and resort to elisions and inversions when necessary; and prose, where a series of words is broken by pauses occurring irregularly, which uses rhythm but avoids rhyme. Verse aims at saying things memorably and demands close attention; prose strives to express things clearly and is more easily comprehended.

Poetical passages may occur anywhere, in any book, but productions which are poetry are the results of the

imaginative exercise of the intellect, in which reasoning has been used in guidance and restraint, but not as a contributive factor. Such works address the imagination, and arouse emotion, wonder, and aspiration, and their greatness reflects and evidences the degree to which the authors have developed their intellects in both reasoning and imagining, the familiarity with man and his world acquired by study and action; and the range of experience and observation with which they have enriched their memories. For though a natural aptitude may be desirable, it alone is not sufficient. There is no instance of lasting greatness in poetry having been achieved without persistent culture and accumulated knowledge. The poets who are honored through the ages have been as remarkable for their attainments as for their productions.

The essentials of poetry are: first, suggestiveness, which provides enduring worth and abounding interest, and is originated in creations, new revealings, new ideas, or new applications and aspects of old ideas. This subtle power may be compacted into a phrase or a line, or it may pervade an entire production, gaining accumulating force as the work proceeds. Second, evocation, the faculty of calling up associated ideas, or remembrances of similar scenes, thoughts, experiences, or feelings. It has no connected continuance, but detached effects are produced by a sentence or series of sentences, each of which is expanded by the witchery of the stimulated memory into a succession of similitudes and related ideas, and the lines which possess this power haunt the reader, and give charm to the poem.

The term poetry is often incorrectly applied to any composition in which measured lines are used. The cause of this general misuse of the word is partly that song, the most familiar kind of poetry, is usually in metre; partly that verse is conducive to terseness, one of the qualities of good poetry. But an elaborate scientific treatise has been written in verse, and much prose is poetry, while some verse is mere rhyming. Not the regularity of the lines, but the nature of the matter, is the determining factor.

The lyrical quality is sometimes assumed to be the distinguishing attribute of poetry, and apparent spontaneity is regarded as of more importance than examples sanction, or facts confirm. We know that each happy collocation of words and pleasing ripple of syllables, though seemingly innocent of choice or change or labor, is the result of repeated revisions and re-arrangements; and the impetuous flow of a writer's periods is, at best, but a characteristic of style, a fluctuant merit in the presentation, rather than an integral element of the work. It is a narrow and perverse view which regards a quality of style as more important than the informing principle of the production. "The thought is the Muse, the versification but her dress." If the poet lacks imaginative capacity, no fluency in his lines will compensate the deficiency. Dr. Pemberton demonstrated that in style Glover's *Leonidas* is superior to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, but despite the doctor's proofs *Paradise Lost* is poetry, and *Leonidas* is merely verse.

Pan from the reed produced song, and it is consistent with our idea of the half-god, half-beast, that his strains

would be addressed to common feelings, and that spontaneity would be an essential in his productions. Therefore those who maintain that the poet is one obsessed by some overmastering emotion, feeling, or mood, who voices this in apparently unpremeditated song, have warrant for their belief.

But after Pan came Apollo, and he from the lyre elicited music quite other than that given forth by the reed. To enlighten, to dignify, to console, and to warn, are potentialities inseparable from our conception of godhood, and these qualities necessarily pertain to the productions of the followers of "the lord of the unerring bow."

Though the simple and the unpremeditated have for all time been varieties of poetry, they are neither the only nor the highest kinds. Such songs as accompanied the Bacchic processions had their origin from Pan. These which call The Nine to aid in artistically condensing knowledge, experience, passion, and thought into noble form, proceed from a higher source, and have a loftier importance. Though each of these may in form and manner assume the appearance of the other, the relative importance of the intentional and the spontaneous is as fixed and positive as that of the god and the half-god.

The kinds of poetry are many, but that which deals most directly with human nature has always been regarded as of the greatest importance. The Drama and Epopee have ever ranked as the most admirable achievements of the artist in words. In these, character is displayed, and the highest potency of suggestion is attained when by depicting the crimes and ruin of evil persons lessons and warnings are insinuated, or when by ex-

amples of restrained desire, disciplined emotion, and worthy aspiration, embodied in noble characters who by patient and wise conduct overcome the temptation, trials, and untoward happenings which beset human life, emulation is incited and magnanimity promoted in many whom axiom or exhortation would fail to impress,— for example, has advantages over precept.

The ancient classification of the forms of poetry according to whether they were recited or represented has long been outgrown, and both the epic and the drama have in modern time been supplanted in popularity and effectiveness by prose fiction.

Poetry, whether in the form of epic, play, or romance, can be assigned to two major classes, the purpose of the work determining in which division it belongs. If its chief aim is to display an admirable character to the end that emulation may be aroused, it is heroic. If it depicts erring or evil persons and its intent is warning, it is tragic. The *Odyssey* is an heroic epic, showing a wary and patient man as an example to others. The *Iliad* is a tragic epic, setting forth the fatal effects of wrath. The themes of plays have usually been chosen for tragic purposes, but *Henry V* is an heroic presentation; and in the patriotic prince who refrains from involving Denmark in his meditated vengeance, an heroic aspect is given to the character of *Hamlet*.

Comedy aims only at the amending of manners or conduct, making use of banter and ridicule to effect its purpose. Its characters are necessarily less fine and noble than those of the play, and its examples constitute a minor class. Those productions which are “not intended

for the stage" may fitly be distinguished as dramas.

As the older forms of epic and play have continued to lose attraction for both poets and audiences, prose fiction has increased in favor, enlarged its domain, appropriated the effects of its elders, and assumed their mission. The names romance and novel are now applied without discrimination, for the original distinctions have become obsolete. To these works in which the imaginative method has been followed, where heroic or tragic purpose is evident in the design, where the characters and incidents are creations or idealizations, and the reflections in force and appropriateness approximate to those occurring in the epic or the play, the term Romance may advantageously be restricted; reserving the designation "Novel" for works which copy or transcribe from actualities and deal with the commonplace or the transient, and thereby exploit the field of the journalist.

Epic, play, and romance share the same province—man's actions and emotions influenced in their progression and succession by passion, situation, and conflicting purposes. They depict these by means of the figures through which the poet translates into such apprehensible representation as his craftsmanship enables him to command, the images and ideas first called into being in his mind, and then cogitated until they assume fitting form on his page.

The epic recites the successive incidents pertaining to a great event, not pausing to explain or account for the checks and hindrances which retard, or the happy accidents which facilitate the consummation, but rapidly relating the occurrences, displaying the personages in speech and deed, and avoiding all digressions.

The play concerns itself with how and why the represented happenings came about, exhibits conduct under the stress of contending passions, and accounts for the actions of its characters, whose minds and purposes are its chief interest, their physical qualities being borrowed from the actors. Its events are severely concentrated, and each incident is made to advance the action toward a situation which combines, in one culmination, the crisis of the passion and the development of the character.

The romance originally confined itself to recounting the exploits of some much-doing individual, and consisted of a series of adventures loosely joined together, without any semblance of arranged plot. But there is little now that the play accomplishes which the romance does not successfully attempt. It differs, however, in being much longer, and therefore less rapid, sustained, and progressive in its action; in being addressed to the one, instead of the many, which necessitates restraints, and greater particularization; and in requiring more description, for the romancist must explain and depict all that the playwright depends upon the actor and his accessories to furnish. But though greater latitude is allowed in these particulars, in each there is peril in excess. Description may easily assume too great a proportion; and unnecessary and episodical incidents which have no bearing upon the purpose, or didactic disquisitions in the guise of conversations which neither elucidate the motives of the characters nor affect the action except to delay it, may unduly prolong the work, to its injury.

Description of inanimate objects is the lowest form of poetry, and great writers make very sparing use of it. They describe the emotions a scene excites, or the mood

it awakens, and if it is connected with some important event they briefly summarise the conspicuous features so as to fix it in the memory of the reader. But they do not indulge in protracted description, because canvas and pigments are the proper means by which the impression of many objects seen simultaneously is best conveyed. Words can only represent the several details of a scene as a succession of items, rarely distinct and never in due proportion; and no matter how cleverly the poet may simulate in words the picture of the artist, the performance will be inadequate, disproportionate, and probably false, as compared to the result produced by the use of the appropriate medium.

The interest of a romance is derived from the combined qualities of its construction, its characters, its incidents, the knowledge it evidences, and the degree of that mastery of technical methods called style which it displays.

In construction, plot is an advantage. Many works achieve popularity solely because of the skill and ingenuity with which they have been planned, and though estimable productions have been written without a pre-meditated design, the lack of it impairs their interest. Plot gives backbone to the sequence of incidents which provides variety and affords occasion for developing character and carrying to completion the purpose of the work. The symmetrical relation of the parts to the whole, of details to the general effect; the due proportionment of incident, colloquy, and the recital which sacrificing the vivacity of dialogue gains in the clearness and despatch with which it conveys to the reader matters it is essential he should know; these require consideration and thought,

and are facilitated when plot is part of the construction.

Characters are of greater importance than the story they take part in. The works which continue in perennial favor, age after age, owe their immortality to the personages they display and depict, and even lyrical poems are regarded with greater interest when it is discovered that they reveal the singer's self, express his joys and sorrows, and shadow forth his own personality.

The enduring characters in poetry are not transcriptions from actual individuals, but large generalizations of powers and qualities, transcending in capacity, utterance, and experiences the human beings with whom we come in contact, but conforming in conduct and responsibility to what we recognise as human conditions. They are possible to humanity, but not common to mankind. We acknowledge the reality of Achilles, Ulysses, Nestor, Edypus, Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Don Quixote, but none ever saw their originals.

The highest order of personages in poetry are the creations which surpass humanity in their qualities and endowments, but are conceivable and assented to because they act in consistence with the conditions in which they are placed; the author's page being their world. Prometheus, Satan, Mephistopheles, are such characters. The epithets "beautiful" and "perfect" are applied to objects which manifest superiority over others of a like kind; but when a force, or deed, or object is grand or admirable in such degree that comparison with anything else is impossible, it can only be described as sublime. These creations are of that order.

Fictional characters are appreciable precisely as are those met with in ordinary life. The merely physically excellent are inferior to the cultivated, the intellectually notable are above the prominent, and the supremely wise, and good, and great, are superior to all others.

Revealing and unfolding character is preferable to describing it. It is a greater achievement to display persons in action — striving, endeavoring, and battling with foes or circumstances, and evincing a variety of capacities and potentialities — than passively submitting and enduring, but giving no evidence of active power.

And always knowledge of the inner man is of greater importance than dress or bearing, and moral struggles and mental perplexities than physical conflict or personal prowess.

When characters are introduced in whom real individuals are recognised, whose oddities or mannerisms have been copied, or when persons whose actions and conversation are commonplace and trivial are given importance, poetry has been forsaken and another province of literature entered.

It is the function and necessity of the journalist, whose field is the actual, to deal with transient aspects of ordinary life and to describe literally and in detail the affectations and peculiarities of living persons; for journalism ministers to the interests, habits, opinions, and sentiments of the entire community, only a portion of which is cultured. It aims at immediate and rapid effect, and seeks to bring about the persuasion of today, rather than the conviction of future years. When the romancist chooses to delineate the actual, his work becomes journalism.

Incidents should be pertinent to the design, illustrative of some significant condition or characteristic, succeed each other naturally, have a definite bearing upon the result, and vary both in manner and subject.

And they should avoid the actual, especially when dealing with crime, or irregular and mischievous indulgencies, for there is in some people who may be readers a singular propensity to imitate vicious actions. All extraordinary crimes become epidemic immediately after the publication of details concerning them. Therefore depictions of wrong-doing should be surrounded with such circumstances as to make actual application of the described method extremely difficult. And in certain injudicious relations and incidents there are possibilities of evil, even when the completed purpose is admirable, for many who never perceive the moral intent of a book may be excited and harmed by its incidental scenes.

The comprehensive knowledge of a writer is rarely obtruded. It irradiates his every page; enriches his characterizations and themes with illuminating observations and revealings of human nature and motives; gives fullness and power to the exposition by which complicated phenomena are made understandable; and imperceptibly enlarges the views and stimulates the faculties of the reader. Apt references, shrewd comparisons, illustrations, similes, and metaphors all evidence the attainments of an author, but the characteristic manifestations of vast knowledge are the large toleration which its possessors develop, and the conciliatory attitude they adopt toward movements, measures, and men.

Style fluctuates and changes like the fashions in dress. Ever and again words and collocations, after a period of over-use, are supplanted by newer phrasing, and poets whose styles were a part of their attraction to contemporaries appear old-fashioned to more modern readers. But if their works possessed other qualities, these eventually assert themselves and are recognized, and then the un-escapable mannerisms of a former day are again regarded with favor, and influence a newer generation of writers.

To express his thoughts with such clearness that he is easily understood, to arrange his sentences so that they flow lucidly and orderly, and to cultivate terseness as a habit, are the necessities rather than the accomplishments of an author. Additional graces of diction, cadence, and arrangement may be added with advantage, but clearness, smoothness, and strength are imperative needs, beyond the attainment of which it is chiefly desirable that vices of style and composition be avoided, as for instance pomposity, heaviness, redundancy of imagery or epithets, over-elaboration of minor ideas to the obscuration of the major one, and those verbal prettinesses which are quoted as "purple patches."

The poet addresses the best, and highest, and noblest. His audience is the cultivated minority of all time, and his concern is the wide applicability of his ideas, views, and creations; the quality — not the quantity — of the effect he produces; its permanence, not the rapidity with which it is attained. Whatever would limit that audience must be avoided, therefore his personages should be representatives of large classes of humanity, his passions such as all humanity can sympathise with. His

scenes should have their salient features described but not inventoried, and his language — eschewing patois and dialect — should be pure, and attractive to the educated.

It is the fate of all works of imagination to be reviewed by journalists and appraised as journalism; which is as inadequate as judging a ship and a sleigh by the same rules. The presentation of one aspect of a book, accurate and useful as far as it goes, is all that is possible under these circumstances, and this is accomplished worthily by many newspapers. In more pretentious publications the results are usually less satisfactory; the views are still those of the journalist. Method is preferred to insight, fidelity in details to comprehensive perception, literal exactness to creative originality, and style to design; and there is often the added offense that the reviewer assumes superiority and affects condescension in noticing the work he writes about.

The reviewer's relation to literature is similar to that of the lawyer to justice, with this important difference: that the lawyer argues his case before a judge, who curbs irrelevant or abusive impertinence, and usually decides in accordance with testimony and fixed law. The lawyer may be intent on defeating justice. He may be a theorist, a bigot, an enemy's agent. The reviewer may have analogous disqualifications. But in the one instance there is a check upon viciousness, in the other nothing interferes with the publication of aught that malice may inspire or ignorance engender.

Canons of criticism, like the laws of nature, are often appealed to, but nowhere authoritatively recorded.

The aforesaid remarks are deductions from Bulwer's

suggestions and arguments, and explain the principles on which his works were composed, and these principles are conformed to by the great productions of every famous writer from Homer to Goethe.

BULWER

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, the youngest son of General Earle Bulwer, was born in London on the twenty-fifth of May, 1803. The General died in 1807, and the education and care of three sons devolved upon his widow, the careful, cultured, and religious heiress of the Lyttons of Knebworth.

The future author was familiarised with books in his childhood, for he had the run of a huge miscellaneous library collected by his maternal grandfather, and found something interesting in various departments of it. He was precocious, wrote verses at a very early age, and corresponded with Doctor Parr and other notabilities while yet a boy. After a succession of private schools, where his oddities and quick temper made him popular with all but intimate with few, he was sent to Cambridge University, and achieved distinction as a speaker at the Union, won the Chancellor's medal for a poem on Sculpture, and was attracted to and acquired much knowledge of English history and old literature.

The frequently repeated legend of a maniac having seized him from his nurse's arms and pythonised of his future greatness, the comparative decay of his family, the grief caused by an unfortunate early attachment, and a consciousness of powers in himself, combined to

inspire him with the determination to exalt his name and house to something of its former splendor; and combining the active life with the studious, he read and wrote methodically, and travelled on foot over Britain and on horseback through France, everywhere noting, observing, and remembering, and laying the foundations of that knowledge and experience which informs his books.

He had some intention of joining the army, and took the initial step of purchasing a commission. The improbability of any early opportunity for active service deterred him from proceeding farther. Meeting Miss Wheeler, who two years later became his wife, caused the abandonment of the purposed military career, and necessitated some more immediately available source of livelihood. He decided to join authorship with parliamentary life, regarding the former vocation as the most difficult, and the latter that for which he was best fitted.

Falkland was written in 1826, and *Pelham* in the following year; and on August 28, 1827, he made probably the most calamitous and ill-resulting marriage ever consummated. Against the advice of friends and the warning of his mother, he united himself to an Irish beauty, and life-long vexations and worries were the least of the evil consequences.

He was then in his twenty-fifth year, five feet nine inches in height, with very small feet, and an extremely slender frame. His visage was long. He had an immense aquiline nose, blue eyes, high retreating forehead, and curling golden hair. Grillparzar called him wonderfully goodlooking (*wunderhuebsch*). Less im-

partial people described him as distinguished in appearance. He was unaffected, frank and fascinating in conversation, but exuberantly restless and uncomfortable when inactive; hot tempered, proud, shy, unduly sensitive, with supreme confidence in his own power and endurance, but with a distrust of his luck, and a tendency towards superstition. He was utterly fearless of everything save wasps, of which he had a constitutional dread. Though easily led or induced, it was impossible to drive or coerce him. He was a trained boxer, skilled in sword-play, and an expert pistol-shooter. Sport had no attraction for him, but he liked card games, especially whist, was fond of fishing and of dogs, horses, birds, and perfumes, and he smoked tobacco almost incessantly. Intense despondency and dejection were frequent conditions with him, and from childhood he suffered from attacks of earache, which, increasing in severity as the years passed, brought on deafness in middle life, and ultimately caused his death.

At the time of her first meeting with Bulwer in December, 1825, Rosina Wheeler — the daughter of an Irish squire who had dissipated his fortune, and a mother of materialistic views, who left her husband and became one of the household of her uncle, Sir John Doyle — was a self-possessed woman of twenty-three, and had gone about in London for some years. She was extraordinarily beautiful, well informed, and brilliantly witty, but vain, extravagant, and impulsive, devoid of prudence or judgment, with an exalted opinion of her own abilities, qualities, and position; she possessed much imperiousness, and had little consideration for others.

They met at a literary gathering. He was captivated, and she accepted the attentions of this favorite son of a rich widow, who disapproved of her as a prospective daughter-in-law. According to her own account, she had neither affection nor esteem for him, nor anything but dislike for any member of his family. But at the cost of an estrangement between mother and son, and the consequent sacrifice of the allowance hitherto made him, they married and began housekeeping in accordance with his station, but in unwise disproportion to their means, and to provide for their maintenance he adopted literature as a profession.

For the next nine years Bulwer's life was one of unceasing literary drudgery, with the added labors of an active member of parliament after May 1, 1831, when he was elected for St. Ives in the last unreformed house of commons. During this period he published twelve romances; a history of Athens; a disquisition on England and the English; the essays collected in *The Student*; a political pamphlet on The Crisis; *The Duchesse de la Valliere*, a play; a volume of poems; and concurrently contributed largely to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Westminster Review*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Examiner*, and other journals, wherein many of his articles remain interred; and other works were written but not published.

The intense application necessitated by the composition of works so many and various would have tasked the strongest of constitutions, under the most favorable circumstances. Bulwer's health never was robust. His home-life was made miserable by what his wife called

her "irritability of temper and easily wounded feelings"; and he was assailed and abused outrageously in periodicals and journals.

The insolence and personalities indulged in by contributors to the press at the outset enraged one who saw no reason for disregarding expressions which in other departments of public life would necessitate a hostile meeting, for these were the days of duels. Most of the abusive writers were of a sort that recognition would have dignified, but one — Scott's son-in-law — was of better station than those he abetted, and his remarks were conspicuously mean and unfair. Upon him Bulwer retaliated in "A Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly Review," which with any but one other man in Britain would have provoked a challenge. But Lockhart realised that he had aroused a dangerous antagonist, and prudently made no sign. His attacks from this time forward were published in *Fraser's Magazine*, where the responsibility was assumed by Maginn; and Bulwer became disdainful of the criticism of the day as he learned more about its instruments and its motives.

Much of the journalistic hostility had its origin in a misapprehension of his circumstances, which he was too proud and masculine to attempt to remove. His contemporaries erroneously regarded him as wealthy by inheritance, and resented what they considered an unfair competition.

And adopting literature as a profession, he declined to conform to the slovenly and intemperate usages of most of its followers. He dressed in accordance with his station and after the manner of his class, and this con-

trasting the customary negligence of journalists, gave occasion for many references to his clothing and the application of the terms fop, exquisite, dandy. It was quite natural for the untidy and equivocal to rail at the man of gentle birth who conformed instinctively with the customs of his kind — customs of which they had no knowledge save by observation from afar.

Labor and worry and vexations embittered and irritated the temper of the overworked author. The complainings and caprices of his wife were added torments, and under the strain he became ill. Travel and changes of residence were resorted to with no benefit to either health or household peace, and the domestic infelicity became so intolerable that from 1834, after their return from a visit to Italy, Bulwer and his wife lived apart, she and the two children at their home, to which he paid brief visits, he in chambers at the Albany; and they were corresponding with a view to effecting a separation.

In 1836, in reply to her representations, he wrote his wife that not desiring to occasion her the anguish she seemed to feel at their parting, they would forget the object of their late correspondence and try living together once more. If the experiment was to succeed, he entreated her to have some indulgence for his habits and pursuits; not to complain so often of being a prisoner and dull and so forth; and not to think it encumbent upon her to say or insinuate everything that could gall or mortify him, by way of showing she did not condescend to flatter.

On the day appointed for his joining her again, he sent word that he was too ill to come. She drove to the

Albany. His servant was out, and her knocking being continuous he went to the door and admitted her. Seeing two teacups on his tray, she made a scene and then returned home, and as a consequence he wrote her that on no consideration would he live with her again, that "her last proceedings towards him — indecorous, unwomanly and thoroughly unprovoked and groundless — were nothing in themselves compared with what he had borne for years, but they were the last drop and the cup overflowed. Looking on one side to all the circumstances of their marriage, to all the sacrifices he then made, to all the indulgence he had since shown her, to the foolish weakness with which, when insufferably provoked, he had time after time yielded to promises of amendment never fulfilled; and looking on the other side to her repeated affronts and insults — some private, some public; her habitual contempt of the respect due to him, her violent language, uncertain caprices, her own journal (a fair transcript of her thoughts) correspondent with her letters and words, and filled with the most injurious aspersions of him and his — his relations, who ought to be as sacred to her as to him, the eternal subject of gross, dishonoring vituperation, — all this placed on her side of the balance left nothing in his mind but such deep and permanent impressions of the past as to enforce this calm and stern determination as to the future."

The resulting deed of separation, dated April 19, 1836, provided for the payment of four hundred pounds yearly for herself, with one hundred for the children so long as they remained in her care. She had announced that

were her “poor little unhappy children out of the question, she would not under any persuasion take more than two hundred pounds a year from him. As it was, she begged explicitly to state that no illness, no want, no privation, should ever induce her to accept one farthing from him beyond the stipulated five hundred pounds—if she lived she could make more.”

In June she quitted Berrymead, taking whatever of its contents she desired, and removed to Ireland to the home of her friend, Miss Greene, who had forthwith to assume all care of the children, for the mother visited at country houses, often for two weeks at a time. As a consequence Miss Greene became greatly attached to both boy and girl and they to her, and this incensed the mother, who resolved to remove with them to Bath.

Bulwer had reason to dislike Miss Greene, but he was aware of her devotion to his children, and he decided they should remain in her charge. This gave his wife an opportunity to appeal to the courts, but she declined to avail herself of it, and her new Bath friends proved to be plunderers and involved her in debt. Then she wrote a novel, *Cheverley*, in which, thinly disguised, her husband and his family are held up to execration. The book was successful, and others followed, in all of which odious charges are insinuated, always in the guise of fiction.

Assisted by the nameless and the vile, and by some who were neither, Bulwer’s wife pursued this policy of indirect aspersion for years, and by such expedients as reporting that influential reviewers had asked her if one of the characters in her novel was really meant for her

husband, she contrived to direct her readers to see in the evil things depicted and described, vicious and discreditable acts perpetrated by him. These reiterated insinuations never took the shape of direct charges; nothing was advanced in confirmation or support of them. She asserted that he was constantly under her gaze, that she had letters in her possession which proved that he persecuted her, but she evaded all responsibility or investigation by guardedly avoiding any positive accusation, and though the courts were open to her, she preferred another line of action.

The wisdom of ignoring slander and abuse is generally admitted, but that course does not secure immunity from its effects. Here is an instance where neither notice nor reply was vouchsafed to unjustifiable attacks persisted in for more than twenty years. Every act of Bulwer's life contradicted the accusations, and he scorned even to refer to them. Those who knew him condemned the insulting innuendoes. No reputable newspaper or magazine paid attention to the malicious publications, and the libeller suffered and lost friends. But many persons became acquainted with the uncontradicted calumnies, and assumed that attitude of spurious impartiality which makes an equal distribution of blame, on the general ground that in no case can right be entirely on one side. Others, from a perverted feeling of chivalry, espoused the vilifier's cause; and some gave eager credence, and accepted the misrepresentations as verities.

Mrs. Bulwer was resourceful and shrewd. In dealing with publishers, she pointed out that her books were "a very good speculation, as the name alone sells them."

The firm of Whittaker and Company, announced as the publishers of one novel printed at Taunton, promptly denied all connection with it; whereupon she propounded the plan of advertising that "from the very disgraceful means that have been taken to suppress *Very Successful* the remaining copies are selling at three pounds a copy."

Her books were productive of revenue. For the first, second, and third, she received fifteen hundred pounds; but apart from great vituperative eloquence and sarcasm they possessed little merit, and became monotonous, so that each succeeding novel had a less sale than its predecessor.

The attacks upon her husband may have been the result of hallucination, but it is more probable they were deliberate concoctions for a definite purpose. Her extravagances really show that she was inordinately in love with Bulwer notwithstanding her protestations to the contrary. No one exercises thought, tongue, and pen perpetually upon an object he despises; and her immittigable jealousy, her inability to put him out of her mind, her avoidance of the obvious remedy for her asserted wrongs, her rejection of the advances of men who were attracted to her as friends and would fain have been more — all evidence the enduring strength of her passion, just as her dislike for everyone to whom he was attached proves the unreasonableness and exacting nature of an affection which could not tolerate even relations as sharers in his attentions. She had agreed to the separation, feeling confident in her power to bring him again to her side, and regarded that measure as a de-

vice "to bring her to her senses." But when two years passed without any advances from him, she concluded that she was too far away, and resolved to leave Dublin. The inhibition against the removal of the children was construed as a sign that her absence from England was desired. Therefore she hastened to Bath alone.

Before their marriage he had expressed his objection to her essaying authorship, and his sensitiveness and pride in his family were well known characteristics. So to compel him to notice or communicate with her, she wrote a novel and lampooned him and his relations, but in a way which admitted of repudiation if her design should succeed, and reconciliation result. That very act made the thing she most desired an impossibility; for however easily Bulwer might have overlooked fictitious depictions wherein he was subjected to insult and misrepresentation, he was too tenderly devoted to his mother to forgive the attacks upon her. When a London newspaper published an offensive paragraph about his wife, he added his name as nominal plaintiff in the successful suit for libel which followed, but when she attempted a prosecution of Henry Bulwer for some fabricated grievance, he refused to abet her action, balked her design, and through his attorney notified her that he felt it his duty to withdraw the liberty of access to their children hitherto granted, and that by a recent act of parliament she could apply to the court of chancery for that access, and that then all her general complaints against her husband could be heard.

No appeal was made to the court, for this would have ended her activities without achieving their object. The

only finality agreeable to her was restoration to the position she had forfeited. When he married, Bulwer had vowed to endow her with all his worldly goods, and she had promised to love, honor, and obey him. She ignored her part of the bargain, but insisted upon the strict fulfillment of his, yet the extracts from her journal which have been published by her executrix are of a nature to arouse surprise that her execrable behavior was tolerated so long.

Her journalistic efforts to compel him to seek peace with her were renewed first at Florence, then at Geneva. At the latter place she contracted debts for which her husband was sued, and her trustee informed her that her allowance must be stopped until the amount was paid. This she construed into another grievance; and added to the list of her accusations, that her husband had leagued with others in a conspiracy to impoverish and ruin her.

Meanwhile Bulwer's mother had died. He had succeeded to the Knebworth estate, and was consequently of greater importance and wealth. His titles were always quickly annexed by his wife, but she began to realize that her schemes were not accomplishing her purpose. Knebworth was his, and she had no share in it, and the separation she had expected to be but temporary was lengthening inconveniently. In letters to her intimates she made further charges against her husband, advancing assumptions as facts, and attributing every trouble which her own actions caused her to his machinations. She returned to England in 1847, and consulted attorneys as to the feasibility of steps for compelling

an increase in her allowance. They could only advise a suit for divorce, but that was precisely what she did not want.

Bulwer's attitude toward her at this time is shown by a passage in Augustus Hare's autobiography.

At Ampthill on Christmas day, 1877, he relates, "At dinner the conversation turned on Lord and Lady Lytton; she was a Miss Doyle, a distant cousin of Sir Francis, and shortened his father's life by her vagaries and furies. After his father's death Sir Francis left her alone for many years. Then it was represented to him that she had no other relations, and that it was his duty to look after her interests, and he consented to see her, and at her request to ask Sir E. Bulwer to give her another hundred a year. This Sir Edward said he was most willing to do, but that she must first give a written retraction of some of the horrible accusations she had brought against him. When Lady Bulwer heard that this retraction was demanded of her, she turned upon Sir Francis with the utmost fury, and abused him with every vile epithet she could think of. She afterwards wrote to him and directed to Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Receiver of Her Majesty's Customs (however infamous) Thames Street, London. 'But,' said Sir Francis, 'I also had my day. I was asked as to her character. I answered, "from your point of view I believe her character to be quite immaculate, for I consider her to be so perfectly filled with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, as to have no possible room left for the exercise of any tender passion.' '' '' "

The failure of her attempts to make her husband seek

reconciliation, the lessened sums obtainable for novels which the name alone sold, the unwelcome discovery that her husband neither needed nor noticed her, that she had not alienated any of his friends nor retarded his career, infuriated her against all who were disinclined to hate him without some better reason than her command. The Bulwers had hitherto been the main theme of her defamations. Now her husband's friends — Forster, Dickens, Fonblanque, Hayward, Disraeli, Cockburn, and Jerden — were subjected to virulent abuse, and she added to the list of her victims Lord Melbourne, against whom an atrocious charge was made on the authority of Doctor Maginn. Lady Morgan, Lady Holland, Lady Blessington, and Mrs. Norton, all fared badly at her hands. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis was scolded, and the most cruel stab at Miss Landon's character was made by this former friend. Lady Hotham had made her will in Mrs. Bulwer's favor, had entertained her at Brighton, and taken her to Paris. The Chevalier de Berard had secured the publication of articles written by Mrs. Bulwer for which liberal payments were made, had supplied gossip about her husband, and disseminated her reports. She wrote to the Chevalier, "I would not have Lady Hotham's bad breath and bad heart for all her money." He showed the letter to Lady Hotham, who made a new will in which the Chevalier supplanted Mrs. Bulwer, and he and his benefactress were duly pilloried in the next of her novels.

Her oblique philippies against her husband contain odious charges and descriptions, but as illustrations of his character and conduct they are utterly valueless.

Wherever the charges can be examined refutation results, and they are contradicted by everything we know about him. He was constant in his friendships, and retained through life the regard of all who were permitted to be more than acquaintances. He was tender to animals — the horse which had served him was never sold, the dog which “had grieved at his departure and rejoiced at his return” has a monument at Knebworth. Those who knew him most intimately say he was free from envy, and his writings confirm their verdict. Justin McCarthy, the most vicious of his defamers, admits that he has “heard too many instances of his frank and brotherly friendliness to utterly obscure writers, who could be of no sort of service to him or to anybody, not to feel satisfied of his unselfish good nature.” Yet his wife pictures him as false, cruel, mean, envious, and charitable for advertising purposes only.

Sometimes her insinuations are merely devices to create a demand for her novels, as when she claims that publishers were intimidated and injunctions threatened by her husband. Often they are absurd, as where he is represented as so potent over writers and owners of periodicals that only such matter as he approved of was permitted to appear in their pages. Frequently they are foolish, as when he is pictured as the employer of an army of spies and poisoners and the wielder of a mysterious power by which her literary ambitions were frustrated. Occasionally they are impossible, as where she hints that in disguise, under another name, and at his boyhood’s home, he wooed to her ruin the daughter of one of his mother’s tenants. Always her misrepre-

sentations are vile and offensive. Never is he pictured as other than a fiend, herself as less than an angel.

She was unable to goad him into controversy. The manufacture of scandal went on, but elicited no attention from him. Neither book, nor letter, nor accredited report of Bulwer contains a syllable derogatory to his wife. And so desirous was he that only the most considerate interpretation should be put upon her actions, that by his will he restricted all access to his papers which contain the means of refuting the calumnies originating with his wife, to his son, and desired that no other person should write any biography of him.

His daughter Emily had been in Germany, and accompanied the Baroness de Ritter to England in 1848. She caught a cold which gradually grew worse. The Baroness remained with her in London until her own family requiring her attention, and the doctors assuring her that absolutely no danger was to be apprehended, she left Emily in the care of Miss Greene and a nurse, and returned to Vienna. A thing in the form and wearing the dress of a woman learned of this illness, acquainted the mother, and accompanied her to the house, where they engaged the room the Baroness had vacated. Against the protest of the physicians, who said that emotion would endanger Miss Lytton's life, they persisted in remaining, and went to Emily's room. Bulwer had been at Bayou Manor absorbed in the writing of *Harold*. That task completed, he came to London and found his daughter dangerously ill, and her recovery imperilled by the presence of these two. By his orders they were ejected, but Emily died the next evening.

Mrs. Bulwer was not the culpable party in this outrage, which was engineered and participated in by a malicious busybody. But what Mrs. Bulwer had been unwilling to believe before, she was compelled to acknowledge now. All possibility of reconciliation was gone forever. Her daughter's death made her a criminal in the eyes of her husband. She would not be permitted to inhabit Knebworth. Her attempts to blight his reputation had failed, and her only satisfaction was the knowledge that she had inflicted a great grief upon him. The collapse of her air-castles made her desperate and reckless, and eager to coöperate with anyone in any way to spoil his enjoyment of what she was debarred from sharing. Minor opportunities arose and were utilized, but politics furnished occasion for the most startling performance.

The unscrupulousness of the conductors of parliamentary elections is notorious. No party abstains from disgraceful practices if by these means votes may be won; and election agents have always been preëminently fertile in stratagems which no honorable man would countenance. Bulwer, always a protectionist, once had the misfortune to do the whigs an important service, but he declined to join the party, and thereby incurred their hate and hostility. By great efforts and small majorities they twice succeeded in defeating him, and thus he was out of parliament for eleven years. In 1852 he was returned for Hertfordshire, and continued to represent that constituency until he was made a peer.

In their anxiety to keep him out of parliament the whigs made use of his wife, not only by references in

placards and fabricated addresses, but even by bringing her to the hustings. In 1858 he was returning thanks to the voters, when an equipage decorated in yellow—the color of the whigs—was driven alongside his carriage, and one of its occupants, a woman dressed in yellow, and carrying a yellow sunshade, addressed him. He did not recognize in the florid, portly dame, the sylph he had known twenty years before, and his deafness prevented him from hearing what she said. Putting his hand to his ear to intercept the sound, he bent forward to listen to her, and her words were:

“Wretch! don’t you know me? I am your wife!”

Bulwer bowed to the voters, and drove away leaving her to harangue at her pleasure.

This encounter exhausted his toleration. Concluding that only madness could account for her degrading herself into the hireling of a dishonorable political opposition, he instructed attorneys to employ medical authorities and enquire into her sanity. Their report confirmed his surmise, and by his orders the necessary formalities were gone through and she was committed to a private madhouse. His political opponents turned the occurrence to every possible account.

Too ill to attend to the matter himself, friends interfered and took the business in hand. After three weeks detention she was released, and his son accompanied the wretched woman abroad, but so obnoxious and intolerable had everything connected with her become, that by thus associating with his mother, to spare his father further vexation and annoyance, Robert Lytton became for a time estranged from one parent, while the vagaries and

tempests of violence of the other made the four months during which he endured her caprices an unforgettable horror. When made aware of the motives which had actuated Robert Lytton, and satisfied that the mother had failed to pervert him, the affectionate relations between father and son were restored, while by a new deed the allowance to Mrs. Bulwer was increased to five hundred pounds per year.

The failure to win her son's support and affection away from the father dampened but did not extinguish the ardor of the terribly disappointed woman. Publishers declined her offered books, but still she found opportunity to repeat and add to her tale of supposed wrongs, still she sought occasion to mortify the owner of Knebworth, even planning the organization of a public subscription to herself as an object of charity. Her ungovernable temper drove away some who wished to befriend her. She tolerated only those who entirely agreed with her. Quarrels with printers and frequent changes of lawyers supplied excitement which seemed necessary to her existence. Gradually her circle dwindled, and she gravitated to lower social environments, feeling acutely the contrast her condition presented to that which had been, and might have continued but for her determination to compel what she could easily have induced. Notwithstanding her "fear that sudden good fortune such as her brain being turned by a widow's cap might prove fatal to her," she survived her husband until 1882, dying in her eightieth year.

Had she possessed a little common sense, her life would have been a happy and honored one. No one more needed

a wise counselor, no one rejected counsel with greater scorn. She devoted her abilities to an unworthy scheme, and was unscrupulous in her methods. She failed in all her apparent purposes, and wrecked her own life, but she effected more than she probably perceived. Not only did she harass and embitter her husband's life, cause him to prefer solitude to society, and other lands to England: she also diverted the main current of his energies from political into literary channels. But for his defeat at Lincoln, to which she contributed, Bulwer might have been premier of England after Aberdeen. As it was, the chance came later; but he was then infirm, deaf, griefworn, and too appreciative of the abilities and services of Disraeli to take any steps except such as would further the claims of his friend.

Filling in the replies to a series of questions in one of the books of Confessions once popular, Bulwer in 1866, against the query "What do you love most in the world?" wrote, "The woman I hate the most."

In 1836, after the disruption of his home, Bulwer was compelled to relax his strivings for fame, and care for his health, which was now in so wretched a condition that he despaired of recovery and regarded his days as already numbered. Physicians advised travel and rest, so he visited different parts of England and Ireland, and made journeys through France, Germany, and Italy. His eager mind, which could not be constrained into inactivity, was directed toward other exercises, change of study supplying an equivalent for rest, with the further effect of increasing the range and variety of form of his literary productions.

The efforts to regain lost health, beginning in 1831, continued until 1844, when he became interested in the water cure, and as a patient at the Malvern Hydropathic institution, derived much benefit. In an article contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine*, he called attention to the advantages of the treatment.

Meanwhile an acquaintance with Mr. Macready, and sympathy with that gentleman's desire to render the theatre worthy of the patronage of intelligent human beings, caused Bulwer to turn his attention to the stage. He wrote a series of plays, of which a few were produced and have retained their popularity. But Mr. Macready found that the management of a London theatre was unprofitable, and with his retirement the author of *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*, lost all incentive to write for the stage. Several plays which he reckoned among the best of his works have never been performed, and therefore remain unpublished.

The playwright experiences were of great importance in Bulwer's artistic development. They gave him larger and sounder perceptions of the dignity and effectiveness of dramatic methods, familiarized him with the tools of the profession — the actors, the stage, and its accessories — and supplemented his general information regarding structure, form, and conduct by knowledge, practically acquired, of the respective values of dialogue and narration, incidents and situations; and enabled him to recognise quickly the dramatic possibilities in a story, a character, or an event. After the brief period during which he was engaged in the production of acted plays, noticeable advances in his methods, and higher achievements in his work are apparent. Between *Maltravers* which pre-

ceded and *Night and Morning* which followed his writings for the stage, the difference is very great. In the latter the construction is more symmetrical, the situations more compact and poignant, the characters are more deftly moved and displayed in action, and the condensation is greater. And all his succeeding works are essentially dramatic in structure and presentation.

On the accession of Queen Victoria in 1838, Bulwer was knighted as a recognition of literature, Herschel being similarly honored as a representative of science.

The succeeding decade of his life was crowded with sorrows and griefs and disappointments, but it was also the period of his most wonderful productiveness. From the harsh and painful real he turned to that world wherein fairer conditions are found, and in the abstraction of artistic creation he found refuge from the iron visitations of calamity.

The Earl of Durham, a friend and statesman whose views and policy he most cordially admired, betrayed by the ministry which had begged his aid, died broken-hearted in 1840, without having attained to the power and position to which his ability and popularity entitled him. At the general elections in 1841 Bulwer was defeated at Lincoln, and ceased to be a member of parliament. In 1844 his mother died and he succeeded to the Knebwörth estate, taking the name of Lytton in compliance with the terms of her will, and in 1848 occurred the tragic death of his daughter.

The loss of his seat in the house of commons changed the course of Bulwer's life. Hitherto polities had been studied and cultivated with as much assiduity as liter-

ature. He had regarded his writings as auxiliary expressions of his views, extending his influence and establishing his reputation, linking his name to his land's language, and securing future recognition. But for contemporary influence, the career of a successful parliamentarian had appealed with greater force to his ambition than literary fame, and in his plans had always had the foremost consideration. His defeat at Lincoln and the offensive notoriety given to his domestic infelicity at recurring elections, added to increasing deafness, fragile health, and great griefs, caused him to abandon parliamentary life. Though he contested Lincoln again unsuccessfully in 1847, he declined other seats and resigned himself to the relinquishment of what had been his chief aspiration.

He had won more successes than are usually obtained by a member unattached to either of the great parties. He was among the earliest of those who objected to the taxes on knowledge, and his speeches against the newspaper stamp duties had much to do with their immediate reduction and ultimate repeal. By the Dramatic Author's Act, which he carried, he removed the evils under which playwrights had labored, putting an end to the wrongful appropriation of their productions without recompense. He advocated changes in the corn laws, but always opposed their repeal. His objections to the Irish Coercion Act were ineffectual, but many of his phrases on the subject are still current. His speech against negro apprenticeship changed sufficient votes to defeat the government, and hastened emancipation. His efforts in the house were steadily supported by his articles

in the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Examiner*, and the *Monthly Chronicle*, and when William IV, dismissing the whig government, installed Wellington as premier, Bulwer issued a pamphlet in defense of the fallen ministers, which affected the ensuing elections, and assisted in returning them to power. Again in 1838, by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, he greatly helped the whigs. But though commending some of their measures, he disliked and distrusted the party, and when the anti-corn law programme was adopted, and a fiscal measure made their distinctive principle, all his relations with the whigs definitely ended. They changed their policy in the direction of popularity; his convictions were unaltered, and he remained a protectionist.

His political career thus arrested, the management of his property and the education of his son and daughter were his only occupations apart from literary work, on which he now concentrated all his attention and energy. In *The Last of the Barons* he made romance the elucidator of history; in *Zanoni* he raised it to equivalence with the epic; and in *Lucretia* he rivalled the mightiest of old tragedies. A volume of reflective verse, *The New Timon*, *King Arthur*; and a translation of *Schiller's poems* evidenced the variety of his industry.

During these years the master of Knebworth was a lonely man. He entertained largely, but his deafness precluded familiar converse with guests other than old-time friends. An honored visitor at the houses of those in whom he reposed confidence, he had grown suspicious of strangers, shunned the circles where political enemies might be encountered, and was reserved and guarded

when whig writers or politicians were present. His capacity for work remained as great as when in earlier years he had astonished S. C. Hall by having articles ready for him in the morning which could not have been begun until late in the preceding evening. *The Lady of Lyons* was written in ten days, *Harold* in three weeks. Sometimes he was busy with two or more tasks concurrently, and often he became so absorbed in the work he was evolving that his actions, dress, and speech for months at a stretch partook of the character of those he was portraying.

He spent much of his time abroad, but continued composition wherever he went, and kept up an extensive correspondence. He was a competent judge of art, and while travelling he gathered paintings, sculptures, tapes-tries, and porcelains with which he adorned Knebworth after completing the house in harmony with his mother's plans. His close observation and acute discernment of the tendencies of measures and movements were shown by his forecasting the rise of the house of Sardinia; pointing out the insecurity of Louis Philippe, and the renewed growth of Napoleonism; and presaging Peel's desertion of the land-owners.

He was in Italy when Peel announced his determination to repeal the corn laws; and the treachery of a leader to the party which had trusted him, and his conviction of the mischievous unwisdom of the proposed changes, reawakened his political ardor. He returned to England, published the *Letters to John Bull* in defense of protection, contested Hertfordshire successfully, and in 1852 reentered parliament and straightway attained a

commanding influence in the house. He could not take part in debate, but he was one of the dozen foremost orators, and spoke frequently and effectively, though speechmaking tasked his strength severely. Under the excitation it produced he was energetic, rapid, and forceful, but after the effort his spare frame trembled, and he reeled in his walk as if inebriated. But so resolute and self-compelling was the man that physical disabilities which Disraeli thought were insuperable, aggravated by deafness which made the once "lover-like" voice discordant, were triumphed over, and by the most critical assembly in the world he was recognised as an orator, and delivered speeches which, outlasting their immediate purpose, continue to command attention.

Bulwer's speeches in the house of commons in their combination of present effectiveness and enduring interest are admirable achievements. Elsewhere and often he demonstrated his mastery of the art of the orator to varied and sometimes hostile audiences, whose attention he always secured. Opulence of information, thorough mastery of the subject, and knowledge of mankind, characterise all his addresses.

Parliamentary duties and the occupations which accompanied their discharge were not permitted to monopolize all his attention. He continued to produce romances which were enriched by the experiences acquired as a legislator, and dealt, at least incidentally, with matters pertinent to the passing time, or relevant to existing conditions. Emigration as a career for the educated was advocated in *The Caxtons*; the inutility of haste and unwisdom of class antagonism were enforced in *My*

Novel; the ease with which a propensity not necessarily blameworthy may be nursed into a vice was shown in *What Will He Do With It?*; the weaknesses inherent in unrestrained democratic rule were exposed in *Harold*; and the evil possibilities accompanying commercial development were indicated in *A Strange Story*. A play, "Not so Bad as we Seem," was written for a company of distinguished amateurs which included Charles Dickens, John Forster, and Douglas Jerrold. *St. Stephens*, a series of portraits of past political leaders; and *Corn-flowers*, a collection of poems, were other additions to the list of his works.

Prudent and careful in business matters, he made frequent purchases of houses and properties, which were invariably disposed of advantageously, and he never had any misunderstandings with his publishers.

He would not submit to imposition, but he bore no resentment toward those who attempted to over-reach him. Hazlitt unsuccessfully tried something nearly allied to blackmail, yet Bulwer made generous mention of the Irish critic in *England and the English*, and contributed a kindly notice of his writings to a posthumous publication of Hazlitt's *Remains*.

He was selfreliant and intrepid. His first election for Hertfordshire was hotly contested, the whigs directing their principal attacks upon him as the most eminent of the conservative candidates. A body of roughs imported for the occasion, by the use of brickbats, secured possession of the ground in front of the hustings, and by their yells and execrations prevented anything said by the senior candidates from being heard. When Bulwer ad-

vanced to the front they redoubled their fury. Below the hustings an enclosure had been constructed for the reporters. Suddenly Bulwer leaped down, alighting upon this platform. A moment's silence followed. Taking advantage of it, he entered into conversation with the noisiest of the roughs, shook hands with him, drew him into an argument, and glided into an hour's speech which was listened to respectfully and cordially cheered.

In geomancy he accomplished remarkable forecasts. The autobiography of Augustus Hare details one. In Drummond Wolff's *Rambling Recollections* another is given. The *Life* by the Earl of Lytton records the interpretation of a figure concerning Disraeli, and John Morley in his biography of Gladstone remarks about a geomantic deduction he had examined, that "the stars must have known their business."

A dry humor often vented in playful irony, and generally accepted literally by his hearers, an extreme economy in small expenses combined with great liberality in large matters (the characteristic of all rulers who have made their states prosperous), disregard for the current fashion in dress, and a serious respect for divination, astrology, and other things usually scorned as superstitions, were surface oddities of the man. Deeper characteristics were intense patriotism, great tenderness, reverence for his mother and lasting regard for all that she had loved, and readiness to counsel or aid in any project which appealed to his sympathy.

Envious mediocrities continued to decry the man

whose greatness they were incompetent to gauge, but from other sources honors flowed in upon him. He received the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford University in 1853, was chosen Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1854, and Lord Rector of Glasgow University in 1856-57 and again in 1858.

He became Secretary for the Colonies in 1858-59, during Lord Derby's second premiership, and administered the affairs of his office in a manner which won the commendation of the editor of *The Times*, usually an unfriendly critic. But the absence of elevated views, the general preference of small successes and indifference to great issues in policy, and a truckling spirit in the majority of those prominent in both political parties, made the position of cabinet minister uncongenial to him. His scrupulous attention to its duties greatly overtaxed his strength, and necessitated a less active participation in legislative affairs, and on the defeat of the Derby administration, he had recourse to further and more extended travels.

His son was a poet of unusual promise, and longed to follow his father's example and become a man of letters. Bulwer, aware of the meagre honors, slender rewards, and equivocal appreciation grudgingly accorded to literary ability, planned a different career for him, made his education a preparation for diplomacy, and by wise management secured the surrender of his son's cherished desire, and the adoption of a calling not greatly liked, but more worthy and dignified; and so tactful was the father that the offer of a position under Sir

Henry Bulwer came as a surprise to Robert Lytton, and its acceptance was consented to with seeming reluctance by Bulwer.

By this time pain, worry, sorrow, and the wear which emotion causes in writers who feel, had changed the man more than mere years and excessive labor would account for. His "glitteringly golden" hair had become iron grey, deep lines had been ploughed in his face, his shoulders were bent, the former restlessness had been succeeded by apparent languor. He whose energy had once been so buoyant seemed listless and broken, and abusive attacks which formerly roused his anger were now regarded with indifference. His interest in politics and social movements was undiminished, and his literary industry continued unabated, although the ten years following 1861 have not a single romance to their credit. The wise and thoughtful essays called *Caxtoniana*; the rhymed comedy *Walpole*; a translation of *Horace*; and *The Lost Tales of Miletus* were the products of these years.

In 1866 he was elevated to the peerage, and gazetted Baron Lytton of Knebworth, but he never spoke in the Upper Chamber. Illness or untoward circumstances interfered on each occasion when he intended to address the lords.

For the remainder of his life, he was an onlooker rather than an agent in events; and his art afforded him a solacing satisfaction denied to his survey of actualities. Foreseeing the imminent domination of an imperfectly educated and untrained democracy; witness-

ing the ferment of partially considered “new ideas” concerning government and social organization; recognising the absence of large views in statesmen, and the disproportionate esteem vouchsafed to wealth by all classes; he regarded with dismay the future of his native land, and the despondency with which the prospect filled him colors the last group of his writings.

The Coming Race was published anonymously in 1871, and the erroneous ascription of its authorship to other writers gave him much amusement. In that work reference was made to the malady which physicians had warned him might suddenly prove fatal. *The Parisians* followed in monthly installments in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and a new fame had been achieved, without anyone discerning the personality of the writer. He was living at Torquay, his intellectual vigor unimpaired and his ability to interest readers re-attested,—busy with *Kenelm Chillingly* as well as *The Parisians*, engaged also upon *Pausanias*, and putting the finishing touches on a play. His son and daughter-in-law, after a two-months' visit, had just left for London, when what proved to be the final seizure of his old ailment attacked him, and put an end to his varied activities. He wrote putting off an engagement with a friend, saying he was suffering more pain than he had ever endured in his life. His son was summoned, and arrived in time to witness the peaceful ending of his father's life. Soon all was over. Bulwer died January 18, 1873, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. John Forster wrote of him, “Never in the course of our lifelong intimacy have

I found him other than the very highest and noblest and truest under every test and trial."

The stone which marks his grave bears the following inscription :

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER LYTTON

Born 25. May 1803 — Died 18. January 1873

1831-1841 Member of Parliament for St. Ives and for Lincoln

1838 Baronet of the United Kingdom

1852-1866 Knight of the Shire for the County of Hertford

1858 One of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State

Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George

1866 Baron Lytton of Knebworth

Laborious and distinguished in all fields of intellectual activity

Indefatigable and Ardent in the cultivation and love of Letters

His genius as an Author was displayed in the most varied forms

Which have connected indissolubly

With every department of the Literature of his time

The name of EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

BULWER'S ROMANCES

THE experiences and reflections of one whose faculties and powers were developed and strengthened by a life divided between varied action and comprehensive study are embodied in Bulwer's romances, which in their sequential succession mirror the circumstances and stages of their author's career; growing, widening, and increasing in importance, wisdom, and purpose, with his enlarged opportunities and advancement. All his works, in addition to their structural and artistic qualities, have a definite applicability to conditions and ideas prevalent at the time of their production. Each sought to draw some lesson from the past, to effect some beneficial social amendment, or to elevate the character of his countrymen, and thus augment the honor and influence of his native land. Though he wrote of other countries, it was always of England that he thought, and the permanent growth in intelligence and usefulness of his race rather than the advantage of any one class was the constant object of his labors.

His position, education, and the circumstances of his life were unusually advantageous. Born a member of an old and well-to-do family, associating from childhood with the high and eminent, an extensive traveller, a systematic reader, master of the Latin, Greek, French, Ger-

man, and Italian languages, deeply informed concerning the literatures of other lands and familiar with that of his own, his equipment for authorship was enlarged by active participation in civic affairs, and thereby he acquired that appositeness which is usually lacking in those who are closet students only. With continental cities and peoples he was intimately acquainted, and every department of human knowledge except the rigorously scientific interested him. He was profoundly versed in art, learned in philosophy, and not a disciple of any one system; independent in his judgment, shrewd in criticism, acute in observation; and all his knowledge was applied to the study of man and his destiny.

In him a mind naturally keen, penetrating, and eager was so admirably cultivated that where he reasons he is logical and illuminating, and in imagining remains exquisitely sane. Even when dealing with things remote from human experience, he is never lost in cloudbase. His purpose is always clear, his mastery of his materials always evident.

Two qualities rarely combined in one individual were united in him: clear-seeing, the ability to perceive policies immediately advantageous; and far-sightedness, the power to discern the ultimate results of new departures and movements and innovations.

He was an observer, investigator, and thinker who utilized his every experience; a student who deemed every effort of other minds to extend the bounds of the known, worthy of his serious attention; an active participant in business affairs and statesmanship; a writer who never trafficked on his name nor sought to detract

from the reputation of others, finding more satisfaction in praising than in finding fault, and regarding goodness as of more merit than ability; an achiever of marvellous successes, who endured

“The long sadness of a much wronged life,
The sneer of satire, and the gibe of fools,
The broken hearthgods, and the perjured wife”

without repining, or any lessening of his geniality, kindness, and sympathy.

A wide range of subjects, a noble array of characters, varied methods of presentation, and a style matchless for its combination of dignity, ease, and clearness, are the means by which extensive erudition, vast knowledge of the world, incisive penetration into motives and designs, reasoned consideration of policies, projects, and speculations, practical acquaintance with humanity's strengths and weaknesses, and original suggestions, observations, and comments are presented to his readers.

His career was a gradual advance to higher dignities and honors, and his romances fall naturally into five groups correspondent with important stages in his progress.

In the first period he was avowedly an experimenter, intent upon learning the capabilities and limitations of the romance form, acquiring a knowledge of methods and the use of materials, and gaining facility in the art of composition. *Falkland*, *Pelham*, *The Disowned*, *Devereux*, and *Paul Clifford* belong to this period.

The works of the second group express the views and record the investigations of one who was as much a pub-

licist as an author. With his election to the House of Commons the parliamentarian was joined to the writer and shared in his interests, experiences, and aspirations. *Godolphin*, *Eugene Aram*, *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *Leila*, and *Maltravers*, constitute this group.

The third period coincides with the years during which he was absent from parliament, and followed his experiments in playwriting. His undivided attention being given to art, this is the group of his mightiest works. It includes *Night and Morning*, *Zanoni*, *The Last of the Barons*, *Lucretia*, *Harold*, and *Pausanias*.

With his election as member for Hertfordshire the fourth period begins. The author and legislator are merged, and the works have an intimate bearing on current movements and social conditions. *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, and *What Will He Do With It?* form this group.

The fifth period followed his retirement from official life, when, no longer a participator in events, he records his views of present tendencies, and looking into the future describes the potentialities of current theories and new ideas. *A Strange Story*, *The Coming Race*, *Kenelm Chillingly*, and *The Parisians* are the products of this period.

FALKLAND

THIS is a study in sentiment, and belongs to the same class as Goethe's *Werther* and Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*. It records and subjects to analysis an infatuation which honor, good resolutions, and prudent counsels are insufficient to dissolve; shows that when passion is permitted to overmaster duty and impel to the disregard of social conventions, retributive calamity results; and illustrates the fact by the fates of the sinning characters.

Part of the story is narrated, much is told in letters and excerpts from diaries. Its lessons are that virtuous principles are more desirable than uncertain impulses, and that good hearts, unguided by regulated minds, will not preserve their possessors from error and punishment.

Falkland was published anonymously by Colburn in 1828. Its author never admitted it into any of the collected editions of his works, because he condemned its over-somber coloring of life and its indulgence in a vein of sentiment, common enough, but "neither new in its expression nor true in its philosophy." He wrote of *Falkland* in 1837, as "the crude and passionate utterance of a mere boy, which I sincerely regret and would willingly retract."

But the work displays power, feeling, and insight, and is interesting not only as a first work, but because it

shows how observation and experience were utilized by a very young writer, whose acquaintance with Lady Caroline Lamb suggested the characters and incidents. And it marks a stage in the artistic development of its author, for through it his critical perception was advanced beyond what had hitherto been the standard of fictionists, and he saw that the moral intent of a work was not the only consideration, for in the conduct of a story such depictions as may by any possibility injuriously affect a reader must be avoided. Otherwise incidental descriptions may nullify the general purpose, as in Fielding's *Tom Jones* certain portions have a harmful potentiality, notwithstanding the unquestionable ethical intent of the whole work.

PELHAM

THE education and after-adventures of one of gentle birth, reared and trained as was customary with his class, is narrated in this work. Pelham is an only son, with an inherited position and fortune. His father is easy going and improvident, his mother shrewd, widely acquainted, and worldly wise. Her letters to her son abound in admonitions concerning his deportment and the steps she deems essential to his social success, which is the great object of her ambition. His appearance and conduct being in accordance with her injunctions and wishes, the impression her son creates is that of a foppish man of fashion. But though conforming in his demeanor to the desires of Lady Frances, Pelham is less selfish and restricted in his sympathies than his mother's teachings were intended to make him. He obeys her, but not from the motives she inculcates. Thus his friendship with Glanville is the result of sincere admiration, and it is only an added satisfaction that their intimacy is approved by her; and his affection for his uncle, who first interested him in the acquisition of knowledge, remains undiminished despite the personal disappointment and the material change in prospects consequent upon the marriage of that kindly old kinsman.

The characteristics of the work are brilliancy, knowl-

edge of the world, and new observations gathered from experiences with many men in various scenes. The follies and negligences of the class to which its hero belongs, such as the perfunctory home training, the mean considerations which determine the choice of schools, the unsatisfactory character of the education acquired, the pains and heartaches endured in the strife for social position, the trivialities of conversation, and the undue importance attached to little things, have their lessons compacted into aphorisms or exposed by examples and made more effective by ridicule which generally sparkles but sometimes stings, and which does not spare even the hero.

Pelham is portrayed as one whose real ability, energy, and acquirements are less obvious than his affected devotion to fashion and effeminate avoidance of exertion. The coxcomb masks the man. Determined to be more than one of the crowd, in whatever circumstances he finds himself he contrives to win admiration. Thrown among the frivolous and fashionable, he shares their follies while laughing at them; and faultless taste in dress and readiness in conversation are with him more than means to an end. Though he deliberately assumes the demeanor of an exquisite and acts the part with such thoroughness that to the ordinary and superficial he appears an effeminate fop, he is careful that the apparent shall be merely a part of the man, and that the reality shall be a cultivated and experienced gentleman. Therefore the hours presumably the most idle are devoted to study and the acquirement of skill in physical accomplishments, and thus he is equal to the occasion

when readiness and courage are required. Poetry has little charm for him, sentiment none. He is always practical, and shrewd as well as observant. He never gives confidences. He notes and avoids committing the blunders made by able and older men, and prepares carefully for whatever duty he undertakes. Accepting the forms and conventions of society as settled institutions, he conforms to them, the while he fits himself for other circles by developing every quality he is conscious of possessing, and therefore those who took for granted that only a vacuous mind and nerveless arm were the accompaniments of the listless exquisite experience many surprises. He is welcomed in social circles, his election canvass is successful, his political mission is satisfactorily discharged, and it is only when a larger ambition is born in him that a disappointment is encountered; and this disappointment is scarcely a disadvantage, for a practical experience of the insincerity of a professional politician is a valuable lesson most useful when early learned.

Pelham proves by his conduct that one may frequent fashionable circles and mingle with those of the fine world, and yet be something better, wiser, and nobler than a mere man of fashion; that the well-to-do are not of necessity restricted to lives of idleness, shows, and commonplace; that making the most of one's physical self may be advantageously supplemented by the cultivation of mental capacities; that careful study of matters, men, and books, useful activity and a cheerful disposition, are the healthy and fitting complements to natural and social advantages; and that these enable their cultivator,

with greater ease and thoroughness, to be a true friend, a useful citizen, and a good man.

That the obstacles to such a consummation are neither few nor slight is not concealed. The lack of parental interest in graver accomplishments than such as secure immediate effect or social prestige, the omissions of teachers who too often leave manhood unprovided with the taste for and the disposition toward many of the most important pursuits of the cultivated, the temptation to idleness, extravagances, and dissipation which surround the well-born young, are all displayed. But the added advantages in resources from ennui and increased power to judge and decide rightfully, to deal with opposition and to manage men, as well as the widened scope afforded by knowledge mastered, are also illustrated in the satisfaction, unaccompanied by repinings or self-blame, with which Pelham meets disappointment when his hopes are overthrown, and the confidence with which he renews his efforts to win an opening for the vocation he has chosen.

The object of Pelham's ambition is not achieved. He aspires to a career in parliament. The honor comes within his reach, but he declines to make the necessary surrender of principle even in pretense, and the occasion passes. He preserves his self respect but loses the desired dignity. It is curious how in thus acting Pelham fares precisely as do nearly all the important characters in the long list of Bulwer's works. Each of his heroes has a definite creed and purpose to the realization of which he devotes himself, but the wished-for end is not attained. Thwarted and frustrated, each is disappoint-

ed, but the apparent failure is neither inglorious nor humiliating. Nay, it generally commands more respect and admiration than mere success would receive.

Written while the impressions of things seen and remembered were vivid, *Pelham* is bright and gay, but the exaggeration necessitated by the aim to supplant "Byronism" by something more manly has injuriously affected the portrayal of Glanville.

The union of wide culture and useful activity with the courteous deportment, courage, and honor always characteristic of the well-born, has become general since the creation of Pelham, and the invariable use of black for gentlemen's evening wear dates from the publication of this work, the first edition of which appeared anonymously in 1828. Slight changes were made in the second edition of the same year, which contained a preface. The edition of 1840 had a second preface, and a third was added in 1848. These are all omitted in the later issues of the work.

THE DISOWNED

PELHAM contained the results of observations recorded while the impressions were fresh, and shows no trace of the influence of contemporary writers. *The Disowned* has many characteristics of the fictions current at the time of its production, and especially shows the influence of Godwin in the patient enquiry into motives and the tendency to disquisition. It has two plots, intentionally conducted apart until the catastrophe unites them, and its characters exhibit the effects on conduct of the undue development of certain qualities, which become harmful when cultivated to excess. Talbot, Borodaile, Warner, Crauford, Mordaunt, and Wolf are dominated rather than influenced by their respective characteristics of vanity, pride, ambition, selfishness, philanthropy, and zeal, which are the shaping forces of their careers, and from his observation of the results, the value of moderation is learned by the high-spirited Clarence who, disowned by his father, leaves home and starts out to make his own way in the world, relinquishing even his name. His fortunes occupy the larger part of the work.

The reverses and vicissitudes of Algernon Mordaunt are the theme of a second plot, less extensive but more poignant than the story of Clarence. His history is the exposition of a theory deliberately cherished as the guiding principle of his life, which regards ignorance as

identical with vice, knowledge necessarily the way to virtue, and virtue itself as so sovereign a condition that, dispensing with all inducements, it is its own sufficient reward.

Mordaunt's creed was adopted by him after deep enquiry. To understand what is good and what is evil he subjected to scrutiny the writings of moralists and philosophers, and found that though they dispute they grow virtuous. Enquiring further into the lives of men, he discovered that while those who cultivated a talent were often erring and sometimes criminal, those who cultivated a mind were rarely either. He concluded that there must therefore be something excellent in knowledge.

Pursuing his investigations into the nature of virtue, he found that it is not religion, for bigotry and cruelty have often made that powerful for evil, and a mere belief in a divine Being, even with sincerity and zeal added, does not ensure goodness; for while believing and adoring, many misunderstand and err. But fuller knowledge always lessens the liability to perversions of this kind, which are closely allied to ignorance; and it follows that knowledge is the antidote and affords the light by which even religion should be investigated. For as labor is the salutary road to all that is beneficial, even the treasures which religion holds can only be brought to light by exercise in the acquisition of knowledge and the training of the perceptive powers.

A survey of our faults, our errors, our vices, resolves each into a result of ignorance. Men abuse talents and riches and power either from ignorance of their real use

or because they are misled into imagining the abuse more conducive to their happiness. Men act in accordance with what they conceive to be their interests, but because of their imperfect knowledge they often err and consequently suffer. Mistakenly also, men revert to selfishness, the principle of barbarism under which force is law, and from which civilization is an everlengthening ascent. But were knowledge acquired and applied, nobler ideas would supplant these mean ones. It would be realized that the happiness and welfare of the one is dependent upon the well-being of all. More knowledge would cause better actions, and men would advance in happiness as well as in culture. For if ignorance is the spring and source of evil and misery, it necessarily follows that if we were consummate in knowledge we would be perfect in virtue.

The conflict of character against circumstances has a very impressive illustration in the trials to which Mordaunt is subjected. Though his feelings are acute and his affection a devotion, neither misfortune nor suffering can shake his faith in the all-sufficiency of virtue. He endures privation and affliction, yet withstands temptation, and after his restoration to affluence the same creed animates his life and actions. But it is perilous to essay the depiction of a character in whom virtue is constant although youth and its passions have not been outlived, for physical wants are more potent than intellectual concepts; and only in the aged do we recognize the ability to act in rigid accordance with a mental belief.

The character of Mordaunt was a favorite with its author, and of this romance he said in 1835:

"If I were asked which of my writings pleased me the most in its moral,—served the best to inspire the younger reader with a guiding principle, was the one best calculated to fit us for the world by raising us above its trials, and the one by which I would most desire my own heart and my own faith to be judged,—I would answer *The Disowned*."

Characters, incidents, and situations in *The Disowned* are all by the intent of their author other than such as are met with in actual life. They are possible but not ordinary, creations, not copies; and therefore the work is at once removed from the class with which it is usually confounded, that of novels which transcribe from the actual.

Every effort to exalt individual or social life needs for its purpose a high example of actions indicating desirable conduct and resulting in calm satisfaction. The tendency to limit endeavor to the merely being as good as others, is strong in all; and nobler standards are necessary to counteract the downward trend which is a consequence of complacent contentment with an easy achievement. The poet provides these higher types. He sees more than others, and reveals what but for him might never have been perceived. His conceptions of noble behavior, great forbearance, and worthy aspirations made manifest in the characters he creates, stimulate to imitation of the virtues they display. Great characters are to literature what Christ is to Christianity; and the preference of transcriptions of what is, over the poetical intuition into what should be, is an error as mischievous as that committed by ministers of the gos-

pel who expatiate upon dogma and ceremony rather than upon the humility, gentleness, sympathy, and unselfishness of the Great Exemplar.

The Disowned is the production of a poet, not of a journalist. Nevertheless none of the vagueness usual in the creations of allegory attaches to the personages, each of whom is convincingly human and impressive. Compared with later works by Bulwer, it shows an over elaboration of minor incidents and characters, an exuberance of axiomatic reflection, and an excess of disquisition.

The first edition of *The Disowned* appeared anonymously in 1828, and a second edition with a preface in the same year. Each of these contained an introduction wherein Mr. Pelham was interviewed by the author. In 1835 this introduction was deleted, and a new preface and an essay on prose fiction were added. The edition of 1840 dispensed with all this prefatory matter and omitted many lengthy passages hitherto contained in the volumes, and the edition of 1852 differs from its predecessor only in its one short preface.

DEVEREUX

DEVEREUX is an experiment having little likeness to productions of its day, and none to others of Bulwer's works. It uses history incidentally but makes no attempt at elucidating the large movements of the time. It concerns itself with the development of the mind of a man of affairs, who, seeking in action relief from torturing perplexities and grief, rises to high position and honor, but, sated with successes which bring no satisfaction, abandons his career and in loneliness and solitude seeks the solution of old mysteries and the confirmation of weakened hopes.

It is an autobiography that is submitted to us. The style in which it is written bears no resemblance to that of the writers of his own day, for circumstances made Devereux an exile for many years, and therefore he never acquired the mannerisms characteristic of Addison and Steele. We are made to feel that after his brief wedded life its writer is always alone, and that the memory of the tragedy which reft his days of their sunshine is tenaciously nursed though never referred to. Unmirthfully he moves through many scenes, participates in events and meets important persons who receive such mention and description as would naturally be accorded them by a shrewd observer, and thus curious details and singular but accurate particulars concerning the great of

that day, some of whom have shrunk from reputations into mere names, add interest to the work.

Morton Devereux is revealed as possessing strong will, boundless energy, and warm affection. His childhood had been embittered by his parents' preference for his brothers, his boyhood was marred by fraternal dissensions fomented by his tutor for ulterior purposes, and he entered the social world prematurely, without wise guidance, or any curb on conduct or extravagance.

Growing weary of the insipidity and purposelessness of his way of life, he concentrates all his affection upon one being and fancies happiness and contentment assured, but this brief elysian episode has a tragic ending and misfortunes accumulate, and as a distraction from griefs and disappointments an active career is sought and followed through turbulent years which bring renown and advancement but not satisfaction. In the comparative calm which succeeds a period of constant activity, feelings hitherto suppressed reassert themselves, religious beliefs passively accepted but never examined are unsettled, and doubts arise to harass, and the man who though gaining much that others prize has missed all that he himself desired and whose affections have no object among the living, becomes appalled at the thought that his hope of rejoicing his lost wife beyond the grave may be vain and idle, that the creed which limits existence to this life only, may be correct. The resulting melancholy and depression cause him to abandon the career in which he has won distinction and to undertake the task of resolving his doubts by an investigation of the works treating of life and its duration. In course of time he con-

vinces himself that immortality is a fact, and his interest in affairs revives.

The arguments which satisfied this anxious doubter are not made known to us, for on a matter where reasoning is ineffectual and faith alone is of use, that which convinces one may be utterly unsatisfactory to another. Devereux was content to know that the dead do not die forever, he sought nothing further; viewing everything as a practical man of the world he continued his plans for vengeance against his scheming enemy and having compassed that duty his only remaining objects were the restoration of his ancestral home and the composition of his memoirs.

Devereux lived when Anne reigned and Marlborough flourished, when the throne of France was yet filled by the Grand Monarque, and that of Russia by Peter the Great, and though for many years engaged in state affairs, on none of these are any particulars recorded here, only such incidents as pertain to his individual and domestic history are related. The sentiments and reflections are in consonance with the experiences, wise, acute, and practical.

The plot depends for its main interest upon the continued misconception of the character of a brother.

Pelham suggests the desirability of knowledge as an addition to youth's equipment for active participation in life's business. *The Disowned* shows knowledge as the path by which man attains to virtue and contentment. *Devereux* displays knowledge as the resolver of doubts, supporter of hopes, and extender of views. As a composition this work is a great advance over its prede-

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cessors, but the characters do not invite to emulation. They interest greatly and are admirably managed. Montreuil, whose resolute pertinacity of purpose is only discerned through the effects he accomplishes by his controlling influence over others and who is therefore depicted at second hand, is made to stand out comprehensible, strong and virile to the last, and Aubrey is so drawn as never to arouse question or strain credulity. Sir Miles is an exceedingly lovable old man but in illustrating his foible of always breaking off a story before its point is reached, the author indulged in what he afterwards condemned as an unworthy trick. Great care has been bestowed upon the presentation of Bolingbroke, who receives here a more respectful consideration than the whigs who have written about him have manifested. Bulwer's high estimate of his intellectual ability never abated, and appreciative references to him are of frequent occurrence in his later works.

Devereux, by the author of *Pelham*, was published by Colburn in 1829. To the edition of 1835 a dedicatory epistle to John Auldjo Esq. was prefixed and in 1852 a prefatory note was added.

PAUL CLIFFORD

THIS work has the historic interest which attaches to an important innovation. It is the forerunner of that class of fiction which assails some existing wrong and by attracting attention thereto is instrumental in effecting reform, and which is generally called the romance of purpose. *Paul Clifford*, termed by its author "a treatise on social wrongs," is a forceful arraignment of the mismanagement of prisons, and an exposé of the evils consequent upon a too severe criminal code; and the book did much toward securing amelioration and amendment.

Productions of this class necessarily lose much of their interest when the evils attacked have passed away, and this work would have shared the usual fate had its purpose been confined to temporary wrongs. But it also deals with a deeper and sterner problem which is not transient but obtrudes itself in every organized society, viz: the flourishing of individuals who while keeping within the law nevertheless contrive by their viciousness to be more harmful than some of those who break the law and do not escape its vengeance.

Circumstances do not invariably make crime, but they may lead if not constrain to it as in Paul Clifford's case, yet in intent and effect the criminal may be a less dangerous person in a community than he who by design and act wars in secret against all that differentiates civ-

ilized life from barbarism, and not only evades the world's condemnation but receives its honors, as in the instance of William Brandon.

In conception, execution, and the niceties of art, *Paul Clifford* is a remarkable achievement. The story is consistent and its conduct dramatic. Very skillfully are small matters made effective to the consummation, and fine judgment is evinced in the selection of a form of criminality no longer practicable, thereby avoiding all possibility of inducing imitation in incipient law-breakers. A further careful regard for consistency is shown in dowering Paul with traits similar to those of William Brandon, pride, scorn of conventions, and the meekening effect of the passion which weans him from his calling.

With the exception of Lucy Brandon and her father the characters are all perversions. No pattern for emulation or admiration is presented, the book concerns itself with persons whose careers are to be reprobated or regarded as warnings.

Lucy Brandon alone is amiable. She is a retiring girl content to make a small circle happy until occasion demands other qualities, and then developing firmness, constancy, and wisdom in the greatest trials to which woman can be subjected, unexpected affluence and subsequent privation:

The strongest character is the able, unscrupulous, successful lawyer, William Brandon. Valuing only power and station, and regarding appearances as of more importance than actualities, he prospers in a world which he despises, but for whose forms he observes an obsequious

respect, by ministering to the vices of others. His sins are studied. His one admirable quality is his tenderness toward his relations which wins him the affection of his niece. But even the reverence for his family, which is a virtue, becomes in him a further incentive to vice; he is anxious to dispose of Lucy not with the aim of ensuring her happiness, but to further his own rise. Superstition is made subtle use of in the history of his successes. On his strong mind the denunciation of his wife has no apparent effect, but the maledictions born of her wrongs are prophetic and the evils she invokes all come to pass. And throughout, his illness and the courage with which he bears its tortures serve to remind us that it is a man whose actions we are surveying, and to preserve our interest to the tragic close of his evil life.

Another devotee to self is shown in Mauleverer, the sybarite born to wealth and power, viewing life as a card-game, denying himself no personal gratification but too indolent to strive for anything.

Augustus Tomlinson is an instance of perverted and misdirected intellect; with him words are of more importance than deeds, he finds an equivocal sanction for behavior the most reprehensible in some sententious aphorism or approved sentiment no matter how much ingenuity be required to bring act and term into congruity.

Peter MacGrawler is a composite portrait of the editors and reviewers of the period, who criticised the political opinions of a writer rather than the literary qualities of his work, and made the offensive detraction of opponents the road to a minister's favor and an offi-

cial sinecure. The class may have changed since MacGrawler's time, but for depicting him as unscrupulous, malignant, dishonest, and a coward, there was but too much justification.

Paul Clifford emerges from the wretchedness of The Mug where he has received a meagre education and an initiation into flash life, by way of the prison to which he is wrongfully sent, where he receives further vicious teaching, and from which he makes his escape. Embittered against authority and ready to revenge himself upon its representatives, he joins the highwaymen, and soon becomes captain of the band.

The activities of the gentlemen of the road bring them into the neighborhood of the home of Lucy Brandon, and Clifford becomes acquainted with her and her father. The sight of their decorous and calm existence so strongly contrasting the turmoil and hazard of his own, and the growth of a pure affection disturb the satisfaction with which he has hitherto regarded his profession. He resolves to sever his connection with the robbers and seek out some calling less unworthy.

But no evil course can be abandoned with ease, before his determination is acted upon he is betrayed and apprehended. Brought to trial he finds in his judge the man who was chiefly instrumental in driving him into antagonism to law; and that judge before sentencing Paul to death, learns that the prisoner is his own son.

Paul however is not given to the hangman, because circumstances led him into crime, yet neither brutalized nor corrupted him. He is permitted to work out his self-redemption in a foreign land.

Three phases of life are in turn depicted in *Paul Clifford*: The squalor of the slums, the comfort of the unobtrusive country home, and the intrigues and display of metropolitan circles. The first of these requires some comment.

The opening chapters deal with Dame Lobkin's low public house and its environment and patrons, and this portion of the work is made the occasion for a satirical exhibition of the similarity in all essentials between the low which society scorns and the high which it emulates. The Mug reflects Holland House with its coteries and manufacture of reputations. Bachelor Bill's hop differs only in degree from more fashionable gatherings and the same desire for gain is advanced as the animating cause of the activities of political placemen and organized highwaymen. The robbers are covert copies of certain celebrities, and a dexterous use is made of characteristics of these individuals and of incidents in their careers. Thus the king's patronage of the architect Nash is reflected in Gentleman George's passion for building. The promptness, thoroughness, and brevity of speech of the Duke of Wellington are imitated in Fighting Attie. Lord Eldon's attachment to old forms and unrelaxing opposition to all change are transferred to Old Baggs. And peculiarities in appearance or conduct in Lord Ellenborough, Sir James Scarlett, Sir Francis Burdett, and others, find their counterfeits in Long Ned, Scarlett Jim, Mobbing Francis, and the minor satellites of the robber galaxy.

Diseriminating characterizations of George the Fourth and the Duke of Wellington are appended to *Paul Clif-*

ford, and also a series of papers, attributed to the later years of Augustus Tomlinson; these combine keen observation, close study of men, suggestive criticism, and knowledge of the world, and evidence a command of irony void of the savagery which usually pertains to productions in that line.

Paul Clifford was published in 1830, a second edition appearing in the same year. These issues contained a lengthy dedicatory epistle to Alexander Cockburn which is absent from all later editions. A new preface accompanied the publication in 1840, and yet another in 1848.

ASMODEUS AT LARGE

THIS work appeared anonymously by installments in the *New Monthly Magazine* during the editorship of Bulwer, ending August, 1833. Its author never included it in any issue of his works, and it had no other publication until the Knebworth edition of 1875.

Intended to serve a similar purpose to that of the *Noctes* of *Blackwood's Magazine*, it contains comments on contemporary happenings, observations concerning political measures and movements, remarks about men eminent in their day, and criticisms on books many of which were mere ephemera. The narrative varies from the gay and sportive to the grave and supernatural, but even in a slight and spontaneous work serious purpose is developed. To dispel the weariness which is the malady of the idle, Satiety (the narrator) attracted by the promise of Excitement (Asmodeus) engages in a series of journeyings and adventures which range from the trivial to the marvelous, but have no object. The piquancy of these experiences only rouses a languid interest, for novelty can only temporarily dissipate ennui, and a more energising sensation is coveted. Passion (Julia) is hastily and imprudently substituted for the less emotional influence of excitement, but the unreasonable exactions of a fastidious and selfish egotist who expects to receive affection without deserving it causes

misery, results in tragedy, and adds remorse to mental wretchedness; for Satiety, though ever longing for sympathetic companionship, is fitted only for loneliness.

The book abounds in aphoristic laconisms. Acute criticism, sarcastic comment, mystic and supernatural speculation are conjoined with a fleeting picture of the times and its politics; and reflections, recollections, and anticipations add a personal interest. But the hurried conclusion necessitated by the author's retirement from editorship mars its symmetry, and the compression of the concluding chapters contrasts too strongly the desultory character of the earlier portions of the work.

EUGENE ARAM

IN 1759, an usher at Lynn was arrested charged with a murder committed at Knaresborough fourteen years previously. Eugene Aram, thus brought into painful notice, was a selftaught man of whom the *Annual Register* of that year says:

“After mastering all mathematics, he soon became enamoured of the belles-lettres, whose charms destroyed the heavier beauties of numbers and lines. He afterward got acquainted with heraldry and botany, and knew the name and quality of every herb of the field. Being a profound Hebrew scholar, he ventured upon Chaldaic and Arabic. Not satisfied with this universal application, he began the study of Celtic.”

Those who had any knowledge of the man, whose extreme reserve never permitted intimacy, spoke of him as kindly and gentle in disposition, and exemplary in conduct. The trial aroused the interest of all England, and incredulity of the possibility of his guilt was general. The principal testimony against him was that of a confessed accomplice. Aram conducted his own defense. He was found guilty, sentenced to death, and after unsuccessfully attempting selfslughter, was executed, and hung in chains in Knaresborough forest.

Bulwer became interested in the fate of this singular man, who had been a tutor in his grandfather’s house

at Heydon, and the extraordinary phenomenon of a solitary crime utterly at variance with the general life and seemingly void of influence upon the disposition of its perpetrator, combined with the astonishing attainments of the unaided scholar, furnished him with a fascinating problem. Gathering all the available information about the man and his habits, the surviving gossip and opinions of those who had met or heard of him, and the records of the trial, and carefully considering the whole, Bulwer's conclusion was that Aram, keenly desirous of means to increase his knowledge, and hampered by his dire poverty, first envied the misused wealth of another and sophistically persuaded himself that to appropriate some of that wealth and apply it to nobler uses would be beneficial rather than wrong ; then attempted robbery, which the resistance of his victim converted into murder.

Eugene Aram was written in conformity with this view. The personal traits are those of the real man, and there is no exaggeration in the account of his attainments. But instead of the actual details of his occupations and actions the Lesters are created, and an artistic condensation and elevation of the interest and situations are obtained, as well as a more impressive and comprehensive catastrophe, and an intenser poignancy in the punishment of the criminal, who in addition to remorse, is constrained to resort to mean concealments, evasions, and deceptions exceedingly humiliating to his pride. No excuses for his crime are adduced or permitted to influence sympathy in his behalf. Only the results of the deed — the destroyed ambitions, the attainments rendered fruitless, the enforced lone-

liness of one who might have become influential and renowned — and the ruin which overtakes him when he seeks to rejoin the social life his act has forever barred him from. These are allowed to arouse pity, but not to palliate his offence.

He has no animal friends. Culture has produced in him an intellectual pride, which usurps the place of moral principle. His courage is founded on scorn, his charity on disdain, and his creed on Fatalism. He reasons away the necessity of solitariness, becomes intimate with his kind, and yields to love. When all seems most propitious, detection blasts his prospects, and involves in his doom all those most dear to him.

The work is a village tragedy in subject, conduct, and structure. It treats of a known event, has few characters, occupies a limited period of time, and exciting alternate pity and terror, progresses with increasing rapidity toward a foreknown culmination. Its domestic interest is supplied by Madeline Lester, her home and relations. It is a subtlety in the art of the book, that she is motherless. Stately, beautiful, fanciful, and enthusiastic, she diffuses happiness around her, until interest in Aram beguiles her into love and peril. Her constancy, devotion, and unswerving faith in her lover never diminish, but her strength fails and she dies before Aram.

Walter Lester, supplanted in his cousin's affections, seeks distraction in travel, attended by an old soldier who has condensed a varied experience of life into worldly rules of conduct; who regards successful knavery with admiration, and unselfish acts with scornful pity.

Their journeyings are compelled, as if by destiny, to the various scenes connected with his father's history, and to the ultimate discovery of his murder by Aram. Thus the student's first step from isolation starts the weaving of the web which enmeshes and destroys him.

This was the author's first careful study of a man. Hitherto his works had their foundation in intimate observation of and deductions from the conditions, institutions, and effects of the social and political arrangements of the English people, and these had led him to recognise particularly the importance of circumstances in the warping and corrupting of character.

Here he had the problem of one whose poverty would ordinarily have proved an insuperable bar to all mental effort, patiently and solitarily developing a mind of an uncommon order, and mastering a wide range of knowledge, yet the whole resulting in no material achievement, and ending in ignominy because of one serious transgression, of which nothing in his previous life indicated the possibility, and which was wholly without effect upon his character. It neither brutalized nor corrupted him.

To show that great learning and attainments, together with conduct that conforms to the requirements of society, are not necessarily inconsistent with criminality or viciousness was a needed lesson then, and is increasingly important now since accomplishments can be more easily acquired, and Arams are more numerous.

There are men who with less thoroughness cultivate not a mind, but a style, and who are vicious not in isolated cases, but habitually. In these the prevailing

characteristic is that same intellectual pride, subordinating principle and expanding egotism to undue proportions. They are incipient Arams.

To warn mankind that character is of greater consequence than talent, and that those who neglect moral cultivation while improving less necessary qualities are in all essentials committing the error from which Eugene Aram's crime resulted, is to draw attention to a fact not the less important from the certainty of its being resented by those to whom it most directly applies.

This romance was dedicated to Walter Scott, then on his futile journey in search of health in Italy. The following letter from Rome dated October 22, 1832, and published in the *Literary Gazette*, gives Scott's impressions of the work and its author:

"When Sir Walter Scott arrived at Rome he asked me for a book. I enumerated the few I had got, and he immediately pitched upon something by the Author of *Pelham*. I accordingly sent him *Eugene Aram*, which he returned me in a very few days, saying that since he left England he had not enjoyed so much amusement. He talked a long time about Bulwer and his productions; and I sincerely regret not having made a minute of his remarks. I recollect, however, distinctly his saying 'Oh! that is a man whose name always puts me in mind that I must look about me.' And after expressing his high approbation of the tale he had just been reading, he added, 'I can scarcely conceive a greater proof of talent than this, that a writer should take for his subject a story known well to almost everyone of his readers, and that he should be able to work

it up in so artful a manner as to produce such intense interest. 'For this,' he said, laughing, 'is the fault of the book. I read late—I could not lay it down, and twice it has spoiled my night's rest.' ''

The first edition of *Eugene Aram* was published in 1831. To the issues of 1840 another preface was added, and a third preface accompanied the edition of 1850.

GODOLPHIN

WHILE engaged on *Eugene Aram* Bulwer also wrote *Godolphin*, the composition of the two works proceeding concurrently. This lighter labor has for its subject a like theme: the frustration of possibilities of usefulness in an individual of great promise. In Aram a crime blasted a career. Here the absence of incentive, the possession of wealth, and the temptations natural to the life of the well-born rich, cause abilities and endowments to be frittered away and wasted.

The period illustrated is that of the passing of the Reform Bill of 1831, which transferred political power from the higher to the middle classes. It is therefore a former fashionable world which is pictured and shown as void of healthful ambition, moral purpose, or enthusiasm, and as exercising a pernicious influence over the more gifted of both sexes.

The best parts of the work are those which depict that silken circle of fashion with its puerilities and ennui, its graceful luxury, its polish, its heartlessness, its unenjoyed amusements, and its avidity for anything novel which promises a new sensation. And the most masterly character is that of Saville, the urbane, shrewd, and favored man of the world, who with intellect but without heart, passion without affection, and wealth without sympathy, finds there congenial en-

vironment. Godless and creedless as some antique pagan, he avails himself of every opportunity for self-indulgence even to life's last hour, and dies, like the order he represented, selfpossessed and imperturbable, satisfied with his past and unconcerned about his future.

Godolphin is young, gifted, and fortunate. His abilities directed to useful ends might make him a benefactor to his race, but his early entrance into the world of the privileged and his acquaintance with its idols wean him from all desire for honor or dignity. He has the common experiences of his class — pleasure and travel. Without being vicious, but because he is unambitious, fastidious, and procrastinating, he neither develops his own capacities nor accomplishes anything meritorious. The rejection of his hand by Constance crushes his vanity without spurring him to any worthy exertion; inherited wealth only makes him a grandiose dilettante and patron of art. And he incurs the mischief of causing injury to those who become interested in him. Temptation, dallied with but not resolutely resisted, leads to the destruction of the daughter of him whom he had called friend. Idle and purposeless, his graceful accomplishments and profuse use of wealth win admiration and regard in abundant measure, without the animosity which usually results from successful competition for fame or power.

Like many of his class he inspires sanguine expectations which are never realized. With ample equipments for high station, he becomes the oracle of a small coterie, and dawdles through life shirking its duties,

leaving to less enervate men the nobler positions it should have been his ambition to fill.

The history of Constance shows the powerlessness of the woman who seeks to be active and influential in the world. She finds that civilized life affords only a conditional opportunity for the exercise of feminine ability. In furtherance of a husband's ambition she may display her genius for intrigue, but when husband and wife regard measures differently the wife must sacrifice either her views or her happiness. Alone she can accomplish nothing of importance.

Bulwer repeatedly found fault with the forms and customs which limited to inanities the education and influence of women. That many restrictions which formerly existed have been removed, is to some extent attributable to his advocacy of greater liberality in these matters.

Volkman, the devotee of astrology, whose severe and exhausting studies are rewarded in minor matters with equivocal successes, but in the things about which he is most anxious only arouse indefinite and perturbing fears, in his unworldly theories, gentleness and faith, is an attractive study; and his daughter, whose wayward impulsiveness makes her a victim of unselfish affection, a sad one. Her letter written to Godolphin after the discovery which leaves her humiliated and hopeless, is a touching combination of pathos and pride.

An incidental purpose of *Godolphin* was to test contemporary criticism. Therefore it was published anonymously. It fulfilled Bulwer's expectation in the matter, and gave a basis for an ever increasing contempt

for professional book reviews, for no one discerned the authorship. Some ascribed it to Godwin, others saw superiority over Bulwer in "the author of *Godolphin*." One, after declaring that "his novels are all echoes of each other with hardly a page which might not be known for his, nor a favorite character which is not an exhibition of one of the phases of his exquisite self," adds that "the writer of *Godolphin* equals him in energy."

This desire to see if the reviewers were as discerning as they professed to be caused the intentional disregard of certain rules of art, from an observance of which in no other instance did Bulwer swerve. The end of Vernon is reminiscent of Sheridan's death. Constance recalls the three grand dames of the day who were active political partisans: Lady Jersey, Lady Holland, and Lady Blessington; and in the original issue there figured Lord Saltream, who was undoubtedly suggested by John Ward, Lord Dudley. Gamester and epicurean were combined in Lord Henry de Ros, who however lacked the discretion which is so emphatic a quality in Saville, and it is probable that the unproductive abilities of Count D'Orsay suggested the creation of Godolphin, tho' there is no further resemblance between them than the possession of fine qualities and the similarity of their surroundings. It is a sin in art to copy from some original peculiarities which admit of identification; for characters should be creations, and if transcription is all that has been accomplished the achievement amounts to little; while if a personage in an imaginative work is not copied, yet is so described that a likeness to some known person is perceived, it stamps the

author as commonplace both in art and imagination, because art concerns itself with the enduring, and personal oddities and peculiarities are of all things the most transient. The imagination is meagre and limited if it cannot rise above the actual.

Before Bulwer added *Godolphin* to the list of his works in 1842, he expunged everything pertaining to Saltream, and much other matter. But an unremoved fault remains, and detracts from the value of the work. That is, the admission of accident as a factor of importance. The catastrophe in fiction should result naturally from the events and circumstances narrated and described, and have the seeming of inevitability. The manner of Godolphin's death has no necessary connection with the chain of events preceding it. It is an arbitrarily introduced incident for which little preparation is made. It assisted in accomplishing the secondary purpose of demonstrating the deficiencies of the critics, but this trivial end necessitated a permanent injury; and the gain was not worth the sacrifice.

Less powerful and artistic than *Eugene Aram*, the work depends on its faithful delineation of a phase of contemporary life for its interest, and on style for its attraction.

Godolphin was published anonymously in 1833, a second edition appearing in the same year. The prefaces to these issues and many pages of the narrative were deleted when the work with a new preface and dedicated to Count D'Orsay was added to the collected edition of 1842.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE

THE comparison of life to a river is old, and the cyclonic wind-storms which ever and again visit certain portions of the earth, wrecking, devastating, and working fantastic mischief, have a more discernable likeness to some lives than the stream which beautifies, nourishes, and is useful. The tiny beginnings, the increase and growth in proportion and power, the resistless progression toward the great deeps and the persistence of identity notwithstanding continuous change which characterize alike the lapsing water and the unhalting life, are obvious resemblances. There are other similarities. The river obeying the law which prescribes a straight line for its course is constrained into sinuous meanderings because of the impediments it encounters, and the careers of those who purposefully endeavor to act in conformity with a creed are made picturesque and interesting by the interferences which swerve them into channels of less resistance; and these obstructions constitute the memorable features when the completed journey is surveyed.

In *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* the scenery, legends, and romances of Europe's most majestic river are associated with the passing away of an innocent and beautiful maiden.

The protracted ordeal of living wherein acts, thoughts,

and aspirations are chastened and disciplined, is crowded with trials and disappointments, and those deemed fitted for higher progression without the reiterated corrections necessary for most of the children of men are the objects of a benevolent preference. But the mercy of the Compassionate One who forbears to inflict the full measure of life's multitudinous sadnesses and permits His dark servant to remove the young to a world where hopes cannot be blighted nor prospects dimmed, is with difficulty discerned by the bereaved. Faith and philosophy are both severely tasked before apparent cruelty is recognized as kindness, and belief in infinite good produces resignation to a finite ill; for their beloved ones are gone from them even if the loss in the transient here is a gain in the enduring there.

This view of the most melancholy of human experiences pervades *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, and preserves its narrative from all depressing gloom and mournfulness.

On Gertrude Vane the most insidious and deceptive of human maladies has set its seal. The physicians have ordered change of air, and to gratify her desire to visit Germany, her father and her betrothed accompany her in a journey up the Rhine.

A fairy queen and her court affected by the devotion of the lovers, and desiring that the remaining days of the maiden may at least neighbor the fairyland which is left behind with youth, and wishful to be of service to her, make the same pilgrimage and incidentally meet with and are entertained by the German varieties of their kind.

Ideas suggested by the places visited, their historical associations and vicissitudes, are discussed from time to time, and the varying scenes and cities are described. It is the general and impressive features to which attention is directed. The particulars never degenerate into inventories. At intervals tales are told, which attract Gertrude's attention from her condition by interesting her in the fate of others. These stories show the changes and disillusionings which time brings about, oppose the harsh and commonplace to youth's sanguine anticipatory dreams, and are effective in reconciling Gertrude to the relinquishing of desire for experience in the troubrous actual world.

Each tale strips from the future some fancied glory. Man's love is unstable and changes with circumstances, affection the most fervent rarely outlasts the year, rivalry estranges brothers, ambition supplants affection and exacts greater sacrifices. The purest love is least comprehended, and dreams are far more fair than actualities.

These stories illustrate the different phases of German literary activity. They are admirable specimens of the domestic, the philosophical, the chivalrous, the poetic, the daring, the weird, and the fabulous. The most suggestive and thoughtful is "*The Fallen Star*," which deals with that remote past when antiquity was young.

The incidents of the journey deepen the despondency of the father, whom previous calamities have schooled into resignation. They rouse a vain rebellion against fate in the lover. They soothe and encourage Gertrude to put aside considerations of earth, and welcome the nearness of heaven, whence she may watch and perhaps

influence those dear to her. For a time she seems to rally. Her companions are gladdened by the improvement in her condition, and hopes of her gradual restoration to health are indulged; but these anticipations are soon dampened. Her strength fails rapidly. At Heidelberg the pilgrimage ends with her burial, in a spot selected by herself.

Although this work is used satisfactorily as a guide book, Bulwer had not seen the Rhine when he composed it. The first edition was accompanied by elaborate steel engravings which required two years for their execution. Written in 1832, it was published in 1834.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

DURING Bulwer's first visit to Italy in 1833 he resided for some months at Naples, and made frequent visits to Pompeii. The character and habits of its former citizens as disclosed by the excavations, and interesting discoveries and observations made in its streets and houses furnished the material for this romance. Twenty bodies were uncovered in the cellars of one villa, three more in the near neighborhood, and a skull, which is now at Knebworth, of such remarkable conformation as to indicate unusual power in the original possessor. These remains and the positions in which they were found suggested the figures of Arbaces, Calenus, Burbo, Julia, Clodius, and Diomed, and the chance remark that because of the darkness which accompanied the destroying eruption the blind would have an advantage suggested the creation of Nydia. The artist evoked the shades of the dead of twenty centuries ago, re-animated the several forms, and caused them to re-live their last days in Pompeii.

Pompeii existed without giving occasion for reference or remark from its foundation by Hercules until A. D. 63. In that year it suffered grievous injury from an earthquake and the restoration of its important buildings had been but partially effected when in 79 an eruption of Vesuvius destroyed the town and buried it under

ashes from which only a fragment of the wall of the larger theatre protruded. Now and again as the sixteen succeeding centuries lapsed, a peasant would have his wonder aroused by the striking of his mattock against some portion of the skeleton of the buried city, but not until 1748 was serious attention given to the excavating of what was soon identified as the forgotten Pompeii. Once begun the discoveries were so remarkable that the operations were extended and gradually a Roman city in its pristine state was disinterred and restored to light.

The excavations in the labyrinth of ruins which are the existing evidence of what Pompeii was, have revealed enough to enable investigators to reconstruct its streets, its temples and its homes, to understand its social organization, and to realize the distinctive habits, dress, and customs of its inhabitants.

A seaport of thirty thousand people, its citizens were of many races, and Grecian and Egyptian influences were potent to a greater extent than in the seven hilled city. Its position on a rising shore of the Bay of Naples, girdled by the mountains, yet open to the sea breezes, made it an attractive summer resort for the wealthy.

In that miniature Rome the idle and pleasure loving gathered, and combined luxury, learning, scepticism, and ostentation with grace and gaiety. Civilization was neighbored by barbarism, the beautiful temples were seats of jugglery, men fought with beasts in the arena, faith in the gods had vanished, and sorcery flourished.

Because of its incorporation in the world-empire of Rome and its nearness to the Imperial city, Pompeii neither produced nor retained any great exemplars of

patriotism, art, or thought. Therefore the romance is constructed of the simplest materials. An urbane, cultured, careless, and joyous community is portrayed as animated by the passions, feelings, and desires common to all humanity. Love, jealousy, rivalry, intrigue, hate, and revenge sway the conduct of the characters, who are enduring varieties of human nature exhibited in an antique garb. The costumes, customs, and social forms have changed with time, but the elemental passions are eternal, varying but little in their expression, not at all in their strength, influence, or effects.

The story opens in light-hearted joyousness, with a meeting of well-to-do young men with whom pleasure is the only pursuit. It becomes more earnest with the introduction of Ione, more active with the rescue of Nydia, and more sinister when Arbaces appears. The seriousness increases in the interviews with Apaecides and Olinthus and the gaiety ends with the noonday excursion on the water. Gloom begins with the curse of the Saga of Vesuvius, deepens rapidly with the death of Apaecides, the arrest of Glaucus, and the immuring of Nydia, becomes intense in the amphitheatre, and terrible when the eruption darkens, covers, and destroys. And at intervals the chant of the girl eager for the show, the warning hymn of the Nazarenes and the epicurean song of the revelers, significantly interrupt the action by revealing characteristic differences in the disposition of the population — the first thoughtless, careless, cruel, the second austere, earnest, and denunciatory, the third resolved on pleasure, doubtful of its propriety, and distorting wisdom into approval and advocacy.

The men and women who act and suffer are such as are natural to the place and time, and to that phase of luxurious leisure to which the situation and climate of Pompeii conduced and allure.

There is no introduction of superfluous antiquarian or archaeological details. The customs at banquets, the funeral ceremonies, the elaborate routine of the baths, and the varieties of the gladiatorial exercises are described, but the occasion for depicting them arises naturally in the progress of the story. Knowledge is not paraded.

Incidentally also certain similarities and singular differences between the present inhabitants of the district and their predecessors are noted. The curiosity, laziness, and fondness for the recitations of the improvisatores is the same now as then, but the former appreciation of flowers, perfumes, and baths has been replaced by something like aversion.

Social conditions are depicted with all possible fairness, without any attempt to convey false impressions of the relative morality, well-being, or organization of their times and ours, or to deduce from what is the equivalent of a palimpsest disingenuous criticisms of the present order of things. Then, as now, it is shown that the lot of the poor was one of hardship, that priests were venal and religion often a cloak for wrong-doers, that office-holders cared more for popularity than for principles, and that the rich monopolized power and abused the forms of law, yet evaded its penalties. The very meager alteration for the better in the circumstances of the worker is indeed the most salient lesson of the book, for the

slow evolution of a middle class which has devoted its energies to pulling down those above and shown no earnest desire to elevate those below, is the most conspicuous achievement of the intervening centuries. That fact demonstrates the unimportance of changes in the forms of government, and suggests the superior possibilities of developing virtues and qualities in the individual and the race, as effective aids to progress.

As a story illustrative of a past era the work has merits of a very high order. It avoids artificiality, it is correct in details, its varied incidents are in harmony with the period and the characters, and succeed each other naturally. The intensity of the interest excited increases as the narrative approaches its catastrophe, and that awful event which involved in one common ruin the good, the villainous, the wealthy, and the miserable, and displayed the disregard which that force we call Nature endlessly manifests for our mutable distinctions, is forcefully and vividly described.

Its characters, however, are of a lower intellectual order than those of other of its author's productions, and the emotions aroused are generally of a less noble nature than usual, being physical appeals, rather than mental or moral.

In the construction of plot and the invention of interesting incidents, situations, and characters, it is an advance on previous work, but not in the quality of the interest. The emotions addressed are such as everyone easily responds to. There is no demand for discernment or meditation.

The most intellectual of the characters is Arbaces, who

makes knowledge subservient to the practices of the sty, proud of his superiority of race and in learning, making a power of his influence, defaming all creeds, but believing that the stars can warn, advise, and guide, construing their signs into favoring prophecies, yet in his end verifying the prediction he misinterpreted.

Glaucus the Athenian, generous, graceful, and exuberant, is plunged from the heights of assured felicity to the awful prospects of death in the arena, but sustains his natural nobility. He regards shame less as the loss of the good opinion of others than the forfeiture of his own, refuses freedom at the price of baseness, and declines to adopt a faith to which he is favorably disposed, because he would not even appear to act for a reward.

Culture and beauty present their loveliest combination in the noble-minded, dignified, and calm Ione.

Olinthus is a type of the early propagators of Christianity, and his ardor for proselytizing, his intolerance of other creeds, his impatience with compromise, as well as his scorn of danger, hardship, or death, are the necessary qualities of the founders of a creed.

Sallust, the goodnatured voluptuary, justifies the opinion of Glaucus that he had more heart than any of his companions, and also his own confession of the superior claims of appetite to friendship, for when after an almost fatal neglect he does act, it is swiftly, comprehensively, and with effect.

The several gladiators are finely discriminated, and the interest aroused for them becomes poignant in the case of young Lydon.

The most interesting character is Nydia, the blind

flower girl, whose songs express the watchful tenderness with which she regards her wares, and her fond fancy that they possess something akin to human feeling. Her presence brightens the places she visits like the sunshine of her native land, and when she moves away air and scene appear to lose their glory and lapse into their customary commonplace. An orphan and an exile, blind and a slave, unforgetful of the legend-haunted land whence she was stolen, and wistfully remembering the mother whose gentle care she misses and pines for; fragile and delicate, yet beaten and humiliated by the pitiless taskmasters whose greed and cruelty are insatiable, released from their brutality by Glaucus only to exchange physical suffering for mental anguish; having the desires, feelings, and devotion of the womanhood into which she is just emerging, yet retaining the impulsiveness, petulance, and cunning of the girl, she dares much to win the affection of her deliverer, who regards her as a child and never discerns her love. She dares more in generous devotion, and saves him who was more to her than the gods had been — a friend; and then seeks refuge from hopelessness in the calm of the waters.

The story excites and maintains interest. The characters are apprehensible and distinctly differentiated, and the incidents are impressive. The attention is engaged without thought being stimulated and, therefore, the work charms all readers and is the best known of Bulwer's romances.

The Last Days of Pompeii was composed during one of the attacks of intense depression to which its author

was subject. In 1833 failing health necessitated rest and change and Bulwer was induced to visit Italy. No physical benefit resulted, but his fame was extended by this work which was published in 1835.

RIENZI

THE verdict of the historians who after a superficial survey of the career and fate of a remarkable man had pronounced a harsh and unfavorable judgment on Rienzi was set aside as one result of the production of this romance, wherein the great Tribune was presented as he was in life, no faultless man, but religious, patriotic, earnest, and more far-seeing than his contemporaries, and more vigorous and generous than the people whose liberties he restored and would have permanently established, but that they were recreant, false, and unfit for the responsibilities which accompany self-government.

Since the publication of this work, many documents illustrative of the period and the man have come to light. These do not in a single material detail give occasion for any alteration in the estimate of Rienzi's character as here depicted; but by affording abundant evidence that he was a mystical enthusiast, they confirm the accuracy of Bulwer's intuition in ascribing to him that phase of fanaticism.

The work deals with a period during which Rome was in dreary degradation — abandoned by the papacy, without power to enforce its laws, shrunken in population, its former grandeur forgotten, its mighty structures and monuments used as quarries from which the materials for new buildings or repairs were obtained; preyed upon

by the great barons, and so wretchedly misgoverned that Petrarch described it as “the abode of demons, the receptacle of all crimes, a hell for the living.”

From this abject condition it was suddenly transformed into acknowledged eminence over every other Italian state by one man, who had neither rank nor wealth to command or win support. Rejecting any title save that of Tribune, he established a free constitution and a new code of law. He expelled and subdued the barons, conquered the banditti, conciliated the priests, and ruled impartially. For seven months these amazing benefits continued. With the restoration of order civilization revived, trade expanded, and crowned heads sent homage and congratulations. But all who serve the masses learn that every concession secured, produces a demand for further benefits. The people’s representative must continue to minister to their desire for extended power, or his popularity declines. This necessity caused the Tribune to assert the right of Rome to a voice in the election of the Emperor of Rome, and thereby he incurred the disfavor of the church. He was commanded to withdraw his claim, and upon his refusal the Pope excommunicated Rienzi, and one hundred and fifty mercenaries leagued with the church and the barons entered the city, and barricaded a part of it. When Rienzi addressed the citizens, exhorting them to assist him in driving the robbers out, “the sighs and groans of the people replied to his.” They could weep, but they would not fight. The ban of the church produced paralysis, and Rienzi abdicated and fled from the city. Thus the ignorant cowardice of a people made an epi-

sode of what should have been the beginning of an era.

With the curse of the church over him, Rienzi for the next seven years was for a time a wanderer, then a chained prisoner in a dungeon at Avignon.

But affairs at Rome went from bad to worse, and to retain his possessions it became imperative that the Pope should take steps to reëstablish some authority there. No plan seemed so promising as to use Rienzi's popularity as an aid to reconquest. So a trial was accorded the fallen Tribune, who was charged with two offenses: first, declaring Rome to be free; second, pretending that the Romans had a right of choice in the election of the Roman Emperor. He was acquitted and absolved, named Senator and appointed to accompany Cardinal Albornez, who, leading an armed force, was empowered "to exterminate heresy, restore the dignity and rights of the church, annihilate the leagues formed against the pontifical rights, and enforce the restitution of the church property."

Albornez made dexterous use of the popularity of the former Tribune, but kept him from Rome until Rienzi, perceiving the antagonism and purpose of the Cardinal, made arrangements to act without him, entered Rome, and resumed sway.

The dungeon and chains had altered Rienzi's appearance. Formerly slender, he had become stout, and a disease provocative of constant thirst had fastened upon him. And the dignity of Senator was not so pleasing to the Romans as the less patrician title of Tribune. Therefore he had fewer friends. Nevertheless there followed seven weeks of energetic, beneficent, and prudent

rule, with none of the ostentation or brilliant extravagances which dazzled during his former period of power. "He alone carried on the affairs of Rome, for his officials were slothful or cold."

To defend Rome and preserve freedom, an armed force was necessary. To pay the force a tax was imposed, and the multitude joined with the barons, cried out "Perish him who made the gabelle," murdered the Senator and tore his body to pieces.

Rienzi ruled as Tribune seven months; in exile and prison he passed seven years. His sway as Senator lasted seven weeks; and in this romance he fills seven books, the other three dealing with the plague at Florence, and The Grand Company and its commander.

Bulwer attributes the failure of Rienzi not to any error of the man, but to the faults of the people he sought to serve, who were a miscellaneous and mongrel mixture of many tribes. The tools were too poor for the artificer's use. An unmixed race may be taught that to be great and free a people must trust not to individuals but to themselves; that to institutions, not to men, they must look for enduring reforms; that their own passions are despots to be subdued, their own reason should be the remover of abuses.

But vain and delusive is the expectation that a debased and embittered population will accept such teachings. A selfseeker more or less corrupt is the highest kind of ruler such a populace can appreciate; and Rienzi's fate is but one of many warnings against giving to the incapable and ignoble a free government, equal laws, and power.

There are three glorious women in *Rienzi*—the gentle, unselfish, and retiring Irene, the flowerlike Adeline who “drooped away and glided into heaven,” and the regal Nina, imperious and haughty to all else, but consoling, inspiring, and always tender to her lord.

A figure differing greatly from that of *Rienzi*, having elements of grandeur and largeness, and wiser through more selfish views, is Walter de Montreal, minstrel-monk and warrior, the knightly leader of one of those roving companies of men-at-arms who wandered from state to state, selling their services and participating in perpetual feuds, tender yet stern; a Provençal, with the Troubadour’s love of song and skill in singing; a warrior, ambitious, determined, and ruthless; brilliant in the field, but no match for the wily Italians in council; nursing a great project, bending all his energies to its accomplishment, and recognizing in *Rienzi* his most formidable obstacle. From a deep grief which invites to retirement and rest, he turns to vast plans needing constant alertness and excluding all opportunity for regrets and sorrows. And the frankness which he never guarded makes him a victim, where he designed to be a benefactor. His ambitions conflict with those of the Senator, and betrayal leads to arrest, trial, and execution, with the swift and foreseen doom of his conqueror as a consequence.

An attractive character, and one natural to times of agitation, is Adrian Colonna, whose conciliatory disposition would, with a worthy people, have forwarded and consolidated freedom, because of his moderation, wis-

dom, and position; but with the degenerates of Rome his well-intentioned efforts fail, his abilities find little scope for useful exercise, and he becomes but an unhappy spectator of failure, instead of an active participant in success.

The plague broke out at Florence soon after the fall of the Tribune, and Adrian's search for Irene, whom Rienzi, on the approach of danger, had induced to leave Rome, brings into view the desolation of the city where the horror reigned, and gives occasion for the introduction of a Decameron-like company, who retiring to another Fiesoli, passed their time in similar fashion to those whose days Boccaccio chronicled.

The church of Rome presents a sorry spectacle in these volumes. Its every act has a sordid or selfish motive, and though its conduct is not commented upon, the mere record of its dealings with Rienzi is condemnatory.

Rienzi is finely constructed and nobly executed. Eloquence pervades the entire narrative. Its reflections are wise and its judgments discriminating. The thoughts and feelings of its characters are revealed as fully as their appearances are described, and the great figures afford warning as well as command admiration. The work evidences a masterly comprehension of the time and its phenomena, and of their relation to the past and future; and a patient study of the men prominent in affairs, and the circumstances which influenced their actions. It is the earliest romance in which actual historic personages appear in their due prominence, and in their proper relation to real events. It was therefore a de-

parture from the customary, and the author, in a now discarded preface, thus prepared the reader for something different from the usual:

"A work which takes for its subject the crimes and errors of a nation, which ventures, however unsuccessfully, to seek the actual and the real in the highest stage of passion or action, can, I think, rarely adopt with advantage the melodramatic effects produced by a vulgar mystery, or that stage-effect humor which, arising from small peculiarities of character, draws the attention of the reader from greatness or from crime, to a weakness or a folly. Nor does a fiction, dealing in such subjects, admit very frequently, or with minute detail, superfluous descriptions of costume and manners. Of costume and manners I have had, indeed, a less ambitious and less disputable motive for brevity in delineation.

"I write of a feudal century, and I have no desire to write more than is necessary of feudal manners, after the inimitable and everlasting portraiture of Sir Walter Scott. I say thus much, in order to prepare the mind of the reader as to what he is to expect in the following volumes — a duty I think incumbent upon every author of discretion and benevolence; for, being somewhat warned and trained, as it were, the docile reader thus falls happily upon the proper scent, and does not waste his time in scampering over fields and running into hedges in a direction contrary to that which he ought to pursue.

"Mistake not, O courteous reader — imagine not that all this prologue is to prepare thee for a dull romance — imagine not that I desire to prove to thee that romances

should be dull. And yet I must allow my preface is ominous — little of costume, less of mystery, nothing of humor! What is there left to interest or amuse? Passion, character, action, truth! Enough of materials, if the poor workman can but weave them properly!"

The work became a power in Italy, stimulating those engaged in the task of political regeneration and influencing the forces which became active in 1848. Besides aiding in recreating Italy, it had a beneficent effect on a great artist. Wagner records that in Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi* he obtained an inspiration which lifted him far above the cares and distraction of his home life.

Rienzi was published in 1835.

LEILA

THE closing scenes of the final act in the reconquest of Spain from the Moors are depicted in this romance. The last stage of eight centuries of conflict in which chivalrous honor, frank courtesy, and prodigious valor distinguished alike the native Spaniard and the intruders from Mauritania who had established an ascendancy they strove vainly to maintain, was reached when Ferdinand massed his forces around the city of the Alhambra. The last chapters in the history of an alien dynasty which ended with the surrender of Granada to its Christian conquerors are here recorded. The fluctuations of that memorable siege, the incidents which accompanied its progress and the personages who were the principal agents in forwarding or resisting the ensuing triumph, are vividly described. Boadbil the vacillating, his stern mother, the brave unselfish Muza, the politic Ferdinand, and the fanatical Torquemada are all adequately portrayed.

The interest of the work centers in Almamen, the unavowed Jew and master of magic. Pride in his race and hatred of its oppressors inflame him to the double purpose of winning liberty for his people and wreaking revenge on their perfidious foes.

There is nothing sordid or selfish in his ambition, but the contempt in which both Moor and Castilian hold all Jews compels him to hide his connection with the de-

spised race and allow himself to be mistaken for a Moor; and he cannot disclose his identity to other Jews, for he knows they would betray him. Therefore in all his endeavors he is alone, having neither confidant nor friend. He negotiates with Moor and Christian, despising both. His influence causes Boabdil to suspect his noblest friend and to delay when prompt action is imperatively needed. In the Christian camp he has to contend with fanaticism and craft as well as ambition, and despite all his address and resourcefulness, his attempt to secure by guile and treason fair conditions for his people not only fail, but produce greater misery and renewed persecution and bring upon his own head sufferings, sorrow, and death. His energy and courage should command sympathy, but the scheming man is a practiser of the sorcerer's arts. His appearances are abrupt and mysterious, his deeds transcend those of mortals, and although his misfortunes are great the pity due to the man is withheld from the magician.

Passion is foreign to the Jew. It perplexes and confounds him; but sentiment is a ruling influence with all the race, and its potency is finely illustrated in Leila, the daughter of Almamen. Disliking and distrusting the mercenary Jews, the Santon has kept Leila apart from all her people, and their institutions, customs, and ceremonies have not been made familiar to her. When transferred to a Christian household and made acquainted with the teachings and acts of Christ, her gratitude, sympathy, and reverence for good cause her to see in Christianity not a hostile religion, but a higher development of the creed of the Jew. She forsakes a faith

which never has been more than a gloomy mystery to her for one which promises precisely what her sorrow and hopelessness render precious.

When persecution was the universal lot of the Jew, necessity solidified the race, and through centuries of suffering, spoliation, and humiliation, its members maintained the right to think for themselves and refused to accept from others either ceremony or belief. But it is the daughters of Israel who have preserved the creed and institutions of their race, and inspired the resistance to all dictation in matters of belief.

With extending toleration, the circumstances which made the Jews a peculiar people are changed. Imitation of and amalgamation with the Gentile increases, and the education of the women of Israel may effect what force failed to accomplish, and cause the tribes to be absorbed by the peoples among whom they live. But a pure race, enlightened and cultivated, devoting attention to the quality rather than the quantity of their offspring, would have advantages over every other people, greater than any at present attributed to the Jew.

Leila is the most perfunctory production of its author. The men and women are not made known to us by unfoldings in dialogue and action. Descriptions are substituted for revealings, and with few exceptions the characters remain undeveloped. Possibly this resulted from the limited compass of the work, which was written to accompany steel engravings "by the most eminent artists." A strife for superiority in theatrical treatment seems to have raged among the illustrators. *Leila* was published in 1835.

CALDERON

COMPACT, absorbing, and rapid in its action, with few characters and no episodical incidents, the tale of *Calderon* has in its plot, its personages, and its catastrophe the material of a strong tragedy. Curiously similar to *Le Roi's Amuse* it is as odd that Bulwer and Hugo should at about the same time have hit upon stories with such a likeness, as that *The Lady of Lyons* and *Ruy Blas* were produced in the same year.

MALTRAVERS

THE double plot, which is an important characteristic of Bulwer's later productions, is the dominant feature in this, the most fascinating of his works.

Telestic meanings may be found in all great books. Cervantes in relating the mischances of Don Quixote had a purpose beyond the description of a series of adventures. In that work he illustrates the struggle of poetry with the commonplace, the ridicule with which mankind regards enthusiasm for good, the ingratitude of the world to its would-be betterers, with other significations discernible when the romance is attentively perused. Usually the occurrence of these suggestions is intermittent and merely incidental. But the double purpose is a fundamental element in the design of *Maltravers*. It is maintained throughout the work, it governs the choice of characters and incidents, and is the compelling cause of some of the situations.

The effects produced by the ordinary circles of the world upon the moral development of an artist who is wealthy and well-born, and whose temptations are more insidious and conducive to abandonment of effort than are those which beset poverty; the discipline which advances him, the influences which thwart or retard, and the conduct which ultimately secures serenity and faith as additions to fortitude, and makes beneficent activity

possible, provide the main interest and lessons of the book.

The changes wrought on the characters of other frequenters of these circles are also shown. He who covets praise and immediate popularity, availing himself of whatever promises these, deteriorates, finds neither satisfaction nor content, and sinks from the envious into the despicable.

The intriguing self-seeker, who schemes for power as the ministrant to his own importance, finds in these same circles means to his ends, ever seems to gain through using devious methods, but always finds in apparent success disappointment and humiliation; he climbs by evil paths to heights which have no glory in prospect, no satisfaction in retrospect, no pleasure in possession.

The work describes and reveals the feelings and action — the mental and moral growth — of those whose histories it narrates. It gives graphic pictures of the higher social circles of Paris and London, and in displaying the various agencies which severally influence the artistic and the natural, introduces a great number of characters who are generalized representatives of the world's classes and institutions with which Maltravers and Alice are brought into contact. Though each of these characters personifies some quality — such as ambition, conventionality, egotism, practical philosophy — all are wholly free from the formal rigidity usual in allegorical personages.

Of these depictions, the scheming Ferrars is the most elaborate. With careful particularization the gradual corruption of his mind is shown as he thrusts himself

into power and position, and progresses from youth to maturity; how his adroitness becomes trickery, then deceit, and presently criminality; and the retributive fate by which his despised dupes bring about his ruin at the moment of his seeming triumph, and add another to the long list of those who approximating themselves to the principle of evil—intellect without beneficence—like their exemplar, end in failure.

In a world of mediocrities who not only reprobate what they recognize as evil, but suspect the good which is above their comprehension, the unselfish necessarily meet with much to deter from generous activity, and the favor shown to those who by equivocal means have attained prominence and position is not the least of their discouragements. Nevertheless, in the progress of this romance it is shown that self approval is of greater value than celebrity, and that conduct regulated by principle, regardless of mere popularity, results in higher attainments and greater satisfaction than other courses would secure; that every sin must be suffered for; and that the instances in which vicious methods appear to have succeeded are always deceptive, because those who follow crooked paths leave contentment behind them, are harassed by disquieting anxieties, and are overtaken by inevitable disaster.

Genius is naturally solitary. Maltravers is an orphan, whose guidance devolves upon the amiable dilettante Cleveland. Educated in Germany, he acquires there a high conception of the dignity and principles of art, and an ideal standard, too elevated for practical life,

by which he judges man, the world, and its institutions. Exaggerated sentiments, an unregulated love of the natural, and the desire to improve whatever he encounters, prompt him to undertake the culture of the untutored Alice. He adopts measures recognized as unusual and wrong, because they involve secrecy and an assumed name; and since those who cultivate art are more than ordinarily vulnerable to emotion, the realization of the danger with which the experiment is fraught barely precedes his surrender to passion, and the error of allowing sentiment to rule conduct produces lasting grief, made more poignant by the disappearance of Alice.

Despite the poverty and wretchedness of her early environment, Alice is not a product of vicious life. Her receptivity for cultivation is an inheritance, for her father was the son of a gentleman, though that fact was twisted by Luke Darvil into an excuse for wrong-doing. Though ignorant and unsophisticated, under artistic influence she quickly develops the graces natural to her sex. Affection is her strongest characteristic, and music, the art which reproducing and expressing moods most closely approaches feeling, becomes her joy and solace. Unaware of sin, she errs, nor recognizes evil in her act; but the affection which misled becomes a duty strengthening with the years. Vicious suggestion is powerless to debase, hypocritical example does not corrupt her. Experience refines the original strength, patience, and constancy of the natural. Culture adds comprehension of morality and reverence for religion, and these become

the principles by which conduct is governed so absolutely that no circumstance or peril is permitted to cause the least infraction of their dictates.

The artist justly regards wrong-doing as entailing responsibility and calling for punishment. He views the Deity as a grander reflection of his own ideas, and, conscious of having injured another, becomes morbidly remorseful, self accusing, and despondent.

In the society of the practical he by-and-by half forgets what disappointed enthusiasm has lost, and the low views of life are opposed to the high. In the fashionable functions of a court whose frivolous characters and formal customs seem to justify the satirist's opinion of mankind, he meets one who, actuated by principle and mindful of duty, successfully resists her own weakness. Though the conventional is inimical to artistic advancement because of its bias toward the commonplace and popular, individuals superior to the class may attract the artist, but only disappointment could result from any alliance. Friendship, however, is mutually beneficial, and this is established. A higher appreciation of humanity is restored, and since there can be no long continued congeniality between the artist who is necessarily sympathetic and the egotist who seeks only to put others to use, disgust with the selfishly practical ends the companionship of Ferrars and Maltravers.

Loneliness gives occasion for reflection and creates a desire to write. The artist begins composition with no aim other than self-development. He meets Cesarini, and the spectacle of a mediocre poet overestimating his powers, consumed with the desire for immediate fame,

unhappy, discontented, and deluded, almost affrights Maltravers from his purpose.

De Montaigne the philosopher, practical and efficacious friend and adviser, schools Maltravers into thinking justly and perceiving clearly, shows him the requisites for useful production, the duty of pursuing his vocation with high and unselfish aims, dispels his doubt and irresolution, and inspires to effort. Intent upon application, Maltravers leaves his Italian friends, and after a period of solitude in the retirement of his old home, tempts gods and columns as an author.

The biting reviews, the depreciating praise, and the personal abuse with which the contributors to the periodical press seek to degrade those who aspire to a position in the fierce republic of letters, and which are dealt out unsparingly to Maltravers as soon as his book is published, rouse resentment, then disgust; and it needs all the fine sense and reasoning of De Montaigne to reconcile him to his career.

But enthusiasm and unselfish desire to benefit his race have given place to disdain for humanity, and pride has become his prevailing characteristic. Misrepresentation and abuse, even if disregarded, have evil effects on the artist, inasmuch as they destroy his confidence in justice and narrow his sympathies. Maltravers has become wiser, but also harsher. Stern principles, not generous sentiments, now rule his conduct. He is strong to resist temptation, but no longer anxious to do good. He resumes literary work, in addition to which he undertakes the toils of a legislator, and slowly acquires power and fame.

Again Cesarini appears; envious, accusing, jealous, and manifesting his vanity by an affectation of the picturesque in costume and conduct. Wasting his powers and his means in unworthy pretensions, feted by a coterie and mistaking that for fame, Cesarini is a type of the charlatanic writer. He composes verses about passions and situations never experienced, praises gloom and solitude, affects strange dress, and blames the lack of these characteristics in others. He aspires to the hand of Lady Florence, and welcomes the fulsome flattery of Ferrars, in both instances exposing his want of common sense. He sacrifices his integrity for a foolish revenge, allows passion to distort conduct into injustice, and sinks from the poet into the criminal.

In the great world of fashion and wealth, these contrasting types of the followers of art meet Lady Florence. To Cesarini she is patronizing, but he misconstrues her courtesies into evidences of love. To Maltravers she would be an Egeria, inspiring and guiding to other fields than those of art. Influence and fame she desires for him, but power is her great object.

Cesarini avows his love and is contemptuously rejected. Maltravers is surprised into a declaration and is accepted. But he quickly regrets this impulsive act, for the artist requires serenity and confidence, and these are incompatible with her exacting and aspiring aims. She is the personification of ambition. Beautiful, attractive, and ardent, her partial comprehension of the world is derived from the narrow coterie in which her lot is cast, and she regards with disdain most of its frequenters. Pique and vanity cause her interest in Maltravers, which

changes to ambition for him, an ambition she designs to guide and direct. Too selfish to judge men aright, she errs in all her estimates of them. Too ready to believe that all act from interested motives, she wrecks her happiness and her life by willingly yielding to suspicion. But her intimacy with Maltravers elevates her beliefs and softens her conduct. She begins to see that patriotism and virtue are something more than names, and becomes better fitted for noble uses in the world, just as fate hurries her from it.

Cesarini, prompted by Ferrars, plays on her weakness and causes the breaking of her engagement, which results in her death. Maltravers learns part of the plot which maligned him and deceived Lady Florence, and disgust with men is added to his scorn of the world and the objects he had pursued. He withdraws from strife with competitors whom he despises, leaves England, and among the nomad Arabs learns to live alone, remote from and regardless of his fellowmen.

But he is an artist, whom barbarism can only transiently interest and satisfy, and presently the world of finer possibilities lures him back.

After varied travels Maltravers returns to his home. He has taught himself to regard efforts in amelioration of the condition of humanity as useless. Men in the mass are, ever have been, and will continue to be, discontented and unhappy. Only to the few in each generation is any exception to the universal lot vouchsafed, and effects are so different from intents that he questions whether the active philanthropist does more good than evil. Civilization is the continued sacrifice of one gen-

eration to the next, and he adopts a policy of indifferentism which justifies his abstention from effort in the large labors of his land. He employs himself in improving his estate and its dependents. Art is no longer cultivated. He limits his aims to being just, expecting little from mankind; and cherishing pride as a virtue, he is not restrained by consideration for others from indulging in sarcasms which wound.

Again De Montaigne controverts the justice of his conclusions, shows that discontent is the source of perpetual progress and may have no goal even in Heaven; that progress and improvement do go together though a few social measures may have failed to accomplish the desired ends, for the life of the worker has been lengthened and the quality of his desires improved. The discontented serf after receiving freedom desires higher wages, greater comforts, easier justice; all nobler wants, all springing from discontent, which can only be banished by activity. Activity is virtuous therefore, privileges are accompanied by obligations, the mission of genius can only be discharged in action. And to labor in the service of mankind is at once a duty and a blessing.

His system of false philosophy is thus disturbed. But when he recalls his former drudgeries in politics and literature, the small enmities, the false friendships, the malice, the envy, and the abuse which accompany high-purposed activity, dismay him, and he shrinks from re-entering public life. The solitude of his home oppresses him. He has no object in life, and regrets for the past consume him. And then he meets Evelyn, whose youth,

truth, and goodness recall Alice. Wearied and lonely, he fancies that with her the void in his life might be filled.

Ferrars, now Lord Vargrave, intent upon securing to himself the fortune of Evelyn, imposes upon Maltravers by a false tale of consanguinity, and thereby causes the renunciation of Evelyn. Maltravers resolves to leave Europe, but an impulse causes him to return to England, and there he learns that Vargrave's representations were deliberately untruthful. Meeting Alice again he becomes aware that it was certain resemblances in tone, gesture, and manner which Evelyn bore to Alice that had attracted him. And that it is in Alice — the natural enriched by culture and experience, more faithful and firm under trial and temptation, more constant and unselfish in affection, sympathy, and beneficence than himself — he must find the completing crown of his own development. Thus the artistic having acquired knowledge of the true uses of the ideal and the actual, and the natural having been elevated and refined by sacrifice and experience, are brought together; and with serenity secured and faith strengthened, it becomes possible for knowledge and experience to be applied to definite and useful purposes.

The artist's irregular and sentimental admiration and devotion to the natural produced error and remorse, for sentiment fails as a guide to conduct whenever passion appears.

The egotist opposed the commonplace views to the ideal, but their trend toward the low caused disgust and abandonment.

The conventional as desired would have been a degrading tie; when its usages are properly respected it is helpful, consolatory, and inspiring.

Ambition allured and also distracted but never could have satisfied, for it aims at power, with which art has no concern.

The artist recognizing the ideal as a standard toward which efforts should be bent, and the practical as a condition from which elevating processes should be directed, becomes more steadfast, less haughty, and better fitted to produce refined and exalting works.

The natural undergoes other experiences than those which school the artistic. In the one, intellect is disciplined. In the other, feeling is refined. The qualities of the one are of the head, the qualities of the other are of the heart. Constancy and faith elevate affection; duty and religion strengthen it, and fit the probationers for that companionship which immaturity rendered harmful to both.

These are a few of the secondary significances of *Maltravers*.

His own experiences qualified Bulwer to write about the preparation and composition of literary works, but his remarks are not applicable to his own publications or career. Unlike *Maltravers*, he had to earn his livelihood by his pen, and periodicals, annuals, and magazines were contributed to by him with an industry that precluded the careful elaboration his hero was able to bestow. Many of the observations may be reminiscent, as for instance those on the changed conditions and feelings of the author at the time a book is published from those

under which it was composed. But the author in the book is a very different individual from the author of the book.

Maltravers contains acute and remarkable observations on the fluctuations of civilization, the constant gains accruing from social improvements, the comparative unimportance of political forms or governmental changes, and the characteristics of French literature of the reign of Louis Philippe.

It was published in two parts, the first under the title of *Ernest Maltravers* in 1835, the second, called *Alice*, two years later.

SHORT STORIES

THE tales in *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* are a part of the design of that work. They show the range of German literary activity, and wean Gertrude Vane from longings for that length of years which fate denies her. Other stories were written by Bulwer of which the more important are fourteen in number. “Monos and Diamonos” and the seven next succeeding are in *The Student*. “The Law of Arrest” appeared in *The New Monthly Magazine* for 1832, and was included in the first issue of *The Student*, but omitted from later editions. “De Lindsay” is in *The New Monthly* for 1830, and “Hereditary Honours” and “The Nymph of the Lurlie Berg” in *The New Monthly* for 1832. “An Episode from Life” was contributed to one of Lady Blessington’s annuals and “The Haunted and the Haunters” to *Blackwood’s Magazine*, August, 1859.

“Monos and Diamonos” has for its moral the need of sinlessness in those who desire solitude for its pleasure.

“The World as It Is” inculcates the wisdom of moderation in estimating the characters of those with whom we come in contact, because without it disappointments will be experienced, and from being too confiding we may become over-suspicious.

“The Choice of Phyliss” illustrates the proposition that day is not more separate from night than true fame

from general popularity; for to shine is to injure the selflove of others, and selflove is the most vindictive of human feelings.

“The True Ordeal of Love” is constant companionship. It is easy for two persons to die joyfully together when lovers, but difficult to live comfortably together when married and seeing too much of each other.

“Arasmanes the Seeker” for Aden or content, constantly finds what others represent as that condition, but neither in love nor learning, nor commerce nor adventure, nor power does he find it. When its attainment appears to be possible at the expense of crime, his friend is sacrificed, but only in death is found that content which is procurable by a search for it.

“Chairolas” treats of the perilous period between boyhood and manhood, and the dangerous possibility that noble enthusiasms may, as the result of ridicule or deception, be discarded as follies, and the endowment which these would ennable and make beneficial, thus become a curse.

“Fi-ho-ti” sets forth the unpleasant accompaniments of reputation. Those whose counsel he has followed become frigid to him, the friends of his youth manifest their jealousy, new acquaintances are exacting and unsympathetic, and each new benefit conferred upon the world raises a chorus of abuse and calumny. His attentions flatter but do not win affection, and his benefactions are accepted but awaken no gratitude; and disgusted and rendered suspicious, the sole boon craved is escape from reputation.

“Ferdinand Fitzroy” exhibits the inconvenience of be-

ing too handsome. On the one hand it is regarded as rendering unnecessary the cultivation of mental qualities. On the other it is a cause of these being denied or belittled. He is too handsome for a scholar, a lawyer, or a soldier, or for a member of parliament, or a husband, or an heir, or anything except a prison.

“*The Law of Arrest*” ridicules a law, since repealed, by which on a false oath of debt a person could be deprived of his liberty until trial, and then be discharged because his accuser did not appear; he having profited in the meanwhile, and not being punishable, except through prosecution for perjury.

“*DeLindsay*” is the story of one who, after years of profligate indulgence, meets and loves the daughter of a bigoted merchant. Her goodness awakens his higher nature, and prompts to reforms which promise atonement, which at the point of realization are frustrated by the revenge of one previously injured.

“*Hereditary Honours*” are satirised by an account of the love of a lawyer’s daughter for one who has an hereditary title and a provision from the government, but who turns out to be The Hereditary Hangman.

“*The Nymph of the Lurlei Berb.*”—Actuated by a desire to win the gold guarded by the water spirits of the Rhine, a young spendthrift, “by birth a knight, by necessity a robber, and by name and nature Rupert the Fearnought,” feigns love for Lurline, a water nymph, and cajoles her into entrusting him with her treasures to enable him to restore his impoverished castle, to which he promises to conduct her as soon as it is fitted for her reception. He returns no more, but presently arranges

to espouse the Ladye of Lörchausen. Then the guardians of Lurline beguile the bride's vessel to the rocks, and revenge on the faithless lover the wrongs of the water spirit by robbing him of his bride and her treasure.

"An Episode in Life." A student in occult matters requiring a document his dead father had possessed, but which cannot now be found, by his art, using his daughter as an intermediary, calls up the spirit of his father, which warns him against persisting in his search. Disregarding this injunction, he perseveres and finds the lost papers, but causes the death of his daughter, and brings about his own ruin.

"The Haunted and the Haunters" is an attempt to construct an interest akin to that formerly felt in tales of witchcraft and ghostland out of ideas and beliefs which have crept into fashion in the society of our own day, and which are summed up in the term spiritualism. The phenomena accompanying these beliefs are receiving inquisitive examination, but for conclusive theory the facts are as yet insufficient and the evidence inadequate-ly tested. In this condition they are legitimate material for art.

Learning of a haunted house in London, the author, accompanied by his servant and his dog, undertakes the occupancy of the place, and after examining the premises thoroughly awaits developments, which quickly ensue. These impress him with the idea that some extraordinarily strong will is opposed to whoever and whatever inhabits the house. His servant is affrighted and runs away, his dog's neck is broken, and he is op-

pressed with an unnatural horror. But believing that all he is subjected to has a material living cause, that much of what is called supernatural is merely something of which we have been hitherto ignorant, and that what was presented to his senses must originate in some human being, he feels interest but not fear, and persists. Because of the sensations being much more intense in one particular room, he advises the owner to destroy that room. They find beneath it a hidden chamber in which is an apparatus for the enforcement of the Will and the perpetual curse of restlessness upon the house and all who dwell therein, and a miniature and some writing, by which the originator is made recognizable. A few days after, the author beholds the original of the miniature, is introduced to him, and directs the conversation to the experiences in the haunted house. He is thereupon thrown into a trance and made to answer questions concerning the future of the Man with the Will, then left asleep. Afterward he receives a note from this man forbidding for three months any communication of what had passed, which inhibition he is utterly unable to break.

NIGHT AND MORNING

OF this work, conduct is the theme. Not the advantage of cultivating mental qualities, but the imperative need of determined and persistent effort; of respecting, cherishing, and practicing rigid honesty; of bearing with fortitude the trials which are incidental to all lives, and of sacrificing self, when the occasion arises, no matter how bitter the ordeal. For from each right act there follows a gain in strength, and a sense of satisfaction not otherwise attainable; and he who resolutely resists temptation, endures reverses and disappointments without whining, who works patiently even at disagreeable tasks, but never forfeits self esteem, nor incurs the disapproval of his own conscience, will find the opportunity for which his discipline has qualified him, and emerging from the Night of sorrow and trial into the Morning of hope and satisfaction, will obtain that content which is the most enviable of possessions.

The production of a series of acting plays preceded the composition of *Night and Morning*, and as a result of the mastery of the art of the playwright, this and succeeding works possess greater condensation, more compact structure, and have many situations essentially dramatic in treatment and effect.

The potentiality of circumstances in influencing con-

duct for evil where the individual is weak or careless, is repeatedly shown, and responsibility for some of these results is placed upon society, whose province it should be to deal with vice, as law does with crime. The fine world which approves a Lilburn and blasts a Gawtry, has its part in causing the criminality of the latter, and encouraging the worst deeds of the former. Society suffers from both, and deservedly so, for it ought to amend the circumstances, and not be content with preaching at vice, and punishing crime.

The characters are not transcripts from life, but generalizations from wide experience. William Gawtry is a supremely tragic figure who compels both pity and terror. Roberts Beaufort is an original type of the "respectable" man, weak, selfish, formal, and unaware of his own ingrained despicability. Lilburn is a copy of Saville in *Godolphin*, but with more energy and daring.

The important incidents, while never straining the confidence of the reader, are nevertheless such as could not be imitated. The ingenuities of Gawtry afford no suggestions to the evilly inclined, the villainies of Lilburn are only practicable after elaborate tuition. Both in personages and events the actual is carefully avoided.

The history of Caleb Price, which is given in the opening chapter of *Night and Morning*, contrasts that of the hero of the work, by showing how a similar reverse of fortune affects one without energy, and prone to depend on others. In careless expectation of provision from richer friends, Caleb wastes his means and his early years. The action of life separates him from his wealthy companions, and he subsides into a poor clergyman. His

exile is brightened for a brief period by a visit from an old school-fellow, for whom he performs a private marriage. Left in solitude, he indulges in dreams of a home, strives vainly to win a partner, and then fades out of life, his last hours being cheered by an offer of advancement, which comes too late.

Philip Morton, only a boy when the story opens, has been reared in luxury, his propensities to pride, extravagance, and imperiousness encouraged rather than checked; and though generous and courageous, his character shows nothing to indicate anything better than an energetic, dictatorial manhood, unredeemed by moral or intellectual culture. By the sudden death of his father he finds himself poor, nameless, and dependent on the charity of him who has appropriated the property hitherto regarded as his heritage. His mother is failing rapidly, and his brother, a mere child, is delicate and timid; but although moneyless and without trade or profession he refuses the aid of his usurping uncle and seeks employment, accepting the first position offered him, that of assistant to a bookseller. Subduing his pride, he leaves his home, journeys to the town where his employer lives, performs tasks uncongenial to him, refrains from all indulgences, and saves to aid his mother. Ere long he learns that her death is imminent. His funds are insufficient for any useful purpose. He asks an advance from his master, which is refused. An opportunity to appropriate money presents itself. Yielding to the temptation, he seizes some coins, but drops them again; and on foot hurries to his mother. He finds her dead, and his uncle, who has been called to

her side and offers aid, is denounced and ordered away.

After the funeral, with his child brother he seeks work again, unsuccessfully, until his horsemanship wins him employment.

His uncle has employed a lawyer to find and assist him, but he mistakes the object of this agent, and suspects that punishment for his action at the bookseller's is intended, and with his brother he takes to flight.

His uncle is not the only person who is anxious to find him. An older friend of his mother also desires to take charge of at least one of the boys, and Sidney is found and taken away by this gentleman. Philip searches for his brother, spends all his money in trying to find him, and only ceases after receiving an upbraiding letter from the child, who asks to be left in peace where he is well cared for. Friendless and objectless, Philip works at any labor offered, and endures misery and poverty until, dispirited and starving, he seeks the only man who has ever offered him a kindness, and presently finds himself with Gawtry at Paris.

Gawtry lives by his wits, at war with law, and his ingenious schemings are all frauds, but Philip is unaware of this until deepening necessities compel partial confidences from Gawtry, and a promise to show how their present livelihood is won. In fulfilment of this promise he is taken to the quarters of Gawtry's friends, and finds that they are coiners. Before any expostulation or protest can be made, a new member is introduced to the band, in whom Gawtry recognizes an agent of the police, notwithstanding his clever disguise. Work

ceases, and a feast is provided in honor of the new addition to their ranks. Gawtry banters this individual for awhile, then to the consternation of all addresses him as Monsieur Favart, and seizes and slays the dreaded detective and also the traitor who obtained his admission; and then all flee. Pursued by officers, Gawtry is shot and killed. Philip escapes and is protected and hidden by a lady whose reputation is jeopardized by her act.

This sacrifice he would fain repair, and circumstances conspire to render other methods impossible, so marriage is resolved on. He becomes engaged, but in order that he may win some honorable distinction before claiming the hand of one so generous and noble, he joins the French army under the name of De Vaudemont. Mme. De Merville dies from an illness contracted in one of her many errands of kindness. To conquer his sorrow and carve out a reputation, Philip becomes a soldier in India, and in the course of years wins respect, esteem, and fortune.

Then he returns to England to seek his brother, and to strive for justice and reparation. He secures proofs that his parents were married, loses his heart to the daughter of his usurping uncle, and finds in his rival for her hand the brother hitherto vainly sought for. Reconciliation and the giving up of his betrothed to Sidney follows, and Philip finds consolation and happiness with Fanny.

In giving this partner to Philip, there is this injustice: that the tainted blood of Lilburn is transmitted to an-

other generation, and thereby an injury to the race continued, otherwise the potentiality of inheritance is underestimated or heredity regarded as unimportant.

The trials undergone by Philip weed out the willfulness and arrogance which characterised his youth, and presaged an unamiable maturity. He is taught the inconvenience of pride, the necessity of consideration for others, the blight of evil associates; that good qualities manifest themselves both in humble persons and patriots; and that circumstances are so compelling a factor in life that man's judgment of actions is by necessity partial, and usually unjust.

A curious trend in Bulwer's ideas on woman is indicated in the portrayal of the heroine of this work. He appears to have concluded that active qualities such as kindness, sympathy, devotion, and confidence are of more importance in the helpmeet than a cultivated intellect and acquired accomplishments. In *Maltravers* Alice is one whose early ignorance kept her mind unformed, and in this work Fanny is shown as one of belated mental awakening. True, it is seeming backwardness only. High capabilities are brought out whenever occasion demands, but the household virtues are given unmistakable preference, intellectual qualities being treated as nonessentials in the wife of the active man.

Night and Morning was published in 1841.

ZANONI

HUMAN life, exempt from the usual penalties of existence, but still subject to human emotion; the nature and purposes of Art; and the preparations for and necessary conditions of the artist's life are contemplated and expounded in this work. The exemplars of life prolonged through the centuries belong to an august fraternity which has acquired secrets and powers by means of which the material form can be perpetually renewed and death deferred for ages, the conditions upon which these privileges depend being an abstention from human love, and an entire freedom from fear. Age had made Mejnour impervious to passion or feeling before he accepted the last gift of his order, and knowledge alone attracts him; but before the departure of youth Zanoni had reached the highest Theurgic rank, and mastered its last secrets. He is interested in all that improves life and its conditions, and humanity is still dear to him.

This continued existence is joyous and engrossing, for only those who are brave, just, wise, and temperate can attain to it; and as its masters possess unusual faculties and capacities, and are admitted to another world of existence, that of the beings of the air (who though impalpable and imperceptible to the uninitiated, are familiar to the adepts), it provides ceaseless interest, con-

stant augmentation of knowledge, the ability to influence, direct or actively participate in the affairs of men, to counsel and assist those whose endeavors and aspirations are worthy and noble, and to thwart the designs of the objectionable.

The scenes and events which provide the means by which the representatives of this sublime brotherhood are shown and unfolded in action and in thought, have their beginning in the home of an Italian musician, whose fondness for the strange and unearthly as subjects for his compositions long militated against any recognition of his undeniable ability. Devoted to his art, but careless of all beside except his wife and daughter, on whom is concentrated whatever of his affection is spared from the barbiton which is his constant companion and confidant, and in whose strains are reflected the varying moods of the master, the amiable enthusiast has produced many works, without being able to secure the representation of one.

Viola, his "other child," has been trained for the operatic stage, and her first appearance is announced in a new opera, the authorship of which is not disclosed to the public. She has insisted that her father's favorite work shall be thus produced, and the twofold success which results lifts both author and singer into fame.

The joy and satisfaction so long delayed is of brief duration, for the musician falls ill of a fever. His wife contracts the disease while nursing him, and dies. At a critical stage in his illness, he misses his barbiton and rises to search for it. From his affrighted servant he learns of his wife's death, and broken-hearted, he draws

from his old familiar, notes of more piercing wail and poignant agony than ever before. It is his last effort. The strings snap, and he dies, asking that "it" be buried with him, near "her."

In the sorrow and subsequent trials of the orphan, Zanoni, who had already aroused Viola's interest, counsels, aids, and protects her, and endeavors to bring about her union with a younger suitor. Glyndon, for whom the preference of Viola is thus sought, has become fascinated by Zanoni, and is eager to possess similar knowledge and power. Learning that this is possible he renounces Viola, and requests to be admitted to the brotherhood for love has passed from his heart. For the purpose of preparation and initiation he becomes Mejnour's pupil, and Zanoni stoops from the height of his attainments and yields to love, taking his bride to a Grecian island where he seeks to lift her to his own world. But affection is all-sufficing to Viola. She has no farther desire, and love draws Zanoni's nature down to hers. One by one his magic gifts fall from him. The bright creatures of the air no longer respond to his call, and the malevolent ones obtrude themselves. He has forfeited his power and become as other men, and is oppressed by a foreboding of woe and horror and death. He becomes a father, and the hope that by means of a being in whom both meet he may with them reascend to the realms he has lost, rejoices and inspires him with new hopes. But his watchings and murmurings over his child perturb the mother, and make her fearful for it, and a priest who is consulted during Zanoni's absence so alarms her, that to save her child from its

father she flees from their home and takes refuge in Paris, where the Terror reigns, and where presently she is arrested as a spy.

Zanoni, searching for his wife, discovers that she is in prison, and that her trial is fixed for the third day forward. He mixes actively in affairs, to the end that Robespierre's fall may precede and prevent Viola's condemnation. He succeeds in his plans, but all his efforts are rendered futile, for the tyrant orders the trials to be advanced. Thwarted and despairing, in the agony of his disappointment Zanoni again attempts to invoke the aid of the wisest of his former visitants. His intensity prevails. Adon-ai comes to his call and comforts him by showing that the brightest immortality can never be on earth, but is beyond the grave, where infinite progression does not preclude companionship with those beloved and known on earth; that no mortal care and provision for offspring can be as wise and good as that of the Almighty Father, and that the common lot of humanity is that of the highest privilege. Accepting these conclusions, Zanoni no longer seeks to evade the nearing end of his glorious existence. He arranges with the judge that he shall be tried in his wife's place, thus securing her safety beyond the days of the Terror. He is condemned and led to Viola's cell, changing her despair into delight. He blesses his child, gives his wife an amulet she had oft desired, and which he had promised should be hers "when the laws of their being should be the same"; and leaving her asleep and unaware of his sacrifice, goes forth to his death.

Glyndon, the aspirer to higher powers, under the di-

rection of Mejnour betakes himself to the place selected for his preparation, a ruined and remote old castle, and after he has accustomed himself to his surroundings he is brought to a state wherein contemplation and imagining become familiar. Mejnour's science, he finds, is devoted first to the secrets of the human frame, and secondly to the knowledge which elevates the intellect. Under the care of the master, indifference to the world and its vanities is induced, but an impatient eagerness for results consumes him, and this impels him to seek Mejnour, and to enter unannounced the apartment appropriated by the master. A diffused fragrance is perceived, dim forms seen, and an icy and intolerable cold almost slays him. He is carried from the room by Mejnour, and warned of the danger incurred by venturing unprepared into that atmosphere, but he is ardent for further progress and asks initiation. Mejnour approves his desire, and induces trance, the first step in all knowledge. In this condition he wishes to see Zanoni and Viola, and his unuttered desire is gratified. Then he is dismissed to meditate until midnight. When pupil and master meet Mejnour reminds him how naturally arrogant is man, who fancied all creation made for him, and long thought that the stars only shone to make the night agreeable. Now he knows that each is a world rivalling this in size and splendor. But in the small as in the large, God is equally profuse of life. Not a leaf, not a drop of water, but has its appropriate inhabitants, and even the air is peopled by various races. In that realm are some beings of wonderful intellect and wisdom, and some of implacable malignity, and the in-

tercourse once gained, no instruction or guidance can avail to secure the one or evade the other. Step by step must the pupil himself dare, and choose, and repel. To penetrate the barriers separating them from us, the soul must be sharpened by enthusiasm and purified from earthly desires. To the unprepared the region is one of horror, for the first thing to be encountered is a being surpassing all others in malevolence and hate, the Dweller on the Threshold.

Then the master shows him how simply some effects, which seem wild cheats of the senses, can be performed, and gives him tasks requiring vigilant attention, and minute calculation. The results of these fill Glyndon with astonishment, though the last steps by which they are achieved are not communicated, but reserved until Mejnour deems his pupil worthy.

After much labor and intercourse of this kind, Glyndon's progress encourages Mejnour to leave him for one month, during the solitude of which other tasks are to be performed, and his mind prepared by austere thought for farther advance. As an ordeal, the key of Mejnour's room is entrusted to him with the injunction that the chamber must not be entered, that the lamps in it are not to be lighted, and he is warned that this very temptation is a part of his trial.

For some days Glyndon is absorbed in his work, but soon his tasks are all completed, and he finds his thoughts dwelling on the forbidden room. He strives by bodily fatigue to subdue his mind, and takes long walks. One day his steps lead him where peasants hold a festival. Among the dancers is a young girl of great beauty, who

attracts him so much that when he is invited to join them he does so, and dances with Fillide, flirts with her, and arranges to meet her again. A decrepit old man to whom he gives alms advises him to enjoy his youth, saying, "I too was once young."

On the morrow this phrase keeps ringing in his ear, and his tasks become distasteful. He determines not to wait for Menjour's return, but to master the secrets alone. He enters the forbidden chamber, reads from a large book, left open at a page which seemed to anticipate his act, for it gave instructions which he followed; he lights the lamps and unstoppers one of the vials. Hearing his servant's voice he recloses the vase, and goes to learn his errand. Paolo expresses surprise at his improved appearance, gives him a message from Fillide, and a letter from Mejnour announcing his return next day. Having disobeyed the master's injunctions, Glyndon realizes that he must take advantage of the brief time left him. He meets Fillide, then hastens back, enters the room and proceeds as instructed by the book. He lights the nine lamps, and inhales the essence. Icy coldness is succeeded by exhilaration. The lights grow dim, and he perceives airy shapes gliding around, and he hears as it were ghosts of voices. Presently he becomes aware of a more horrifying presence, which by degrees shapes itself to his sight. What he sees is like a human head covered with a dark veil, through which glare eyes that freeze him with terror. Gliding or crawling like some misshapen reptile the Thing advances toward him, and speaks. His agony becomes unbearable. He falls to the floor insensible and knows

no more till noon next day, when he finds himself in bed, and learns that Mejnour had arrived and departed again, leaving a letter in which while dismissing him as unworthy of the brotherhood, since incapable of abstinence from the sensual, lacking patience, and scant of faith, he proceeds to warn him that having disobediently quaffed the elixir he has awakened powers that, properly directed, might lead to high achievement, but he has also thereby attracted to his presence a remorseless foe, and that only by strong effort could he regain his accustomed calm; that by resolute resistance to the thoughts by which it tempted, and brave disregard of the horror it engendered, its power to harm could be conquered, but that he must endure its presence and wrestle with its temptations, since none could exorcise the foe he had invoked, which is most to be dreaded when unseen. Thus the loftier world, for which he had thirsted, and sacrificed, and toiled, is closed from him forever by his own fault.

A feeling of indignation against Mejnour arises, and he tries to persuade himself that he had been deluded, and that he had not really seen the Thing. And though Mejnour had denied him his science, he still has his art, and to that he now reverts. He revisits the fatal room and finds it denuded of all save the simplest furniture, then returning to his own chamber, begins to sketch a scene he had heard described by Mejnour. Absorbed in his subject, he works on until the air grows chill, the lights dim, and again the mantled Thing is in the room and nearing him. Despite all the courage he can summon he is unable to withstand the horror it produces.

With a violent effort he breaks from the room and hastens from the place.

He searches for Mejnour everywhere, but unavailingly. With Fillide as companion, or in dissipation or riot, he is freed from the sight of the foe, but whenever he turns to something worthy, it becomes visible and appalling. Mejnour meets him and again reminds him that only by resistance can the haunting terror be mastered — that when unseen it is most to be dreaded; that now it is shaping his every step, marshalling him toward Paris, where his destiny will be fulfilled. In an attempt to act as Mejnour directs, Glyndon goes to London, and in the society of his sister endures and resists, but desiring sympathy, he confides his tale to her, and the recital so affects her as to cause her death. Thenceforth Glyndon has no friend. He plunges into dissipation, joins Fillide again, and takes up his abode in Paris.

Believing the objects of the revolutionary leaders to be high and noble, he becomes an active ally. When he sees his error and plans to abandon Paris, Fillide betrays him. In his extremity he is rescued by Zanoni, who has reached Paris in his search for Viola, and who counsels Glyndon, encourages him, and provides for his return to England, where, following Zanoni's injunctions, he finds deliverance.

Zanoni typifies Poetry, the highest manifestation of art, the noblest result of the imaginative exercise of man's intellect; seeming national to each modern race, though of origin more antique than any; unaffected and calm, but capable of profound feeling and inspiring to action; disdaining the ordinary objects of am-

bition, and careless of honors or awards; yet interested in every worthy aspiration, and encouraging and aiding every well intentioned application of knowledge or effort. Regarded as a magician by the vulgar, as a god by the simple, he awes, disturbs, daunts, and warns from evil, rouses enthusiasm, and incites to emulation of the heroic, and to reverence for the good, less by counsel than by suggestion, for men become more admirable in their lives merely by associating with him.

Accustomed to intense concentration, he is thereby enabled to exercise insight and foresight. Familiar with that Ideal World which envelopes the known as the atmosphere surrounds the earth, he communes with the habitants of that realm, and is elevated and illumined by beings and ideas more splendid than ordinary experience gives occasion for.

But his acquirements and powers need for their continued growth and exercise the absolute absence of all that disturbs or disquiets, because for the accomplishing of whatever is great, the clear perception of truths adapted to the object desired is the first requisite, and only in a state of perfect serenity is the mind capable of apprehending such truths. Therefore human affection is incompatible with high attainment in art, and is a fatal peril to Zanoni, and when he submits to its influence the relinquishing of his privileges and powers necessarily follows.

The dream that love can be exalted proves delusive, for affection extinguishes aspiration in the wife, whose ambitions contract into the one desire to monopolize her husband's attentions. Nor by mutual interest in off-

spring can ascent to higher things be facilitated, for the mother is stronger than the wife, and suspects and misconstrues all interference with her child. The resulting cares and anxieties, the exactions of the trivial, destroy serenity, and draw the lofty down to the commonplace; and despite his efforts and designs, whelm him into the actual, where he perishes. But with the realization of his failure he is taught that the brightest of his spelled visitants is but an adumbration of the glories beyond; that this world was never intended for the cultivation of such life as the artist conceives; that faith is the necessary completion of imagination; that death should be welcomed as the beginning of a continually ascending existence; and that the sacrifice of life is wiser than the mistaken endeavor to secure its continuance here, where its possibilities are limited and dwarfed.

Mejnour personifies science, the product of reasoning; which examining, measuring, and comparing continually, augments the actual knowledge of all material things. Reasoning is not congenial to youth, which feels keenly and permits sympathy and emotion to interfere with and distort its conclusions. Mejnour has outlived these influences. He is passionless, and calm, and old.

Science begins with conjecture, proceeding thence by investigation, observation, and deduction, to verify its guess. Therefore the Ideal World of the Imagination is included in Mejnour's sphere of comprehension, and when Viola, impelled by her anxiety and trouble, disobeys her husband's injunction and seeks to behold

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Zanoni and Mejnour, the scene in which they are revealed to her visualizes the nebular hypothesis, where Imagination and Reasoning have a common ground; and as all art must be founded on acquired knowledge and study, it is Mejnour's function to school and prepare the neophyte, and so Glyndon becomes his pupil.

Glyndon represents Youth, with desires, aspirations, and intentions, but imperfect in discipline and averse to continued perseverance. From study he is allured by pleasure. Affection attracts him, but before its power is confirmed he is fascinated by the mysterious, and yearns to become higher than his kind. Deficient in probity, patience, and faith, he fails to win the rewards he sought, and his sensitiveness to the opinions of others subjects him to humiliation and fear, to evade which he resorts to dissipation. The nobler possibilities which have been disclosed to him, from time to time recall to worthy effort, which fear as continually causes him to abandon, and his life is perturbed and harassed and unhappy, until he obeys the injunction to return to the scenes and friends of childhood, and regain there the calm which contrasts ambition, the orderliness resulting from the discharge of simple duties, and that contentment which can only be found by limiting the wants and desires. He whom the world's abuse affects, to secure his own peace must retire into obscurity.

The discipline to which Glyndon is subjected begins with obedience, the first duty of youth, and then seeks to develop the practice of resisting natural impulses and desires. Glyndon is told to "master Nature, not lackey her." The attitude toward Nature thus pre-

scribed is in contradiction to the vague and unsatisfactory manner in which that Force is usually referred to by writers. Nevertheless its correctness has many evidences.

The wind blows, rustling the leaves and bending the corn, and apart from the modification of temperature, there ending its usefulness, until man interferes by hoisting a sail, and by resisting, derives power to move boat or mill. The river hurries along its course, contributing only music to mankind, until a dam is constructed and its flowing resisted. Then we obtain power to move machinery. Currents circled the earth uselessly for ages, until man discovered a method of interfering with them. Now by resisting these, electricity is harnessed.

Resisting or mastering Nature has given us most of the things we value. Nature seeks to propagate living organisms along the lines of the normal. Resisting interference with her method has given us our domestic animals and plants, whose progressive advancement is dependent upon man's continued interference. Nature impels the boy to play. His teachers interfere, and thwart Nature to the boy's gain in discipline and intelligence; and just in proportion to the restraint put upon every natural appetite, is the gain in health, strength, and development of the individual. He who most resists advances the farthest.

Glyndon failed in resistance, succumbed to temptation, and lost the boon he was so anxious to obtain.

Viola may be interpreted as Human Affection, dutiful, cheerful, and ingenious in contributing to the pleas-

ure of her parents, obedient, trustful, and unaspiring as a wife, watchful and suspicious as a mother. The mind which seemed so capable of high development in the girl, lapses to the ordinary in the wife, and becomes superstitious in the mother. With the best intentions, she thwarts her husband's aims, robs Art of serenity, and drags the artist down to the man, exacting more than she gives, embarrassing more than she aids, doubting instead of trusting, and unthinkingly necessitating sacrifices she cannot appreciate until too late.

The Dweller on the Threshold is that department of the periodical press, which, as an instrument of Hate, assails all who dare to do something great, and strives to blast every worthy fame. It can be placated, but only at the cost of debasement. Its attacks can be evaded, but only by accepting its counsel, which entails deterioration. Its harmful influence extends to and affects friends and familiars, yet it is powerless to injure if resolutely defied and ignored. It is misshapen and bestial, for falsity and distortion are its supports. It simulates a human visage, for it affects to be the product of human beings. It is veiled because secret, and its eyes are its most conspicuous feature, for it spies upon every act of him who is advanced beyond the ordinary.

Nicot has his equivalent in any of the numerous debasers of art, who elucidate and approve the mean and vile, abuse those whose pursuits are cleanly and lofty, call themselves realists, and sometimes display a capacity to comprehend and praise a trivial achievement or some detail of little consequence.

In grandeur and wholeness of conception, harmony of component parts, structural completeness, wisdom and beauty of observation and reflection, and sublimity of the catastrophe, no work in any form excels this; and in Zanoni, Bulwer created a character than which there is none more original and elevated in literature.

The highest intellectual creations in poetry (transcending humanity, but accepted as possible) are the Prometheus of *Æschylus*, the Satan of Milton, the Mephistopheles of Goethe, and the Zanoni of Bulwer.

Prometheus the demigod is displayed in a fragment only. He endures the punishments inflicted by Zeus, knowing that they must terminate, and that death is impossible. He is an august representation of the virtue of fortitude. Satan embodies the characteristics of pride, baffled and malignant, and for him also death is impossible. Mephistopheles is a mockery of man's worldly wisdom, producing great effects by trivial means, and in the best known first part of Faust his supreme achievement is the ruin of a simple girl. Zanoni by austerities, stern studies, and self-denial, has acquired the possibility of continuing his earthly existence indefinitely. His life is one of beneficence and inspiration to others, of calm joy to himself, for he confers at will with the beings of a higher world, and is dowered with strange powers and understanding. When by admitting affection into his life he jeopardizes his privileges, he need only await the ordinary course of nature, and he would outlive love, and reconquer his former realm. But oblivious to faults in his human partner, he subordinates self, and to secure the transient

safety and well-being of the wife who deserted him, he nobly sacrifices his glorious existence; realizing that what his brightest visions disclosed here was but a dim shadowing of the glories beyond, where conditions do not militate against advancement, and where companionship with the beloved is assured. The character of *Zanoni*, the incidents which mark his career, and the death which he voluntarily accepts as the end of his earthly existence, are alike unique, consistent, and original, and place this work amongst the highest of literary productions.

Zanoni was published in 1842, but under the title of *Zicci* a version of the story had previously appeared piecemeal in the *Monthly Chronicle* beginning March, 1838. In *Zicci* the description of the musician and his home had no place. It commenced with what is now the first chapter of the second book, and only advanced to the incident of Glyndon's intrusion on Mejnour (chapter two, book four). The *Monthly Chronicle* adopted views on the corn laws obnoxious to the opinions of Bulwer, who thereupon abruptly ended his connection with the journal, and *Zicci* remained a fragment until in *Zanoni* the author developed his material into the equivalent of an epic.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS

THE confused and inadequately recorded events and movements of the period of the Wars of the Roses, treated perfunctorily by older historians, and by later writers with that cockiness which distinguishes the person educated at Oxford, receive their first and only satisfactory exposition in *The Last of the Barons*, and the information, impartiality, and reasonableness of the romancist is in suggestive contrast to the extravagance of the professional historians who get rid of difficulties by inebriate hypotheses. When some investigator shall undertake the elucidation of times past, unembarrassed by preconceived theory, not necessarily hostile to long established beliefs, nor determinedly contemptuous of common sense, something trustworthy and of value may be forthcoming in a branch of literature where Englishmen have not yet distinguished themselves. Until then, *The Last of the Barons* is as indispensable to the student of English history as it is charming and stimulating to the appreciator of art.

The Wars of the Roses grew out of the arbitrary use of power by Queen Margaret and her favorites, who exercised and abused the authority of the weak king. The barons resisted the attempts at despotism and were supported by the people, who were estranged by the impotent and corrupt rule. A change of ministers was

the usual object of the risings, but always occasion was quickly found for dismissing the new and reappointing the old, and at last it became necessary to change the dynasty.

Long before institutions lose their popularity, the qualities men valued in them have disappeared. The dignitaries of the church have grown worldly, avaricious, and negligent, before people tire of the church. Nobles have become sordid and unworthy before aristocracy is disliked; and kingliness has departed before monarchy becomes distasteful. And it is an easier task to establish something substitutional than to restore an institution which has once been discredited.

The Lancastrians having sunk in the general estimation by persisting in maintaining unpopular ministers in their service, were driven from power, and Edward of York was installed as king. He proved as objectionable as his predecessor, and was dethroned by Warwick, who restored Henry. That was the great Earl's fatal mistake. Had he assumed the crown himself, his ability, energy, and popularity would have made him a distinguished sovereign, and England would have been spared further civil war and saved from the despotism which, beginning with Edward IV, was matured under the Tudors. As it was, nothing had occurred to justify more favorable expectations from the house of Lancaster by those who had suffered from it, and the loyal supporters of that house were suspicious of the new allies. Therefore Edward, landing at Ravenspur with few friends, by resorting to perjury soon found himself possessed of an army, with which he recovered his crown by defeating Warwick at Barnet.

The last four years of the King-maker's life supply the material of *The Last of the Barons*, and give occasion for the introduction of historical characters whose acts and motives are examined with a determination to be just, which results in each portrait being reliable and convincing; for descriptions of the gay court of Edward IV, the appearance of London, the pastimes, pursuits, and political attachments of its citizens, the pomp and bearing of the barons, the evil and shame of civil war; and for incidental consideration of the prevailing disregard for law, the ostentation and greed of the church, the suppressed dissatisfaction of the Lollards, and the prosperity and growing influence of the traders. Of costume and the picturesque there is merely sufficient. It is the purposes, passions, and minds of the personages with which we are made acquainted, and the actual sequence of events is adhered to.

Edward the Fourth is made endurable, notwithstanding his deceitful, untruthful, and cruel disposition, his vicious and intemperate behavior, and his mean aims. Personal advantages supplied his only claims to respect. Of other qualities he had courage enough to be ferocious, wit enough to cajole shopkeepers, ambition enough to impel to emulation of the jackass, and that was all. He claimed and obtained credit for victories won under the leadership of Hastings and Warwick. Without such men, he never even appeared successful; and whenever possible he shirked fighting. Many Lancastrian nobles, reconciling themselves to a change of king, transferred their allegiance to him in the hope that efficient government would be instituted, but his disreputable court and lazy incapacity soon disgusted them, and confirmed their

preference for the gentler imbecile as ruler. Hastings alone of able men remained constant and satisfied with the king, and this arose from their similarity in viciousness. Some brute bravery, much ostentation, and excessive dissipation gained Edward popularity in his own day. His successes and the title of king have influenced subsequent judgments in his favor. As a matter of fact, he was a bigamist, a perjurer, and a fratricide, and rivals in infamy even the brother with whom his evil line terminated.

The measures with which Edward identified himself were the farcical invasion of France; the adulteration of the old nobility; and the encouragement of the trader as a rival in power to the baron. Each of these had a selfish origin, and ignored where it did not harm the majority of the people. Indeed, the greatest injury to the masses results from the power and practices of the commercial class. The patricians and the people are both patriotic, and their interests are the same, but the trader is philanthropic at least in theory, though the professed love for humanity at large is more frequently an excuse for not doing anything than an incentive to wide activities on behalf of mankind. The trader is always envious of the class above him, and scornful of those below. He uses the latter to gain his own ends, but monopolizes all the accruing benefits. He demands votes for all in national matters, but is careful to conserve absolute sway over his factories, workshops, and newspapers. If his opinions on these things were disinterested, he would give to his employes the right to elect their own managers and to scrutinize the balance

sheet, for surely that which is good in national affairs cannot be bad in lesser things.

The craft and dissimulation of Gloucester, the Italian wile he had mastered and put into practice, the affected humility and consideration for others by which he masked his vast ambition, his real ability, wisdom, and determination, are all bodied forth in the sinister portraiture of the scholar-brother and adviser of Edward. Accurate in detail and more discriminating than ordinary characterizations, there is nevertheless no endeavor to render Richard amiable. The impression he arouses is still that of one with potentialities and disposition likely to justify the evil repute in which his name is generally held.

Warwick is depicted as a brave warrior and wise statesman, whose large father-like heart, dauntless spirit, and unfailing generosity endeared him to his own class, and made him beloved by every grade of the people except the traders, whose affections he alienated by his undisguised contempt for their meanness of spirit. He was constant in his resistance to despotic encroachments by the crown, in opposing religious persecution, and in promoting the weal of the masses. The brief glimpses of his family circle reflect the fact that after St. Albans the busy soldier, administrator, and envoy virtually had no home life, and are further true in displaying the household treason which Clarence's marriage with the Lady Isabel introduced there. The personal charm which gained his unexampled popularity is indicated by the devotion which resulted from his interview with Marmaduke. It had more august effects, for he won

from Louis XI whatever of affection that monarch was capable of feeling. The confidence reposed in his justice by the people is evidenced by the alacrity with which the insurgents at Olney departed to their homes "at his word." His toleration is shown by the attention he bestowed upon Hilyard; while his desire for good government and for enduring peace are proofs not alone of his love for England and all her people, but of his wisdom and comprehension — for the measures he advocated were admirably calculated to effect the object desired.

His mistakes were all the result of his qualities. Proud and patriotic, he cared not for the title of king, but desired good government. Therefore when Henry and his Queen persisted in arbitrary proceedings, he placed Edward on the throne; and when the outrages of the new king made it necessary to drive him out of the land, he tried to replace in power one who had already failed. Hot-tempered and magnanimous, he could forgive slights, but not a dishonoring insult to his child; and therefore he rose against the Tarquin he had kinged. Frank and chivalrous, he was above suspecting Clarence, and so he was deceived and deserted.

No personage of the time stands out so loftily admirable and clean. The last of the barons was also the greatest and purest in conduct, sympathy, and purpose. Ever mindful of the people, he was the kingliest man in England, and it was unfortunate that he contented himself with being no more than king-maker.

The cause of Warwick's defection as accepted by Bulwer has ample warrant in the chronicles of Hall and

others, it is in harmony with the character of Edward. It explains as nothing else does the suddenness of the change, and the after avoidance of the court by the Lady Anne affords it a suggestive support.

It is customary to ignore the utter worthlessness of Edward and to see in his success over Warwick the alleged good of the emergence into importance of the commercial class—as if the end could justify the means. In The Mahabarata there is a myth ascribing the condition of the earth to the original sin of a god, whose misdeeds mankind are unconsciously expiating. It is more in consonance with this idea that one who was noble, wise, and magnanimous should fall, and a mean, false profligate triumph.

The outlaw, Robin of Redesdale, whom travel in Europe had made a hater of war and advocate for peace before Edward's atrocious cruelty transformed him into a daring, active leader of rebels, receives sympathetic treatment. All which characterised the representative man—the bold deeds and persuasive eloquence of the champion of the people—is justly appreciated; but where personal animosity obtruded, his proposals are condemned. Yet the conditions and experiences which made Hilyard a stirrer up of strife are given, if not as excuses for his acts, somewhat in justification. Very pathetic is the interview after his arrest, which his followers permitted without protest or resistance, when with crushed spirit he complains of the ingratitude of man, and is comforted by Warwick. And terrible is his death, shattered piecemeal while proclaiming that “the people are never beaten.”

The tumultuousness and rapid succession of events and complications are relieved by the contrasting abstraction of Adam Warner, and the devotion of his daughter Sibyl. Their more passive experiences illustrate the social life, the state of learning, the prevalence of superstition, and further show under what adverse conditions science was pursued by the scholar, and an unselfish life followed by the virtuous, in a masculine and violent age, which regarded other knowledge than that of warfare as wizardry, love as superfluous weakness, and woman as a toy, when not a drudge.

Adam Warner has ceaselessly toiled at the "mechanical" in which he seeks to develop the idea that has become his tyrannical master. Old age has come prematurely, fortune and prospects have been surrendered, comforts sacrificed, wife and child neglected and impoverished, yet the task is not completed and he discovers new needs for which money is requisite; and his means are exhausted. In his intense abstraction he acts unjustly to his daughter, and the retributive indignities to which he is subjected by his neighbors awake him to the thanklessness of those for whose benefit he labors, and to the wrong he has done her. A hazardous but more manly method of securing the gold he needs is offered by an enthusiast of another kind. Despising the danger, he undertakes the mission which takes him to the Tower, to peril, and temptation. A pathway to comfort is offered him if he abandons his idea, but he prefers poverty with it. At court he finds hindrance, not aid; elsewhere only hate. From the powerful earl who distrusts the effect of his perfected invention he re-

ceives the sole encouragement and countenance he ever enjoys, and when that protector falls on the battle-field, the vengeance of the vulgar is meted out to the would-be world-betterer, and the "Eureka" and its constructor are both destroyed.

Adam Warner mirrors the fate of genius in every age. To labor for man's improvement and receive hate in return is the lot of every one who is in advance of his time. Outside his own hearth rarely will he find sympathy, but schemers will seek to use him, fools to patronize. By the mean — earth's many — he will be treated injuriously, and the reverence of the affectionate and admiration of the noble may not avail to save him from destruction by the envious and malign.

In Sibyl is shown devotion, unselfishness, and courage in their most beautiful manifestation, for they arise from filial affection. Gentle, proud, and cultured, she is less concerned about her own hard lot than sad because of her father's unhappiness. She humbles herself to win bread for him, her faith and sympathy never fail. Wooed by young lovers, she clings to him who needs her most. Tempted where she loves, she is steadfast; and ever in the rare moments when happiness seems near, the screeching of the timbrel players dampens her joy. It is her mission to prove that woman is nobler than man in all matters of duty, and that the fate of refinement is the same as that of genius in a coarse and war loving age. Her life, like an heroic poem, is a succession of noble examples, and it has an ending as pitiful as that of any tragedy.

The great achievements in *The Last of the Barons* in-

clude the comprehensive epitomization of the various characteristics of an involved period, the commanding vigor of the active personages, and the simple dignity and brave patience of the passive participants in the happenings chronicled. The various and obscure movements of the time have their due importance accorded and their effects set forth with clearness. The description of the battle of Barnet is terse, vigorous, and intelligible. No more consistently noble hero than Warwick has ever been portrayed, and the embodiments of poetry and science—Sibyl and Adam Warner—are among the highest intellectual characters ever conceived.

This work was published in January, 1843. Bulwer intended it to be the last of his romances, and purposed devoting his attention to dramatic productions. But the state of the stage, the dearth of capable actors, and the absence of the requisite conditions for the efficient presentation of plays intended to be performed, convinced him that further dramatic successes were not worth striving for under the existing circumstances, and after a four years' interval he resumed romance writing.

Richard Neville was born in 1428, and became Earl of Warwick in 1449, the year which witnessed the collapse of the English power in France and the consequent intensification of the popular feeling against the reigning Lancastrian House, to whose mismanagement was charged this loss and other evils. The king of England, Henry VI, was meek, pious, and imbecile, and the government had been monopolized by the queen, Mar-

garet of Anjou, who was detested. The misrule of her favorites caused the breaking out of insurrectionary movements, that of Cade being one. In another, Suffolk, her chief minister, was caught and slain. In retaliation the Duke of York, the next heir to the throne, the special aversion of the Court party, but popular with the masses, who had been in a sort of exile in Ireland, was threatened with the charge of treason by the queen. This brought matters to a crisis, for York crossed from Ireland, gathered his retainers, and marched in arms to London, where he expostulated with the king on the bad government of the country and the injustice of his being barred from his councils. A change of ministers resulted, and four years of antagonistic manifestos, proclamations, and armed demonstrations. Then the king became insane, and the Parliament made York protector of the realm. And at this very time, after nine years of childlessness, the queen gave birth to a son. After an incapacity lasting sixteen months, during which the management of affairs was satisfactory, Henry recovered. The protector was displaced and the queen resumed control, and manifested such hostility to York that in self-defense he gathered an army of which Warwick, his father Salisbury, and their adherents made part, and at St. Albans the first of the battles of the Roses was fought and won by the Yorkists, largely through the daring of Warwick, who was first to force his way into the town. The victors marched to London and secured a change of ministers, which was all they desired. Again Henry's mind gave way. Again York

was appointed regent, but in a few months the king recovered and relieved him of office, and once more Margaret ruled, intrigued, and practiced treason.

Meanwhile Warwick had been made governor of Calais in 1455, to which was added the post of captain to guard the sea in 1457. His ability, bravery, and resourcefulness made him immensely popular. His land operations led to a commercial treaty with Flanders. He developed a fleet in command of which he displayed courage, tenacity, and skill, and made important captures. Margaret had dismissed all the other Yorkists, but had been satisfied with keeping him out of England. Now his achievements attracted her attention and he was summoned to London, where a plot to destroy him had been arranged. He barely escaped with his life, but he got back to Calais.

The rule of the queen had the realm "out of all good governance," and the chief aim of the court appeared to be the destruction of the Yorkist party. Movements indicating a design against York and Salisbury similar to that which so nearly succeeded against Warwick, compelled another recourse to arms, and the earl left Calais and joined his father. They soon had a large army, but their unwillingness to act on the offensive resulted in wholesale desertions to the Lancastrians, and the rout of Ludford compelled the Yorkist leaders to flee, York making for Ireland, the earl and his father for France.

In a one-masted fishing-smack which Warwick himself steered they ran to Calais, which they reached before the arrival of Somerset, who had been sent to supersede

him. The next four months were occupied in operations against the newly-appointed but never installed governor. Then Warwick took his ships to Ireland, in order to confer with his uncle and arrange their future course. A plan was decided upon, and the earl set sail again for Calais. A fleet was waiting to intercept him in the channel, and Warwick prepared for fight; but the Lancastrians found that the sailors would not arm against their old commander, and fearing desertions they retired into Dartmouth, and the earl sailed on.

In accordance with the agreement made in Ireland, Warwick and his party crossed to England. They issued a manifesto setting forth their grievances — the weak government, the crushing taxes, the exclusion of the king's relations from his council, and other complaints, and marched to London, their numbers increasing at every step. At St. Paul's Warwick recited the cause of their coming, and made oath of his truth and allegiance to the king. Then they moved on Northampton, where the queen's army was arrayed. After fruitless negotiations battle began, but treachery among the Lancastrians resulted in a Yorkist success after half an hour's fighting. Again the victors contented themselves with changing the ministry. When afterwards York arrived from Ireland and claimed the throne, Warwick resisted, and compelled him to refer the matter to Parliament, which decided that Henry should be king for life, and that York should succeed him, thus setting aside the queen and her son.

At once Margaret stirred up the Scots to invade England, and summoned her party to arms, and York and

Salisbury had to hurry to the North to meet and disperse the gathering. The queen's army was far larger than they had anticipated. They were themselves assailed and defeated, and both lost their lives.

With an army of forty thousand flushed with victory, and looting everywhere, Margaret proceeded southward. Warwick had to assume the direction of the government, and also provide for the safety of his party. He marched to St. Albans. Being outnumbered, and desertions causing dismay among his followers, he was beaten by the Lancastrians and retreated westward, whence reënforcements were on their way. Edward of March (afterwards Edward IV), accompanied by Hastings, after a fight at Mortimer's Cross, was leading an army from Wales, and at Chipping Norton he and Warwick met, and together marched on London, which the Lancastrians had not occupied. There Edward was crowned king. As soon as the festivities were concluded, the Yorkists hastened against their enemy. The armies met at Tewkesbury, and there the most desperate and sanguinary battle of the war took place. The Yorkists won, and the count of the dead showed that nearly thirty thousand had fallen, of whom eight thousand — one in six — were of their own side. In the battle "the greatest press lay on the quarter where the Earl of Warwick stood," and it fell to his lot to disperse the straggling foe and subjugate the north, which with the assistance of his brother Montagu he effected after months of hard campaigning.

Then Warwick was able to turn to statesmanship. He urged a treaty of peace with France, a farseeing measure he had long had at heart, which might be cemented

by Edward's marriage with a French princess. To the council met to approve these negotiations the king submitted one objection. He had already married Elizabeth Woodville. Warwick, vexed and annoyed, dropped for a time the proposed embassy to France, but in 1465 he secured the agreement of Louis XI to a truce of eighteen months.

In 1467 (when *The Last of the Barons* opens), Warwick was sent to France to turn this truce into a permanent peace. Edward's apparently honorable commission was either intended to get the earl out of the way, while he himself consummated other and hostile plans, or events turned it to that purpose. For during his envoy's absence Edward concluded a treaty with Burgundy, and promised the hand of his sister to Count Charles. When Warwick returned, he found his embassy thus dishonored, and his plans foiled. He was forty years of age. He had trained and made Edward. By land and sea, in council and on the field, he had so labored that activity had become the habit of his life, and he now found that the king for whom he had done so much was capable of man's meanest vice, ingratitude, and that his services were unwelcome. He retired to his castle of Middleham.

But Warwick was the best beloved man in the kingdom, and the Woodvilles, whom the king was bent on advancing, were generally disliked. Risings of aggrieved Yorkists broke out, and the Lancastrians became busy everywhere. To divert the attention of the people from affairs at home, Edward projected another war with France; and to strengthen himself with the nobles, he

induced Warwick's brother to bring about a reconciliation with the earl. But confidence was gone forever, and the king's efforts to prevent the marriage of Clarence with Warwick's daughter was another affront. The earl resumed his life at Calais. Insurrections became common in England and grew so formidable that Edward, finding himself in danger, wrote supplicatingly for the earl's aid. In response Warwick came, put down one revolt "by his word," crushed another on the borders, and made the king secure. Edward now spoke of the earl and his brother as his best friends, and betrothed his eldest daughter to Warwick's nephew, the male heir of the family.

Three months afterward the earl became a rebel, stern, determined, and implacable. The time was the very worst that could have been chosen, and shows that preparations and forethought had no part in the change. All we know of the earl shows him as a man of "undesigning frankness and openness"; and it is not consistent with human nature that one whose every day had been given to active operations should in his maturity transform himself into a dissimulating plotter. Had he desired the dethronement of Edward, it was only necessary for him to have abstained from interference when Edward was in jeopardy from the army under Coniers. But it was not until after he had relieved the king by dismissing the hostile army that any dissatisfaction with Edward was manifested. An insurrection occurred in Lincolnshire. The king defeated it, and then announced that the confession of the ringleader — a Lan-

castrian — implicated Warwick as the instigator of the rising; and declaring the earl and Clarence traitors Edward moved his army to effect their arrest. Warwick and his family fled to France, and the king was seemingly freed from danger.

Louis XI brought about an alliance between the earl and Margaret, articles of marriage were signed between the Prince of Wales and the Lady Anne, and presently Warwick landed in England, where he found the shores crowded with armed men ready to welcome him. He hastened with his army toward the king. Near Nottingham they came together. In the night desertions from Edward's army compelled him to fly with a few followers. He found refuge in Burgundy; and within eleven days of his landing Warwick was master of England, had replaced Henry on the throne, and summoned a new Parliament.

The restoration was popular, save with the Yorkist nobles, the traders of London, and Clarence. Unsuspected by Warwick his son-in-law was intriguing and corresponding with Edward. The earl made watchful dispositions for resisting any hostile landing, but Edward with five hundred men, disembarking at Ravenspur where preparations had not been made, and sending messengers to say to the people that he came not to dispossess King Henry but to claim his own duchy, and protesting and taking oath that "he never would again take upon himself to be king of England," he was allowed to proceed, gathering troops all the while. Montagu, misled by a letter from Clarence, forbore to dis-

pute Edward's progress, and he reached Nottingham, where others joined him, and then throwing aside pretense he had himself proclaimed king.

Warwick gathered his forces hurriedly and marched to meet his foes. Near Banbury Clarence deserted to the king with his men, and sent offering terms to the earl. Warwick drove the messengers away, and "thanked God he was himself and not that traitor duke." But his army thus lessened, he was not strong enough to engage the man whom he had schooled, and whom Hastings guided, and it was necessary to wait for reënforcements. Edward meanwhile occupied London, whence with added numbers he advanced, and at Barnet the armies met. Every accident favored the king, the saddest being that Oxford's forces were mistaken in the fog and fired upon, causing the cry of treason, and the flight of his troops. In the end Edward triumphed, Warwick and his brother Montagu perishing on the field.

LUCRETIA

THE records of two criminal careers of unusual character (for the guilty persons were of more than ordinary cultivation and attainments, and their acts atrocious in the extreme, and long continued) came into Bulwer's hands, and proved so absorbingly interesting that they caused him to forego his intention of writing a play which he had long meditated, and to compose this work instead.

The phenomena of criminality have attracted attention in all ages. From the remotest past habitual wrong-doers have been recognized as a class, possessing definite characteristics. When Homer describes Thersites as deformed, with scant hair and a pointed head, he shows that a type of being from whom anti-social acts were to be expected was distinguished at the time when Hellenic civilization was in the making. Vidocq asserted that he could always tell a criminal by his eye. Lombroso exhibited to thirty-two children twenty pictures of thieves and twenty of eminent men of character, and found that eighty per cent of the children were able to discriminate between the bad and the good. Through all time the likelihood of evil deeds has been indicated by evil looks, and a type of beings with something forbidding in appearance which causes mankind to beware, has always formed a class in the community.

But all criminals do not conform to this type. Ever and again we find in a person convicted of crime, one possessed of acquirements which rightly exercised would have won him honor and respect. The persons whose histories so engrossed Bulwer combined intellectual cultivation and prepossessing appearance with viciousness of conduct. They had but to be honest to succeed, and perseverance would have made them blessings to their race, but they preferred to traverse crooked ways, and to regard society as their prey. In his search for the cause of such grievous perversion of talents and advantages, he became convinced that the starting point of careers of guilt could be found in the nonrecognition of some important truths which he thus enumerated:

"I hold that the greatest friend of man is labour, that knowledge without toil, if possible, were worthless; that toil in pursuit of knowledge is the best knowledge we can attain; that the continuous effort for fame is nobler than fame itself; that it is not wealth suddenly acquired which is deserving of homage, but the virtues which a man exercises in the slow pursuit of wealth, the abilities so called forth, the self-denials so imposed; in a word, that Labour and Patience are the true schoolmasters on earth."

Lucretia is based on the materials furnished by the histories of these children of night, and embodies the result of its author's study of their lives, their motives, their characteristics, and their fates. In the course of his exposition he shows the evil wrought by neglectful or mischievous early training, the demoralizing results

of the “vice of impatience,” and the corruption caused by the desire for and pursuit of rapid wealth. But these lessons are slight and incidental in comparison to the truths most terribly enforced — that intellect and criminality are eternally antagonistic, and that ignominious ruin inevitably engulfs those who debase intelligence to guilt.

The story is in two parts, each having a prologue and epilogue, with an interval of twenty-seven years between the parts. After the first prologue, which displays Dalibard’s heartless malignity and the early mistreating of Varney, the old English home of Laughton Hall with its master and his friends is described — Sir Miles, an accomplished survival of Chesterfieldian days; Charles Vernon, a predecessor of the later dandy; Dalibard, who has become librarian and tutor at Laughton; Varney; and Lucretia Clavering, the niece and destined heiress of Sir Miles St. John.

Dalibard, Varney, and Lucretia are the formidable three, whose schemes, intrigues, and the resulting consequences supply the incidents of the narrative, and whose characters are elaborated, analyzed, and (especially in the instance of Lucretia) exposed with careful particularization. They are incarnations of egotism pushed to the extreme. Each perverts intellect to base purposes, each fails when success seems assured, each is punished in the sin most favored; and throughout the recital of their deeds, with stern purpose the author refrains from ever invoking pity on their behalf. Awe rising to terror is inspired by their devious actions, and attention is en-

grossed to the end ; but nothing ever minimizes the enormity of their guilt, or gives occasion for commiseration of their fate.

Lucretia is the darling of a fond and affectionate uncle, who dotes on her the more because her imperiousness and vehement temper render her unmanageable by anyone but himself. She has habitually mixed with the baronet's friends, all older than herself ; and, her education has been guided by Dalibard, who has taught her to suppress the manifestation of temper, to seem rather than to be, and to value and cultivate intellect to the exclusion of all amiable qualities.

When Goethe describes the steps in the ruin of Margaret, that wise observer shows that trustful affection for her mother, reverence for the church, and fear of God, three sentiments which have grown with her growth, must be weakened and confused before the girl becomes responsive to Faust's advances. Lucretia was motherless, and Dalibard's teachings were subversive of religion and ignored the Deity. That she had none of the anchors which attach the ordinary young girl to righteousness was due to her unwise training : and in her pride of intellect, which impelled to scheme and intrigue, there lurked a more subtle incentive to evil than even Faust's familiar. She repays her uncle's care and tenderness by grudging his few remaining days and watching for his death, for she has planned to wed one whom Sir Miles never would consent to receive into his family. Until her inheritance is secure, she seeks to delude and deceive him.

Sir Miles has been kind rather than watchful ; an in-

dulgent guardian, not a wise one. Hence the latent justice which allows grief and disappointment to embitter his last days and hasten his death; for the old man, who has gloried in the queenliness of his niece, learns that she had abused his faith, and in calculating consideration of his life as something in her way, had counted the sands in his hourglass, and met his frank purposes with secret schemes and treachery. After that there is nothing left for him but to alter his will, and hasten out of life.

The marriage for which Lucretia had practiced household treason with such heavy loss, is frustrated through the machinations of Dalibard, who so arranges matters that the person for whom she had sacrificed so much is displayed and exposed as the lover of her sister, a false, weak, and forswn man, whom she humiliates, releases from his engagement, and leaves in scorn.

Friendless, lone, and undone, she has no refuge now save Dalibard, whom brightening prospects attract to his native land. Lucretia becomes his bride and accompanies him to France. Scheming ever, Dalibard advances in position and toward power until his wife is in his way, and then he plots to remove her. Lucretia becomes aware that her fearful husband is bent on her destruction, and that another is to have her place. Roused to energy by danger, her counterplot brings about Dalibard's assassination. The desecrator of hearths and betrayer of trusts is butchered in his own home by the dupe he had despised.

Lucretia returns to England and visits her sister, now married to Mainwaring. They regard her visit as

evidence of her forgiveness. She finds them happy, honored, prosperous; but her errand is one of vengeance, and when she leaves them their reputation, prospects, and home have all been wrecked.

The punishment of her recreant lover accomplished, Lucretia is without further object in life, and in the calm which ensues conscience troubles her, and she yearns for something she can believe, or someone she could trust. A religious sect, whose adherents seemed austere in their lives, confident in their absolution, and certain of their heaven, attracts her and she tries to believe with a like earnestness. One of its members, a strong, eloquent man, ingratiates himself, and she marries him; and gradually learns that the pretended saint is a hypocrite and deceiver. Recriminations provoke violence; she gives birth to a son; the father thwarts her plans and wishes; and she resorts to the means formerly used by Dalibard, of which she had possessed herself—essences which slay but leave no trace. The husband fears and hates his wife, and realizing that his days are numbered arranges to deprive her of their child, and disposes of it so effectually that all Lucretia's efforts and wanderings and enquiries are futile. Impoverished and hopeless, she is compelled to give up her search in reluctant despair. Her unstable visions of reform thus shattered, she no longer believes in good, but becomes merciless and ruthless. Joining with Varney, she plans and aids in the execution of a succession of frauds which defy detection and evade all punishment, and which lead them to and fro over Europe like wandering devastations. Suddenly Varney learns that

there are but two lives between Lucretia's son and the Laughton estates, and they return to England resolved to remove the obstacles and secure the inheritance.

Feigning an infirmity that would mock all suspicion, Lucretia establishes herself in a dull house, and claims the guardianship of her niece, Helen, who thereupon comes to live with her. An attorney is employed in a renewed search for her missing son. Varney meanwhile makes the acquaintance of Percival; and thus the two obnoxious lives are at their mercy, and their plans only halt until Lucretia recovers her son. Matters are facilitated by an attachment which develops between Percival and Helen, which leads the young heir to invite the aunt of his betrothed to accompany her ward, and revisit Laughton.

Again in the old hall, from whence her duplicity had caused her banishment, Lucretia proceeds to complete her design. From her couch at night the pretended paralytic rises, selects from the products of Dalibard's chemistry the agent most fitting for her purpose, and steals to Helen's room. A new groom, unseen himself, sees the flitting form, quickly becomes suspicious, and resolves to play the spy. Next morning news arrives that Lucretia's son is found and will be at Laughton the following day; and that Percival's guardian is already on his way thither. Haste becomes imperative now. Lucretia and Varney arrange the last details and destroy everything that might incriminate, save a large ring, the masterpiece of Dalibard's art, which conceals a poison having no antidote, and which Lucretia retains. The spying groom has heard all their conversation and

knows their guilt, but in stealing from behind the curtain where he had hidden, he is seen by Lucretia, who rises and seizes him. He strives to effect his release, and she touches him with the fatal ring, and too weak to resist further, allows him to go, then warns Varney to hasten after and secure him till the poison does its work. Varney never overtakes the groom, but he has the mortification to see him stagger into the carriage which is bearing Percival's guardian to Laughton.

Lucretia meanwhile awaits her son. From the undutiful thought, through acts of duplicity, schemes of spoliation, and plans for aggrandizement that regarded not human life, to the very verge of success in the daring project which promised the restoration of the Laughton estates, her course has been traced; all former perils have been evaded, every law baffled. Danger is present now, but it daunts her not. A groom denounces her as a murderer, but the charge appals her not. Her son is found, for him she asks. A few words of explanation; and then death would be a merciful boon, for she discovers that the accusing menial is that son, and knows herself his murderer; and with the laugh that rose as Beck died, fled forever the reason of Lucretia. Henceforth she who had prided herself on her intellect, her station, and her freedom is nameless and unknown, the forgotten and neglected inmate of a madhouse.

Lucretia is a masterpiece in construction. The period of time embraces two generations, and carries some of the characters from youth to maturity. The changes made by the years are shown in every case. Incident

follows incident with ever-accelerated speed, until the weaving of the plot to recover Laughton. Then in a retrospect, the happenings of the twenty-seven years' interval are communicated; after which the clews to Vincent's whereabouts become more certain, the rising of the pretended cripple indicates some more unusual deed, and suspense is intensified; while the search for Lucretia's son on the one hand, and the interference of a foe on the other, are completed in the discovery that son and foe are one. An epilogue relates the after fate of the various personages.

There are passages in the work which are eloquent, others that are tender, but there is not a trace of levity; a fervid earnestness pervades the whole.

Lucretia's search for her son furnishes an example of that irony of situation which gives such poignant interest to the story of Oedypus as treated by Aeschylus and Sophocles, and in the mother's fluctuating emotion as the unravelment of the tangled clues progresses — eager anticipation, fierce joy, chilling disappointment, completed in the tremendous horror of the identification, the modern poet has equalled the giant ancients.

Two of the scenes are of tremendous intensity — where Lucretia discovers the falseness of her betrothed, and where she recovers her son. Other parts, such as the description of the progress of starbeam and moonbeam through the windows and rooms of the old hall, are as lyric-like as the choruses of an Athenian drama. And though every detail concerning the three is sombre, there are several admirable characters, and the

chapters in which these appear are bright and stimulating and arouse different feelings from those called forth by the deeds of Lucretia and her fell allies.

The physiognomical descriptions are sufficiently minute to enable us to comprehend the general principles which guided Bulwer's determinations. Intellect he assigns to the forehead and eyebrows, breadth indicating the capacity to understand, height the ability to put knowledge to use. To the eyes, nose, and mouth character is allotted, while will pertains to the chin and jaw. Dalibard's skull, compared with his visage, is disproportionately large. Lucretia looks aslant, has a Greecian profile, the thin lips of the spiteful, the firm mouth of the determined. Mouth and chin hidden, her expression is changed, for will is strong, but character undetermined.

The distrust which accompanied the first impression formed of Lucretia, which disappeared on further acquaintance, arose from our instinctively building up a series of judgments of individuals, beginning with childhood familiars and continuing through life, and mechanically comparing every new face with these remembrances, and placing each in its class. But mature people hide their real character with more or less success; and often, with repeated intercourse, the assumed agreeableness dispels the instinctive aversion.

In *Zanoni* Bulwer made plain his right to a position on one of the twin heights of the Forked Parnassus, and in *Lucretia* he established his place on the other. The one is a surpassing revelation of the Heroic, the other his supreme achievement in the Tragic. Apart from

form *Lucretia* is a tragedy, and form is largely dictated by the fashion of the period. He who in Elizabeth's reign produced plays, would in the days of Victoria write romances, for the popular demand to which the artist necessarily ministers called for plays in the one age, and for romances in the other. The dominant characteristic of tragedy is warning; and *Lucretia* is a sustained warning against impatience, coveteousness, and selfseeking. Nor is there any drama in which greater consistency is maintained in the characters, or more originality and power displayed in the incidents and situations; while in avoiding all superhuman agencies as influences on conduct, and in refraining from invoking pity for the offenders, *Lucretia* stands alone.

The work appeared in 1846. Its publication aroused a storm of virulent abuse in the newspapers and reviews. This arose from the original of Varney having been a contributor to the periodical press widely known among his class, who resented the depiction of their fellow and were indignant at the exposition because startled, and wincing at the lessons of the guilt.

Bulwer had come to regard contemporary English criticism with unalloyed contempt. The fulminations against *Lucretia* he deemed undeserving of any notice; but a general claim that crime ought not to be used as material for literary purposes showed an ignorance so gross, that in "A Word to the Public" he issued a pamphlet which is the most elaborate exposition on the materials of tragedy ever produced.

HAROLD

THE battle of Hastings, which changed the dynasty and the destiny of England, is the catastrophe of this work. The happenings of the fourteen years which preceded and prepared the way for the Norman conquest are here comprehensively and concisely related, history being elucidated by romance, not distorted to its service. A gallery of portraits of the great figures of the period is presented; the condition of the several peoples shown; their varying wellbeing, superstitions, culture, and customs noted; and the actual events described in their proper order and sequence. From the contradictory and confused chronicles of the time a consistent narrative is evolved, a realization of the personages developed, and an understanding of their motives in the several circumstances wherein they appeared sought for. Hence the characters conform to history, and also to human nature.

The Norman conquest began with the reign of Edward the Confessor, whose leanings Normanward led him to surround his court with, and make frequent grants of lands and privileges to, outland favorites, some of whom became so arbitrary in their conduct as to enrage the Saxons, and cause the expulsion of the Normans from the court.

Godwin, the sagacious, practical minister of a dream-

ing king, more patriotic than his master, endeavored to check the infatuate tendencies of the monarch, and this led to his outlawry, and a temporary triumph of his foes. But Godwin had the sympathy of nearly all England. With his six sons he returned in arms, demanded and obtained a trial, was acquitted, inlawed, and restored to his former power. Shortly thereafter he died, and Harold succeeded to his father's earldom and influence, becoming practically the deputy of the king, managing affairs, leading in war, and guiding the realm. By-and-by, seeing the increasing infirmities of the Confessor, the earl became aware that the throne was within his reach.

In the hope of securing the support of William, Harold visited the Norman court; but he was deceived and tricked by that unscrupulous schemer, who, claiming that Edward had offered him the succession, extorted from his guest a promise under oath to help the Norman to the English throne. The mission, from which favorable results had been anticipated, produced humiliation, entanglement, and ultimately disaster.

There were other untoward circumstances. In the pacification of Northumbria, the turbulent Tostig was deprived of that earldom, and thereby made his brother's enemy. And in the campaign against Griffith, the drastic measures of Harold drove multitudes of the Welsh to Brittany, whence, as part of William's invading army, they afterwards returned.

When Edward died, there was no other Saxon of sufficiently commanding ability or popularity to compete with Harold, and he was crowned king, January 6, 1066.

He at once busied himself with measures to lessen taxation, to conciliate the church, to strengthen the army, protect the coasts, and guard against the threatened invasion of the Normans. In September, Harold Hardrada, stirred to the enterprise by Tostig, landed in Northumbria with a formidable army, intent upon conquering England, and Harold had to abandon his preventive preparations and march to York, raising levies on the way. At Stamford Bridge he defeated the Norwegians. It was a glorious victory. They came in a thousand ships, they went back with twenty-four. But ere the slain were buried the Normans landed at Pevensey, and Harold and his army were called to the south to meet another invader.

On October 14, 1066, the Saxons and Normans met. Harold had no time for construction work, but he chose his ground well, and a concealed ditch was made. His army formed the shield-wall, shaped like a wedge — the heavily-armed, shield to shield and shoulder to shoulder, in the front. All the forces of the Normans availed nothing while this formation was maintained. Charges by horsemen and attacks by archers made with the intention of galling the Saxons into breaking their wall, were ineffectual until William's oft-rehearsed feint of a general and confused retreat was resorted to, and the Saxons were seduced into pursuit. But a part of the ruse was a concealed body of horsemen, who now becoming active, rode among the Saxons and prevented their reforming, while the rest of the Normans, abandoning their pretended retreat, and no longer balked by the shield wall, defeated and destroyed the trapped Saxons.

In *Harold* Saxon England of the eleventh century is presented to us, not an organic whole, with an homogeneous people, but a congeries of earldoms inhabited by Kymrians, Norsemen, Saxons, and their derivatives, loosely connected, and only held together by commanding ability. Each was animated by intense local patriotism, but comparatively indifferent to the misfortunes of its neighbors, and all had racial prejudices, which interfered with or prevented united action in a common cause. Men rose rapidly to high station from lowly beginnings, for the qualification necessary for advancement was not name, lineage, or beneficence, but the possession of wealth. The general well-being was high, and the constitutional liberty large. The people were brave, reverent of law, and intolerant of oppression, but they were also impatient of control, incapable of continued vigilance in guarding the kingdom, averse to additions to its natural defenses, and unwilling to provide for emergencies regarded as too remote to deserve attention. A monkish king and a selfish priesthood had combined to produce and spread lethargy and carelessness. Education was neglected, the church owned one-third of the land, and everything indicated the need of strong rule, and renovation.

Harold is depicted as patient, steadfast, dauntless; powerful in the field, just and wise in council; the most conspicuous and admirable figure of his time, winning renown and affection by his successes in the various tasks which crowded his busy life, one whom a strong sense of duty guided in conduct and intention, until nearness to the throne beguiled him into ambition, when

calculation and conciliation were practiced, and policy took the place of duty.

Grouped around the commanding form of Harold are the members of his own family — the successful Godwin, the loyal Gurth, the passion-riven Sweyn, the fierce Tostig, the gay Leofwine, the foredoomed Haco, and a varied throng of characters whose originals figure in the history of which they were part. And as grand and impressive as any, but having no mention in other chronicle than this, the haughty and lone Hilda, the desolate descendant of kings, clinging to old-time customs, worshiper of pagan gods, whose galdræ influenced those in whom desire was strong. For rarely is ambition wary, and easily is it stimulated by prediction or omen, and more than other passions is it prone to avail itself of questionable aids.

Hilda represents that pagan belief which had numerous adherents in every part of England, notwithstanding the professed conversion to Christianity of overlords and earls. Heathenesse was not confined to the lower classes; few of its votaries were as debased and selfish as the majority of Christian priests. But in creating Hilda, Bulwer had the further purpose of warning against credulous acceptance of the apparently supernatural. Every use of this agency by him carries this lesson: always the oracular utterances have an unhappy fulfillment, contrary to the expectation founded upon them. He had studied the subject in its modern as well as its ancient forms, and his reiterated warnings convey not only his opinion, but the result of experience.

Dissimulating, wary and cruel, save to his children,

whom he indulged and spoilt, lacking the finer qualities of the Norman knighthood, but seeing far, and working steadily in the direction of a long meditated purpose, the Count of the Normans is shown in every phase of his character — adroit in dealing with his nobles, crafty in his behavior to Harold, prescient in his discernment of the weakness of England, masterful in suppressing revolt, energetic in ruling his duchy, and politic in fostering the church and encouraging education. Systematizing everything, and reducing all to order, he produced a chivalrous nobility and an eager priesthood at the expense of the tillers of the soil. The soldiers acquired polish and refinement, the serfs were degraded and embruted. And when the time was come, with the chivalry and the church as his supports, he gathered adherents, launched his ships, descended on England, and won a kingdom. At Hastings Democracy went down before Aristocracy. Rigorous organization, which disdained the multitude and entrusted power only to the nobles, obtained the victory over a people who, placing a greater value upon liberty than on duty, failed to muster to the assistance of Harold, and deserved the punishment which followed.

Harold is compacted of stirring incidents. The tragic failure at Hastings was preceded by successes against widely different antagonists. At Stamford Bridge, Hardrada, the hero of wondrous adventures, the Poet-Titan, with the scalds' love of song and Vikings' lust for war, was defeated and slain; and in the campaign in Wales — a minor epic within a larger one — the son of Pendragon was driven, inch by inch, to his fatal ey-

rie. These actions with their attendant circumstances give occasion for rapid descriptions and varied characterizations. Apart from the battles, there are many fine achievements in the book, notably the reproduction of the scene in the Witan, where Godwin secured the reversal of his outlawry. The work is accurate in detail and gives an insight into conditions, an intelligible explanation of motives, and a discerning survey of the various causes contributing to the catastrophe. While portraying a grand hero in a noble manner, it also illuminates a period.

That progressive national deterioration which is called the growth of democracy had assumed portentous proportions in England in 1848. The one extreme of entrusting governmental power to the untrained and imperfectly educated masses is more undesirable than the other extreme of autocratic rule, for the latter is usually accompanied by intellect and has often succeeded in advancing a people in civilization, culture, and conduct, but democratic rule, because of the preponderating numbers of its least intelligent constituents, has never achieved anything higher than equivocal material welfare — equivocal because secured through agencies which in their organization repudiate democracy, and because the gains are concentrated in the commercial class and its allies instead of being generally diffused, and the nation that can only boast of its commercial success has no stronger claim to general respect than has the individual who is rich but vulgar.

Democratic rule is potent to destroy, but it has not demonstrated its ability to construct. It obtains favor-

able regard and encouragement because of the general belief in the fallacious proposition that all are interested in good government. As a matter of fact some are interested in bad government and these by combining their activities usually secure power, dictate policy, and control administration.

The best governed nation is that which avails itself of the services of its best men, but Gresham's law applies to parliamentarians as well as to money, and when lawyers, half-breeds, and squaw-men are irrupted into the councils of a nation, gentlemen abandon statesmanship, and representatives presently degenerate into delegates.

Bulwer's recognition of the imminence of governmental domination by the masses, impelled him to set before his countrymen the picture of a calamitous conflict between democracy and aristocracy once waged in their native land and to display by example the inadequacy of democratic rule to cope with invasion or to accomplish any real constructive improvements in the realm, its institutions, or its people. These lessons are quite subsidiary to the general purpose of *Harold* but the need of them suggested the romance.

One lesson, merely glanced at in *Harold*, calls for further comment.

The importance of race, though now generally disregarded, has been acknowledged in all ages, and the people, by whom sentiments, institutions, and proverbial knowledge are cherished and retained long after the higher social ranks have abandoned or forgotten them, still regard mixture of race with disdain. In stock-

raising great care is exercised in this regard, and it is recognized that the mixture of two breeds does not give the equivalent of either, but is a new start toward another variety, and from a lower level — that at least five generations are necessary to establish a breed; and that where crossment is resorted to the undesirable qualities of the parents are emphasized in the progeny, diminishing in degree with each generation, until in the fifth the benefit of the blend becomes apparent.

Man differs not in this regard from the domesticated animals. The mixing of the Caucasian and the Negro produces a creature which both races distrust and avoid. The red Indian blended with the Frenchman results in a devil. The Eurasian is the despair of all who come in contact with him. And in races more nearly allied the first effect of crossment is mischievous. The complete amalgamation may be an improvement, but not until after five generations is any good result assured, and the intervening period is one of peril.

The history of every country shows this evil, and England supplies repeated evidence of its certainty. The Kymrian natives, weakened by the Roman invasion and the wars with the Picts, fell a prey to the Saxons, who killed off the fighting men, reduced the submissive to serfdom, and married the women. This so effeminated the next generation that its resistance to the Scandinavians was ineffectual, and these intruders similarly destroyed the fighters and appropriated the women, producing a further weakened people whom the Normans defeated and subdued. But under the strong rule of the conquerors, hostile invasions were impossible. France

became the theatre of war, while in England, the blending of the bloods proceeding, there emerged in Plantagenet times a splendid race, which became in Tudor days a grand one.

With Elizabeth's death and the Stuart accession, adulterations with Scottish blood began. The qualities attributable to the English are mainly physical, the Scot has the faculty of thinking; therefore the blend is a desirable one, but its early products are the most despicable creatures in English annals. However, in time fusion was accomplished, and a fine race arose, which in contests on many a field gave a good account of itself, and which added distinguished names to the rolls of War, Philosophy, Art, and Literature. Later the admixture with the Irish commenced. It is yet in its early stages, but deterioration is undeniable, and a dominant characteristic of the people now is hysteria, a quality hitherto foreign to the English race.

Rarely has a great king of England had a worthy son as successor, for state policy has necessitated marriages with foreign princesses, with uniformly unsatisfactory results. Henry VIII was an exception to the rule — but his mother was Elizabeth of York. Three of his children came to the throne. The son died too early for any display of capacity, but he was succeeded by the daughter of the Spanish princess whom we call "Bloody Mary," and she in turn by the daughter of the English gentlewoman — Elizabeth.

Even in individuals who have acquired fame, the harm of mixture of bloods is apparent, sometimes in physical deterioration, always in moral instability. By-

ron, with English father and Scottish mother, when guided and advised by others was a gentleman. Left to himself he was alternately foolish and heroic. Sheridan, whose mother was English and his father Irish, was as reprehensible in conduct as brilliant in play and speech. Gladstone, of mixed English and Scotch blood, could never form an opinion and abide by it. On every important question he altered his views, and the change generally coincided with and was in the direction of the trend of public opinion.

A pure race is the first necessity in a nation. It affords the only material for continued and progressive advancement, and it is difficult to subjugate or tame. "But where wealth is more esteemed than blood and race, chiefs may be bribed and the multitude easily deluded." Such a land invites invasion, is weak to resist, and its conquest, by stopping further deterioration, may be beneficial.

The subject of the Norman conquest had been long pondered over and the design of *Harold* completed in its author's mind, but the mechanical task of composition was the work of less than three weeks, during which it occupied almost all the waking hours. It was written at Bayou Manor, the seat of the Hon. C. T. D'Eyncourt, to whom it was dedicated, March 1, 1848. From the long-past strife and sorrow in which he had been wholly absorbed, Bulwer was recalled to actual tragedy in his own family. His daughter, returning from Germany, was seized with fever in London. One of Lady Lytton's accomplices in mischief, learning the address where Emily lay ill, acquainted the mother, and accompanied

her to the house, where they insisted on remaining despite the medical attendant's protest that their presence endangered the patient's life. On Bulwer's arrival the intruders departed, but his daughter declined rapidly and died April 20th.

PAUSANIAS

THIS romance is unfinished but the portion completed suffices to suggest how the whole work would have treated the events and characters of an antique epoch, and what singular and varied interest the author would have imparted to a story the scanty historical details of which are compacted of astonishingly great incidents.

The difficulty of enlisting interest in a romance must ever increase in proportion to the remoteness of the period in which its scenes are cast. Whether Bulwer would have succeeded in making the persons, places, and happenings of so early a period as familiar as those of later times, may admit of question; but this fragment not only shadows forth a powerful tragedy, but in itself is an interesting work, combining in its narrative vigorous scenes, as in the examination of Gongylus, and suggestive charm, as in Alcman's exposition of the early speculations into the mystery of life after death; and indicating characters and dramatic situations of great originality and power.

The Regent of Sparta, the Hero of Platea, became the unintentional murderer of the maiden who confided in him, and ever afterward believed himself to be haunted by her. He dared the spells of Heraclea to have speech with and forgiveness from her.

Discerning coming changes unfavorable to Sparta,

and anxious to secure the dominance of his own state over Greece, he plotted for a wider empire at a time when every other Laconian desired only to preserve the natural and restricted boundaries. Thwarted in his plans but not abandoning them, he conspired with the Persians and the Helots to compass his cherished project. His treason was discovered by a suspicious messenger, who read the letter entrusted to him, and acquainted the Ephori of its purport. Learning that he had been betrayed the Regent took refuge in a temple, which was made a living tomb by walling up the entrance, the victim's mother indicating the method by placing the first stone in position. These events are comprised in the history of Pausanias.

Our sources of information concerning Pausanias are all unfriendly to him. It is probable that the meanest assertion in the story — the charge that the betraying messenger was a favorite of the Regent, and that the letter he was entrusted with requested that the bearer be slain as soon as his errand was accomplished, originated with those interested in maligning the Spartan Chief.

As herein recreated Pausanias is pictured as passionate, self-willed, daring, and ambitious. His advantages of height and bearing, his power and influence, are described; but it is the being over whom a fixed purpose tyrannizes, as an idea does over its victim, in whom interest is centred. His Spartan characteristics, dignity, self-command, pride, and mastery of the countenance and whatever in another might betray feeling or emotion, are displayed in the varying scenes in which he appears, and particularly in that examination of Gongylus

where danger, suspense, and dexterous management of men are combined in an intense and dramatic series of incidents. Nor does this man of turbulent acts and schemes suffer any lessening in majesty or manfulness, or the respect these command in the more tender interviews with Cleonice, which further disclose another motive for his designs, since without some change in Sparta, union with her was impossible.

In every phase of his restless career is shown a man of iron will and determined purpose hampered by rigid laws which gall and fret him, and by restraints imposed by those less farseeing but equally as immovable as himself, until irritation changes the fettered leader into the secret foe. But whether in ambition, passion, or policy, in him the small, the mean, the trivial, have no place. It is for Sparta rather than for himself that he conspires. His aims, however blamable, are never ignoble.

Bulwer's intuition and insight into character and motives afford elucidation of the acts and aims of Pausanias, without which all we know of him but serves to furnish an enigma in conduct. Whence came his immense influence? What prompted his aggravating policy toward the allies? Why did he engage in treasonable correspondence with Persia? Why tamper with the Helots?

It is only by adopting the views advanced in this work that an intelligible explanation of all the Regent's acts becomes possible. Admit the suggestion that in spite of Sparta he designed a larger Sparta, and the power which a man takes from a definite purpose to-

ward which his every act is directed accounts not only for his influence, but also for his conduct toward the captains of the fleet, since his ends would be served if the Athenians in disgust departed from Byzantium. Foiled in this design, and suspected by the Five, he faced the alternative of foregoing his schemes, and witnessing the recession of Sparta into secondary importance or an alliance with Persia, using the Helots as means to his ends. He chose the latter, became a traitor, and was betrayed.

Concerning this unfinished romance Bulwer, wrote to Richard Bentley as follows:

“October 6, 1850.

“I feel sure I could make a very powerful and effective tale, full of original and striking matter in scene, plot, and character. The gorgeous life of the Mede and Persian, contrasting with the severe manners of the Spartan, I could make very interesting. Then I have such good incidents—a murder—the ancient necromancy or raising of the dead—the vast conspiracy among the Helots which the Regent of Sparta (my hero) secretly headed, and which if successful would have shaken all Greece—and a final catastrophe of great terror in which Pausanias is walled up alive in the temple in which he took refuge, his own mother bringing the first stone. There are other characters too, in which all would take an interest—the great Cimon in his youth—Aristides, equally just and profound—the wisdom and vigour of Themistocles. It is true that the subject is remote; but then it is new, and as I have never written but one classical romance (which was very

successful), I think the remoteness would be overcome in the general curiosity to see how I should treat this. We might, too, readily change the title, if you dislike it, and find a new one. The story, once begun, opens at once to enchain the interest, and I should take great pains with the whole; it would be a labor of love to me. Lastly, the book is begun, chalked out. History supplies of itself incidents more exciting than I could invent. And all this is half the battle in point of completing the book soon, though as a point of style I should probably rewrite much of what I have written, by the taste of maturer age. Turn this over well."

The vessel in which the author's son sent the manuscript of *Pausanias* from Lisbon to England foundered, and its cargo was lost, but some weeks afterward the papers were recovered in a solid watersoaked mass. By subjection to a sort of baking, and the exercise of care and patience, the leaves were separated and the work made available for the printers.

THE CAXTONS

THIS work is in all respects different from its predecessors. The earnestness of the author has hitherto been evident and unmistakable, but now the object aimed at admits of lessened tension, the bow is more lightly bent, and the writer, without lapsing into triviality or unnecessary episodes or protracted scenes, is more familiar and gracious. The quality called humor, the genial manifestation of great experience and wide knowledge, which playfully suggests enlightening congruities and illustrations, and which differs from wit in not being irreverent nor malicious nor superficial, pervades *The Caxtons*. The events are unexciting save in the instance where Vivian's wild scheme is foiled, but the manner in which they are related reveals a power to draw forth smiles or tears by mere words which had never before been so charmingly demonstrated. The story interests less than the characters, which are drawn with sureness and sustained differentiation, and are admirably representative of the varied vocations which attract active manhood.

The influence of home in the making of a man, and the importance of early training in fixing principles, establishing habits, and supplying motives for conduct, are shown in this record of the progress from childhood to man's estate of the biographer of *The Caxtons*. An-

other purpose is achieved incidentally, in the suggestion of emigration as a career for those able and vigorous young men who are not attracted to any of the conventional professions, and find themselves crowded out of all desirable vocations in the old world.

The Caxton home is a dignified but unpretentious English establishment. The family comprises Austin, the father, an erudite philosopher, genial, kindly, and imperturbable; Katherine, the mother, a notable housewife, proud of her husband, tolerant of his oddities, unceasing in her care for his comfort, and ambitious that his goodness, as well as his knowledge, may be known to others; Uncle Roland, a maimed old soldier with immovable ideas, never entirely correct, but always lofty and stimulating, about honor, ancestry, duty, and heredity; Uncle Jack, fertile in plans for benefitting humanity, and incidentally promising large dividends, schemes which invariably fail because of their philanthropic encumbrances; Doctor Squills, a frequent guest, odd, observant, and prosperous; and Pisistratus, the son whose experiences supply the material of the book.

While childhood glides toward youth, Master Caxton is the mother's care, but his father is watchful, and imparts lessons in his own way, by parables, which the boy is left to puzzle out for himself. Thus he is taught to be truthful in spite of fear, to mend bad actions, not by good wishes, but by good actions; to find in self-sacrifice the highest happiness; and to know that his best friends, advisers, and comforters are always those at home.

His school life is uneventful, but when he comes home for good, he finds his uncles have been added to the fam-

ily circle. The soldier, by example and precept, has an abiding influence, the speculator dazzles for awhile; but the father contrives that the boy shall perceive that Uncle Jack's projects are usually based on incorrect estimates.

It has been settled that Pisistratus is to go to Cambridge University, but a chance meeting with a prominent member of Parliament and an old friend of the Caxtons causes this step to be deferred, and instead he becomes private secretary to Mr. Trevanion, and is initiated into practical life, familiarized with hard and various work, learns much of public men and political movements, and gains an acquaintance with the higher social life. But he loses his heart to Fanny Trevanion and cannot continue his work and suppress his feelings. Therefore he resigns his position. Trevanion is touched by the frank way in which the young man has acted. His daughter's hand must be bestowed where it will advance his own political importance, but he envies the father of such a son, and claims the privilege of aiding him elsewhere.

Pisistratus resumes his preparations for Cambridge, but though a bookman's son, his nature is vigorous and active rather than contemplative. Therefore it is with resignation instead of rapture that he goes to the university. At the end of his first term, he is called home by alarming letters from his mother, and finds that one of Uncle Jack's schemes has enmeshed his father, and carried away two-thirds of the Caxton property. Pisistratus has no desire to return to Cambridge now. A serious ambition engrosses him. He seeks for a vocation

where within a reasonable period a modest fortune may be secured, sufficient to restore the depleted income of his parents, and provide for some improvements. As one of the "too many" he thinks he would find in emigration the field for that exuberant vitality for which there seems to be no scope in England, and Trevanion, whom he consults, advises sheep farming in Australia, a suggestion which is approved and adopted. He sets about acquiring the needful skill, preparing for the work and routine of such a career, and (a harder task) winning his parents' consent to it. A reluctant acquiescence is obtained, companions are selected, preparations completed, and accompanied by Uncle Roland, Pisistratus goes to London to say farewell to the Trevanions, and then begin the voyage.

His departure is delayed by an adventure wherein he prevents the abduction of Fanny, by a daring and desperate wooer, and gains another companion in his cousin, Roland's son.

Australian life has its vicissitudes, but by-and-by the needed fortune is accumulated. Meanwhile close friendships have been formed, and various acquaintances made. Uncle Jack, successful now that his plans are not weighted down by the burden of humanity, turns up as a prosperous speculator in the bush; and the lure of the land, the charm of the life, and the brightening prospects, all conspire to induce Pisistratus to remain a colonist. But the duty which required his self-exile can now be discharged, and he returns to England, to restore the family fortunes, and take his part in the Caxton home.

Commercialism had no attractions, political life made

no appeal, and the learned professions were all distasteful to the healthy, strong young man, who nevertheless desired exercise for his abundantly trained faculties. Opportunity was not to be found in England, and his restless energy prompted to a severance from his people, and toils in a new world to which he readily adapted himself. But home was associated with dear memories, and no large ambition fired his mind. Therefore though travel and adventure attracted for awhile, home and its circle drew the wanderer back and he realized that there the largest measure of contentment and happiness awaited him.

The most attractive character in the work is Austin Caxton. He is depicted as a learned man, not unfitted by his attainments for ordinary life and business, but reflecting credit on erudition because his stores are readily available for practical purposes, and therefore become wisdom; and manifesting shrewd judgment and sagacity in all affairs where his interest is enlisted. He is averse to ceremonial and satisfied with the society of his books, but to his friends unfailingly sympathetic and helpful. He can be the companion of a child, yet also the adviser of men of the world. His familiarity with books causes his ordinary conversation to abound in playful references and quotations. His vast and purposeful reading is indicated by the outline of his "*History of Human Error*," his penetration is displayed in his interpretation of the world's pastoral dreams of peace as prognostications of war, his originality is evidenced by his proposed hygienic application of books, and by his recognition of the good-out-of-evil of war.

Austin Caxton represents philosophy, mild, beneficent and helpful, closely allied to poetry by kinship and sympathy, and always finding interest in its suggestions; more genial than science because experienced in human emotions and aware of their importance as factors in conduct; wise in counsel because cultivated in every faculty, not in one talent only; inspiring thought in the young, consoling the disappointed, aiding the crushed, changing the views of the erring and winning affection even from a lame duck. He regards commercialism with an amused curiosity, and ridiculing its affectionation of humanitarian aims, but admiring its stimulating energy when frankly exercising the selfish purposefulness which is natural to it, and under the influence of affection, abandoning the caution which is usually an accompaniment of philosophy, and joining in a commercial venture to his injury.

The veteran Roland, grim, chivalrous, and tender to all but himself, is a noble portrait of the loyal soldier whose satisfaction consists in the knowledge that he has done his duty. Honors and preferments have been awarded over him but of these he never murmurs, the medal he received for his services at Waterloo is valued above all purchasable commissions. The notions of family, duty, and honor, which a less scientific generation than the present revered as heredity, have guided his life, and formed his character. Unfortunate in his marriage and harassed by a wilful, rebellious son, he bears his griefs uncomplainingly, hiding from all but Austin the sacrifices he has made to preserve that son from criminality, and clinging to his lonely tower, the ruined

remnant of his ancestor's possessions, in the hope (ultimately realized) that the wayward one might yet prove worthy of his race.

Roland is the embodiment of poetry, having all its youthfulness of feeling and sentiment, and displaying its heroic, forceful, and suggestive qualities in conduct and ideas, dominated in action and thoughts by principles always accepted as articles of faith, and disdaining the reasoning which would reduce them to mutable and impotent matters of opinion; reverencing the ancient, the noble, the brave, hiding sorrow under a cheerful seeming and untiringly active when duty requires sacrifice, or right demands supporting recognition.

Uncle Jack, the commercial genius, is a very original character, finding everywhere the opportunity for combining beneficence with gaining riches, or at least starting a company for that purpose. All his schemes have possibilities in them, and it is usually because of the entangling benevolent features that they fail. At any rate, when he reverses his methods, abandons his fellow creatures, and narrows the circle of prospective benefitters, he soon becomes prosperous and a capitalist.

The portrait of Trevanion is a very interesting study. An ambitious, laborious member of Parliament and busy practical man, whose energy infects others; constantly improving his properties and his homes, building up his importance and aiming at power, handicapped by always seeing more than one side of a question, he ultimately rises to Cabinet rank only to find that position intolerable because of his inability to act with his party when their measures are obnoxious to him; and sub-

siding into an earldom, repining and disappointed, he is constrained to leave London because of the visitors who stay away.

In Sir Sedley Beaudesert we have the finished gentleman, a survival from former days, the representative aristocrat; courteous, considerate, and tactful, with strength concealed by exquisite grace, and ability only discovered when occasion calls for its use.

Vivian, misguided and wilful, a deserter from home, matching his courage and skill against the world and not failing, though his successes were perilous and threw him among undesirable acquaintances and caused him to indulge all sorts of wrong ideas, yet had in his affection and pride, qualities which at last effected his redemption, and won him back to paths wherein he justified his friends' faith in him, and became again a source of joy to Roland.

Pisistratus under the unobtruded guidance of philosophy is familiarized with poetry, put on his guard against the enthusiasm of commercialism, and enabled correctly to comprehend the qualities needed in political life and the rewards and disappointments which await those who conscientiously follow it as a profession. None of these promises satisfactory careers to one who regards duty as the first consideration and prefers active life to contemplation. When financial reverses diminish the comforts of the Caxton family he resolves to repair the injury and chooses an unattractive but adventurous experiment for the purpose. His end achieved, he resists the temptations of the new land and its promises, and re-

turning finds the discharge of duty leads not only to conscious satisfaction but to unexpected blessing.

The characters in *The Caxtons* are generally shown in repose, not in action. It is by their modes and utterances that we are made acquainted with them. This treatment is necessitated by the subject chosen, for the fancies of Roland and the reasonings of Austin could not have been presented so attractively in any other way. But in this respect the work is a descent from its predecessors, in which the several persons were presented under stress, in conflict, or striving purposefully; in them also, the attention was concentrated more on the within than the without. What they thought and felt was made known to us, rather than how they deported themselves.

The Caxtons was written concurrently with *Lucretia*, and after appearing anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine* was published in 1849.

Lucretia traced out the perverting effects of evil or negligent early training, and as a relief from the painfulness of its composition, Bulwer alternated the task by also writing *The Caxtons*, a companion picture teaching the reverse of that lesson.

Its reception by the journals illustrates one of the injurious results of contemporaneous misjudgment on writers. No one had a more profound contempt for that expression of uninformed pretentiousness which is called reviewing than the author of *The Caxtons*; and his knowledge of art, its various forms and highest developments, was larger than that of any of his con-

temporaries. Yet the relation of the successful author to the modern public is such that he is constrained to subordinate his own artistic designs to the satisfaction of the taste of the day, and the reiterated pronouncements of disapproval of very great works, and appreciation of lighter productions, had effect even on Bulwer, for projected studies of profound importance were abandoned, and he resigned himself to less ambitious compositions. From the grand and tragic he refrained. The pleasing and agreeable received more attention, and the altitudes native to *Zanoni* and *Lucretia* were but occasionally reascended in later works.

MY NOVEL

THE authorship of this depiction of the varieties of English life is ascribed to the biographer of *The Caxtons*; and as every writer draws from his own observations, experiences, and remembrances, naturally and necessarily, incidents and characters described in *The Caxtons* reappear in *My Novel* — not copied, for transcription is only a journeyman's work, but recognizable as ideal representations of events in which he took part, and persons with whom he was brought into contact. Thus the abduction of Violante, although the details are in every particular different, had its origin in the snare arranged for Fanny Trevanion; Richard Aveling was suggested by Uncle Jack; Audley Egerton by Trevanion; Harley L'Estrange by Sir Sedley Beaудесерт; and the kindly homeopathist by Doctor Squills. Some discernible resemblances were necessary to justify the assigned authorship, and this detail was not neglected.

My Novel is constructed in accordance with the old fashion of narrative fiction. Each division has an introduction, the catastrophe assembles all the important characters together, and a final chapter gives particulars of the after-fates of those in whom interest had been aroused.

The purpose of the work is that of promoting more cordial relations between rich and poor, by counteract-

ing the teachings of those who seek to set class against class; by discouraging the mercenary and ignoble application of knowledge; by inculcating the wisdom of self-improvement as the first step in general reform; and by reiterating the importance of the neglected virtue of patience. But its lasting lessons are conveyed in the contrasting results of knowledge worthily sought and nobly applied, and of knowledge perverted and used for mean ends.

The characteristics of *My Novel* are its large tolerance, its geniality and the multitude of original and interesting personages with whom it makes us intimately acquainted. Its incidents range from the quaint to the impressive. The varying happenings at the stocks; Richard Aveling's courtship; Burley's allegory of the one-eyed perch; the discomfiture of Peschiera; and the unmasking of Randal are all excellent inventions, but the fluctuating Lansmere election, the poignant interview between the estranged Harley and his life-long friend, and the death of Egerton are the supreme chapters in the book. Though in the many characters depicted the admirable representatives of the several classes are made most prominent, the existence of other sorts is not ignored. The prosperity of Hazledean is neighbored by the squalor of Rood Hall. Beside the pushing, noisy, humbugging Richard Aveling we have the calvinistic trader's wife, to whom the reputation of the dead is of more consequence than the success of the living; and accompanying the cabinet minister whose name is a synonym for honor and integrity, we have his protege — coveting, scheming, and ignoble.

My Novel is a comprehensive survey of the general phases of life in England during the pre-Victorian era. It begins with the rural community of Hazledean, with its bluff Squire, loving his estate as if it were a living thing, hating to see any of his property out of order, with many prejudices and some unwisdom, but always generous, well-meaning, and warm-hearted; Parson Dale, sharing the cares and hopes of his flock, soothing, chiding, admonishing, and encouraging, never evading any duty, and only perturbed by the little tempers of his wife; the domiciled Italian exile whose large general knowledge of mankind contrasts the parson's limited but more practical lore of men, and who with his devoted servant, his pipe, and philosophy, contrives to endure semi-starvation with equanimity; the pattern-boy Leonard Fairfield, who receives here his first experience of man's injustice, but also such preparation for useful manhood as wise direction of studies, stimulating counsel, and useful examples can bestow.

From the humble joys and griefs of Hazledean, we accompany Leonard to the busy industrial centre of Screwton, where the Americanised Richard Aveling with his big factory is successfully demolishing his smaller rivals, and eulogising competition, until a larger capitalist with a more huge establishment drives him into the clutches of money-lenders, near to that bourne of competition — bankruptcy — and so changes his opinions that a combination is effected, ruin averted, and prosperity assured. Meanwhile the new man is busy forcing himself into importance, building up a political machine after the American plan, securing a prominent

position in the social coterie, abusing the aristocracy and yearning for a title, and by his energy and example transforming the appearance of the place: "There was not a plate-glass window in the town when I came into it, and now look down the High street."

Thence we journey to London, the converging point of the agencies which influence civilization, with its splendid rewards for the successful, and its river for those who fail. There we encounter those diverse examples of journalism, the improvident, gifted Burley and the prudent, matter-of-fact Norreys. There the bland Levy is useful and accommodating to spendthrift youths, gathering to himself their substance, but not their respect, and using for further aggrandisement the power which loans have made him master of. And there practical life has its characteristic representative and victim in Audley Egerton, the apparently prosperous, satisfied, and envied minister, to whom official life has become a necessity, and who in laboring for the welfare of the state, has sacrificed fortune, health, and happiness, without securing contentment.

A brilliant example of the figure to which the Latin rhetoricians gave the name of *expectatio*, occurs in the persentation of Harley L'Estrange, the hero of *My Novel*. He is spoken of, referred to, or described in every book, and each time our curiosity and interest are increased.

In the fifth book we meet him, and note that he is odd, tactful, kindly, and considerate. Every succeeding book adds to our knowledge of his lovable disposition, tenacity of affection, and natural ability, and gradually

we are made aware that he possesses also the powers and capacities of a leader and manager of men. Violante's peril energises all his faculties. His indifference disappears, he becomes active, resourceful, quick in his penetration into character and motive, fertile and ingenious in counterplot and plan, and expeditious in execution. From thenceforth he is the commanding figure, surpassing, versatile, excellent in all his acts, and as terrible and irresistible as Achilles.

In Harley L'Estrange are combined unvarying honor, wide culture, dauntless courage, and courteous deportment. He is constant in friendship, beneficent and sympathetic always, active wherever good needs aid or evil calls for resistance, and displaying magnificent capacity when occasion demands its exercise.

Genius has a deserved and worthy position in our esteem. The land-owner, earnest and constant in improving his estate and ameliorating the condition of his tenants, wins our commendation; the successful manufacturer makes his usefulness evident, attains position, and commands respect; the practical man, regarding loyalty to his party, thoroughness in the discharge of his duties, and even the sacrifice of private life, as the necessary conditions of his career, receives our cordial approval and praise; but the gentleman is the flower of civilized life, and for him we feel at once admiration and reverence. In the poet, the squire, the trader, the statesman, the qualities shown in departmental vocations engage our regard; but L'Estrange is great in every emergency or duty, and the range of these calls out a wide variety of powers.

When his early disappointment caused self blame and regret and sorrow, it was in active warfare that he sought relief from bitter memories, and on many a field he found fame, but not consolation. When his Italian friend, disregarding his warnings against the rash schemes of revolutionists, found himself deserted, betrayed, and proscribed, his escape was facilitated by L'Estrange's timely and desperate interference. And later Riccabocca's restoration was effected as a result of the unrelaxing labors of the Englishman. The soldier's child found in him a guardian, and the despondent poet a friend. And always, from schoolboy days onward, his affection for Egerton continued unabated, unclouded, until the late-found record revealed the groundlessness of his regrets, and the treachery of his chosen friend. Then in the revulsion of his feelings he plans a crushing revenge on the man who had deceived him, which, however strong his justification, would have sullied his honor, and demeaned him. His triumph over himself, aided somewhat by religion, more by love, is his greatest and worthiest achievement. That contest with his evil purpose, resulting in the interview and reconciliation with Egerton, is matchless for intensity and restraint, and from it with all hateful memories banished, friendship renewed, and self-respect restored he hastens to do and undo; secures Egerton's election, exposes the machinations of Randal, presents Leonard to his father, and wins in Violante a bride who, exalting and inspiring, gives what had hitherto been lacking — purpose and motive for sustained participation in the great activities of life.

Audley Egerton, contrasting the frank, open, and sympathetic L'Estrange, is reserved, austere, and formal. He has attained to power and influence with the party to whose interests he has devoted time, wealth, energy, and thought. Solitary and unemotional as he seems, it was nevertheless as an escape from memories of a loss which blighted all possibilities of joy that he threw himself into a political career, and sought escape from private life by devoting himself to the arid routine of Parliament. As a member of the Cabinet, weighty in debate, clear sighted in his views, irreproachable in conduct, and lavish in expenditure, he has become an important, respected, and envied man; yet one transgression in a life otherwise flawless has deprived success of all satisfaction. In a mission honestly undertaken in the service of L'Estrange, under the stress of passion and surprise, he betrayed his friend, trusting that the future would provide occasion for confession and forgiveness. That time never arrives; and the proud and honored statesman suffers and fears, for his deceit may be discovered, and the only man whose good opinion he values has the right to despise him.

Careless of all else than the esteem of his friend, Egerton allows his wealth to waste, and has to resort to the money-lender. His health becomes impaired, but nothing in his bearing or conduct reveals these misfortunes. He continues to appear rich, strong, honorable.

When circumstances make L'Estrange aware that his remorse was groundless and his chosen friend a deceiver, in his wrath he devises and begins to carry out a retaliatory deceit which would leave Egerton bankrupt of

means and reputation; but after an interview with Audley, all desire for revenge passes away, the brief estrangement ends in a deeper affection, and L'Estrange secures the triumph instead of the humiliation of his friend.

And when the election has closed and Egerton is victorious, when brighter prospects are opening, higher position and greater honors assured, and two homes await him, death strides into the circle and for ever closes against him the path to the missed and pined for private life.

In the history of Leonard, the progress of genius is illustrated. From contemplation, reverie, and solitude it passes to the actual and positive, in which uncongenial field it perceives the common and ignoble springs of action, sees ambition leagued with selfseeking, and love a matter of calculation; is bullied and buffeted and commanded, until natural affection being menaced, genius resigns its apparently advantageous prospects, and goes on its way to a larger destiny. Even when its own path is clouded and uncertain, it accepts responsibility and affords help to the forlorn. In the practical world, though rarely recognised, it bears its part; strives, suffers, and grows, deriving benefit both from its own errors and failures and from these which it witnesses in others.

Presently it is put to school with experience, is taught method and acquires discipline, and then the results of patient observation and severe thought are given to the world effectively and with success. Always while fulfilling its own purposes and acquiring fuller knowl-

edge of things material to itself, it aids and benefits others; and still, as it is subjected to more bitter trials, its natural dignity and nobility enable it to submit to the sacrifice of ambition and even of hope, but ultimately the path it follows leads to serenity, satisfaction, and content.

Randal Leslie is described and dissected with elaborate care; an egotist regarding his own interest solely, oblivious of duty and its claims, devoting his undeniable ability to the base purpose of turning knowledge into power. His innate selfishness is displayed in the first action we see him perform, that of removing the crossing-stones at the ford. He intends to return by another way, and the needs of others do not concern him. His slovenly home has no humanising influence over him, though to restore that home to its former prosperity is the object he sets before him. For the prosperous he has only envy, for the unfortunate no consideration. He betrays the poor exile to his foe, and assists in Pescheira's villainy for a reward; he plots the ruin of his friend, and seeks to profit by the defeat of his patron. He covets wealth and position, and for these he schemes tirelessly and unscrupulously and comes very near success, only to fail as miserably and irretrievably as history shows his kind—the Borgias and Richards—always fail. Intellectual power stripped of beneficence resembles the principle of evil, and as Parson Dale points out, even he was a failure.

Violante, who grows from affectionate childhood into regal beauty during the progress of the work, is the typical inspirer to high deeds and noble purposes. She

regretted being a useless girl because a woman sighs "I wish," but a man should say "I will." To her the contented and inactive appeared little less unworthy than the mean. United to L'Estrange, she revived his love of fame, and strengthened it into purposeful act, shared his labors, gloried in his triumphs, and found blessing in the new pride which his parents felt in him, who now fulfilled the promise of his youth, because he had found what he then sought in vain.

Helen is more retiring than Violante. Her early experiences of life's hardships which developed the woman in her before childhood had passed, has stilled all ambition, either for herself or for others. But it has also made her firm in will, thoughtful for others, and compassionate to all. Under her prudent rule no household cares will ever trouble her poet-husband. The serenity essential to the production of all great work will be his always, and though critics may assail and lampoon, their malice will never affect the home where woman the comforter reigns.

Nora Aveling, whose tragic history connects the various fates of the characters whose lives and acts we are made acquainted with, affects each of those who meet or learn of her, as poetry influences its readers. She awakens mind in the peasant-lover, and genius in the boy who knows not that he is her son. She induces melancholy and inaction in the brilliant L'Estrange, impels to ceaseless toil for unobtainable forgetfulness the ambitious Egerton; inspires jealousy and envy in the unscrupulous Levy, and gives solace to the disappointed and beaten Burley. And as the unhappy fate of a poet

often gains a more lasting regard for his works, so it is the pitiful ending of Nora's life which intensifies the spell of her memory.

The composition of *My Novel* was begun in 1849, when Bulwer was a sojourner at Nice. After appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, it was published in 1853.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

WHAT will he do with it? is the oft recurring question in respect of the opportunities and acquisitions of the several persons whose actions give interest to a work which sets before us a number of unusually engaging characters, describes their attitude toward society, which has not used them well, explains the motives and consequences of renunciations which in the instances of those most prominently depicted have been extraordinary, and presents some rare examples of human affection.

A great orator and parliamentarian abandons his career and foregoes the purpose to which he had devoted all his powers, because the woman he loved proved faithless. An honorable man steps from his place among gentlemen and accepts the stigma and punishment of a convicted felon, from parental devotion; and a woman of culture and refinement relinquishes all her prospects and possibilities, and dedicates her life to the task of thwarting the designs of the lawless ingrate who had been the lover of her youth, winning him back to decency.

In plot and construction the work is flawless, its personages are consistently and adequately developed, the observations on man and conduct are astute and illuminating, and the descriptions of scenery, which evince a

wistful fondness for out-of-door objects, though brief are many.

That sorrows and calamities may have a beneficent mission and be salutary agencies when properly examined, is the lesson of the story, which in following the rising fortunes of Lionel Haughton finds in the succession of persons with whom he is brought in contact the materials here elaborated into a very powerful whole.

Piquant headings precede each chapter; the incidents are abundant, novel, and varied; there are many masterly descriptions and impassioned scenes, a satirical account of the house of Vipont considered as an entity, maintaining its importance and increasing its influence through the centuries, which suggests a new possibility in historical writing; and a matchless portrayal of three society beauties.

These however are all subsidiary to the delineation and development of characters of striking originality, whose respective strengths and weaknesses are unfolded with a fulness proportioned to their importance in the narrative.

Guy Darrell is one of Bulwer's grandest creations. The depiction of a great man, no longer young, yet subject to the passion which woman inspires, is fraught with difficulties; for as years advance, love usually subsides into its proper place as but one (and that not the most important) of life's experiences; and its persistence as a master-force may reasonably be regarded as an evidence of weakness in its mature victim. Yet no suggestion of the ridiculous attaches to this portrait. Darrell's dignity is never detracted from, nor does the re-

spect he commands suffer any derogation, and the interest he inspires is preserved unimpaired to the end.

The descendant of a race more venerated for its decay, with collected purpose and resolute will he set himself single-handed to the task of undoing the work of ages, and restoring his line to its place of dignity in the land. A prosperous experience at the bar gave him wealth; as an orator in parliament he won fame; and just when a future of honor and power was opening to him, he suddenly withdrew from active life and secluded himself at his ancestral home. To the public, family bereavement accounted for his retirement, but the actual cause was the marriage of his betrothed to the Marquis of Montford, which blighted his hopes, left ambition objectless, and made him doubtful of all human faith; and though he preserved such silence about his attachment that his friends were unaware of it, it lasted in all its intensity. Nowhere could he find one whose attractions could banish the memory of her into whose hands he had given his future, and therefore the career sought with energy and advanced with success was voluntarily resigned for a home without neighbors and a hearth without children.

How important he would have made the Darrells is shown by the vast, unfinished, and abandoned mansion, with which he had intended to replace the unassuming manor house, and by the works of art collected for its adornment, now stowed away and neglected. House and treasures typical of the uncompleted life and fruitless attainments of the man.

That Darrell's reputation was not undeserved is made manifest to us by his impassioned earnestness, his felicitous quotations, the noble poetry of some of his utterances, his quick perceptions, his ability to praise, and also by his sensitiveness and ready response to all appeals to worthy emotions. His commanding presence, large information, and disciplined powers, are supplemented by his evident sincerity; and because he feels, he has the power to impress others.

The restoration which he undertook to accomplish was not an ignoble end, but it should have been but a portion of a larger purpose. It ought to have expanded into objects embracing humanity. And because his ambition was restricted to the mere building up of a house, it narrowed his usefulness and developed in him an inordinate pride. And all the sorrows of his life had been directed against that pride, and toward the frustration of that design. Because of his devotion to an ancestor's name he had sacrificed his own hold on the respect of the future without securing satisfaction in the present, and on the confines of age he reluctantly resigned his baffled purpose, and endeavored to content himself with the partial completion of his plans promised by the adoption and carrying forward of the Darrell name by his heir.

The natural nobility of the man is evidenced by the thoroughness with which he sacrifices his pride as soon as he realizes that it has been a fault, not a virtue, and his desire, when he sees that it stands in the way of the happiness of others. And as a consequence of his conquest of self, explanations become possible which prevent his

meditated expatriation, and render probable the completion of the unfinished house and the resumption of the suspended career.

William Losely, after taking upon himself the punishment for a crime committed by his son in the hope that his expiation might be rewarded by Jasper's redemption, finds that his sacrifice has been in vain. The boy-robber has grown into a hardened gloriator in infamy, and to save that son's child from her father, he takes charge of Sophy. Together they wander, seeking obscurity, hiding under other names, avoiding friendships, and resorting to varied shifts and ingenious expedients, in order to keep their whereabouts unknown. To earn a livelihood, he is by turns a strolling player, a demonstrator of animal sagacity, a pedlar, and a basket maker. Old, lame, one-eyed and poor, he neither complains nor regrets, but sees always that providence has been good to him, for his misfortunes have developed virtues and perceptions which his former life as genial boon companion and hanger-on of rural Thanes would have kept dormant for ever. In every evil he finds a compensating good, and though travel-worn and anxious, he keeps his fear to himself, jests about his troubles, and is always sunny and playful and tender.

The communion of these two, experienced age and affectionate childhood, is very beautiful. Equals in simplicity and trust, they confer together and plan, and comfort each other, she proud and delighted to take care of him, he choosing easy words to make his explanations clear. Differences in their views and judgments are indicated which jar with our theories of heredity, for he

loves acting because of the excitement, she is the part she assumes; and the pretense in life which he regards as fun is revolting to her because it is not truth.

By-and-by his innocence is made clear and his name assailed, without the guilty one being punished. He is restored to his rightful station and welcomed by old friends, and has other proofs that providence is good to him.

Arabella Crane suffered unpardonable wrongs because of her misplaced trust in Jasper, who basely deceived and deserted her. Years afterward she meets her recreant betrayer, changed from the all-attracting beauty of his youth, but still handsome and strong and fascinating. She endeavors to lead him into an honest way of life, and strives to make conditions pleasant for him, but his passion for gambling cannot be displaced by any tame occupation, and soon he reverts to his old habits; and after repeated oscillations between good and bad luck, each of which embruits him further, he joins in criminal schemes with others as reckless as himself.

Though her experiences with this magnificent good-for-nothing would justify hatred and revenge, this woman cherishes no thought of either. Her home is always open to him, and whenever he has no other shelter he returns to her. But she winds herself into all his confidences, and with abounding resourcefulness devotes her energies to the frustration of his villainies and the redemption of himself. She has taken his life into her keeping, and though all her labors to turn its course into safer channels end in disappointment, she never relinquishes the hope that he will be induced to reform.

Years of untiring vigilance avail nothing, but when at length the powerful brute is reduced to helplessness by paralysis, her hands close over him, she nurses and waits upon him, and finds joy and reward in the fact that he now needs her and misses her if she leaves him for a moment.

Jasper Losely, with splendid physical endowments and fitting education, from the lack of all moral qualities becomes a heart-breaker, a lady-killer, and a gambler, and has never a qualm of conscience on account of the miseries he causes. Selfish, wasteful, inconstant and ungrateful, there is nothing commendable about him, nor anything admirable save the strength and force which he abuses. Immediate gratification regardless of the future is all he cares for, and mean and paltry and brief, in comparison with what might have been, are his gains. Spendthrift, swindler, and dare-devil, hated by his fellow-bravos and a menace to all, this dreadnought comes to have a superstitious fear of his only friend, the woman he wronged and humiliated, who has saved him from dangers, and repaid his injuries with kindness. And his terror grows, for he finds that he cannot escape from her; and she masters and cows him, before the stroke which made the strong man weak, and afterward she constrains him into acts of confession and restitution, and causes him to desire the forgiveness of those he had wronged.

Alban Morley, soldier and gentleman, prudent, wise, disliking painful subjects but not sparing his own feelings when the relation of a pitiable history may be made an enduring warning against a dangerous folly; Vance,

the artist, who endures the crushing civility and condescension of fine lady patrons, and hugs his reputation for stinginess; Fairthorn, angular and shambling, so insignificant out of his art and so glorious in it; Rugge, the unwittingly comical tragedian, and his faithful Hag; these and others are minor personages, but we are made to know and understand them, and they have their part in the complications and circumstances which so frequently provoke the question, What Will He Do With It?

Serjeant Ballantine told Bulwer the story on which the history of William Losely is founded. Charles Dickens suggested the title of the work, which after appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine* was published in 1858.

A STRANGE STORY

A WEIRD creation, in whom is portrayed the coming man of wealth, who bears to his present representative a similar relation to that of the corporation of today to the individual tradesman of the past, is the most engrossing personage in *A Strange Story*. Margrave is the millionaire projected into futurity, with his methods, tendencies, and characteristics completed; his power and use of power developed from their present indications; and the result of the reciprocal action of these ultimates of conduct and faculties upon himself, realized.

The change wrought by commercialism upon the working many, who have been transformed by it from individual makers of things into mere portions of a vast machine which produces in large quantities, has been a fertile theme for writers. But the equally far-reaching alteration effected by the same agency in the position and potentialities of the few whom it enriches has received meagre attention.

When wealth was mainly acquired from the ownership of estates, cities, or governorships, the possessors were attached by duties and interests to the sources of their revenue. Because life was varied, active, and full, such men as the Medicis, Sforzas, and Southamptons, though their vices and faults often marred their repu-

tations, nevertheless developed in themselves an exquisite taste which stimulated others to produce great works. Gold being regarded as a means, not an end, the wealthy were the encouragers of scholars, artists, and constructors, and much which the world will not willingly let die owes its existence to their discrimination and liberality. Under such fostering care occurred the simultaneous flourishing of great artists, who made brief periods glorious, but were followed by a long succession of mediocrities; for grandeur of taste is necessary to grandeur of production, and when less admirable patrons preferred selfish to patriotic ends, or serving a political party to refining and ennobling a people, then the statue, the picture, the play, reverted to the commonplace.

The education and early training of these men were carefully attended to. The knightly injunction to reverence God and love the king was but part of a chivalrous code which made honorable, kindly, and courteous conduct habitual, and regarded cowardice and falsehood as disgraceful, and which, when instinctively observed, is the characteristic of all admirable people, to whom it is, as the flower to the plant, the completing crown.

Machiavelism introduced a vitiating but plausible creed, and showed apparent advantages in a policy of craft, deception, and hypocrisy. No permanent success was attained by those who adopted and practiced it, but the temporary advantage gained by subordinating the chivalrous dictates was disquieting; and the teachings of the author of "*The Prince*" have had an increasing influence with each succeeding generation.

Meanwhile commercialism has developed other sources

of wealth; and business, the field wherein rapid acquisition of riches is frequent, is one of the most attractive and promising careers, and therefore popular. But though trading can be conducted without infringement of the moral code, great fortunes cannot be accumulated in business where it is actively observed, and the ambitious youth finds its lessons encumbrances in practical commercial life. He must unlearn them, or make a continuous compromise between his creed and his practice, or not succeed.

For morality has no more connection with business than Christianity has with the multiplication table. The moral rules are based upon the injunction to "do unto others as ye would they should do unto you" and conflict with the business code which has for its foundation "let the buyer beware."

Rapid success being irreconcilable with strict and active adherence to the moral code, there results a gradual modification in the observance of it, and a final abandonment of all attempts to square the two; and he who most adroitly ignores the practice of morality in commercial dealing appears to acquire wealth most quickly.

Nevertheless the profitable exercise of such business methods is only possible so long as the masses of mankind are under the domination of morality; for if unethical practices were generally observed, the business man would be the first to suffer. Meanwhile he has a similar advantage to that formerly enjoyed by the mounted man-in-armor over the foot soldiers: his moving destroys them, they are powerless to injure him.

And that is the position of the modern man of wealth.

He is identified with vast undertakings, a busy, energetic person; inclined to overreach others, intent on crushing out competition, and striving to establish a monopoly — recognizing no connection between excessive profits and robbery, nor between adulteration of goods and dishonesty, nor between underpayment of wages and oppression, when practiced by himself; and regarding unduly the value and quantity of goods produced, careless of the wellbeing of the producer. But his personal interests are enlisted in his own undertakings, and with many shortcomings he is nevertheless a doer of great deeds, a builder of cities, a constructor of railroads, a developer, an improver. The extension of his business necessitates these things, therefore he undertakes them, and success gratifies him, therefore he completes them. Unencumbered with sympathy or beneficence, his policy secures a reputation for both. He has a suspicion that too much learning effemинates a man, so the education of his children is entrusted to sycophants and servants. He has slight affection for his home, and outside his office he is discontented and unhappy.

There is a different specimen — one utterly dissociated from business activity, the passive recipient of revenues from undertakings to which he contributes no service. He is usually an ostentatious spendthrift, but sometimes he covets a position of importance in the world of men, and strives to storm his way to it without success; then he subsides into a position in polite society, which opens to his golden key.

But business is constantly evolving towards larger possibilities, and the fortunes acquired through it grow

continually more colossal. The very nature of its magnates changes with the conditions, for the corporation ceases to reflect and express the thought of those to whom it owed its existence, and it constrains them to consider its continuance as the most important necessity. Reversing the pagan axiom, it becomes necessary to live, but not necessary to live nobly. What will be the character of the ultimate man of wealth, reared in its code, relieved of useful participation in its activities, aware of his power, and living in accordance with his training, his heredity, and his experiences?

That person is here displayed.

Margrave is fascinating, for he has read curiously, and travel has extended his knowledge; but he is unappreciative of art, and cares for science only in so far as it may be useful to him. He is young, healthy, enjoys life, can exert himself, and display energy in serving a friend. But he is cynically disdainful of what is right and just, has no veneration for what is good and great, and is without compassion. Animal life, no matter how innocent, is ruthlessly destroyed if it cause him pain, and the cry of a hurt child awakens no sympathy. He considers only his own welfare. All his faculties are directed to self-preservation, and whatever opposes or threatens his enjoyment arouses his hostility and is crushed, not by his direct act, but by others whom he constrains to do his will. He is dangerous, for he possesses powers by means of which he can control others, effect desires by the exercise of his will, and influence the minds of people at a distance. Ordinary means are futile when opposed to his designs, and only the outraged

man, who dares to act in ways not countenanced by society, can partially thwart his projects.

This portentous being, attracted by certain bold speculation in a recently published work, makes the acquaintance of its author, Allan Fenwick, an ardent scientist, and solicits his aid in certain investigations vital to himself, but seeming chimerical to the doctor, who declines the offer made for his services, but is willing to test gratuitously the discoveries he regards as childish. Circumstances arise which steel Fenwick's mind against Margrave, who then strives to gain his assistance by influencing him through the woman to whom he is betrothed. His success in this is not complete, but his machinations cause a serious impairment of Lilian's health, and Fenwick, soon after their marriage, believing that change of scene may be beneficial to her, leaves England and establishes a new home in Australia.

Margrave endeavors to find elsewhere the assistance he needs, but vainly; and after many attempts, in which his health becomes broken, he betakes himself to the present home of Fenwick. As a patient he gains the end he failed to buy as a patron, and the experiment is undertaken. Just when the last process in their task is nearing completion, a stampede of animals overthrows their instruments, wastes the results, and tramples Margrave to death.

Darkly impressive and soulless as Margrave appears, he is always the master-piece of living things, his wilfullness never chills our interest, his joy in the merely natural life has something of infection in it, and pity mingles with the awe aroused by his fate, when Ayesha

and her spectre-like attendant — Nature and her servant Death — gather him under the veil.

The marvelous vanishes from *A Strange Story* when its magic agencies are translated into terms associated with wealth. A business man whose prosperity is declining seeks to combine a less pretentious but more solid undertaking with his own. His unscrupulous methods are objected to and his overtures are declined. An employe of intimate and lengthy service is deputed to effect what the master had failed to accomplish, and with the assistance of an attendant — a fawning, supple, insinuating and entangling person — in other words an attorney — the business of this competitor is destroyed, his trade annexed, and a new corporation formed by joining the two, the successful trader controlling the stock and receiving the profits.

Henceforth he is a dual personage: himself, and that cold, bloodless emanation, the corporation, which is informed of his purposes and executes them, which may be questioned and make replies without his knowledge, and which acts in his interest at all times, irrespective of his presence or absence.

The scene in the museum represents the transition from individual to corporation, as instanced in the change from Grayle to Margrave, and indicates the accompanying alteration in character. A corporation being without beneficence and sympathy, he who is intimately allied with it acquires its selfish disregard for everything but permanence and success. Continued life and enjoyment become the sum of his desires.

The wand is the authority of office which may be reft

from the master without serious impairment of his interest, though it may transfer a little additional power to another. The ability to influence other minds results from the control of newspapers. Working through agents is effected by requiring certain services from representatives and employees. Baffling justice and putting the officers of the law to sleep are common practices with large corporations.

The loss of vigor resulting from the unsuccessful attempt to secure the property of the dervish has its parallel in capital squandered in the vain effort to crush a rival and appropriate his business.

To replenish the wealth thus depleted, a quicker method than the slow production of gold is conceived, something of vaster promise, more rapid in its effects, requiring for its elaboration the aid of unselfish fidelity and loyal daring. Which means that a new and imposing enterprise is inaugurated, in the formation of which the promoter enlists the services of two classes, one having familiarity with methods, to carry out his plans; the other possessing that combination of honor, integrity, and courage, which we call character, to disarm suspicion.

The formation of a monopoly arouses hostility on every hand, and though the investigations of great rivals may be ineffective, and their interference be stayed by the confronting of unimpeachable character, fidelity exhausts its influence vainly against the general public. The many, perhaps abetted by a rival, overthrow the scheme, prevent the acquisition of gain, and crush the promoters.

To reduce poetry to commonplace in this fashion would work havoc with any romance in which the interest depended upon the narrative only. But Margrave is the cause of numerous ingenious and suggestive guesses at riddles in nature and speculations on man and his future, and it was because these themes are grave and serious that a wondrous story was chosen for their enunciation. They are but guesses, for thinking is a process of comparisons, and where man cannot compare he cannot successfully reason. Just as we can speculate and conjecture about the ether of space but cannot think about it, so the soul and immortality elude our reasoning because we have nothing with which to satisfactorily compare them. We can only infer, suggestively argue, and guess.

And this method is followed in carrying out another and higher purpose of *A Strange Story*. Since nature gives no species instincts or impulses which are not of service to it, and man alone has the inherent capacity to receive the ideas of deity, soul, immortality; since his ability to comprehend these ideas and believe in them leads to that continued improvement which makes the difference between man and the beaver, the bee, the ant; it is contended that beside the physical and mental there is another life stored in man, and that we cannot by any known laws of mind or matter solve the riddles we meet in both, unless we admit the principle of soul.

Allan Fenwick is a vigorous and disciplined investigator, with the training of a physician and the learning of a professor. He is a rigid materialist, setting a high value on common sense, requiring absolute precision in

that which calls itself science, intolerant of any concession to sentiment, and contemptuous of the credulous. He has won some reputation by an essay on "Vital Force," and is engaged upon a more ambitious work in which he has exhaustively treated of man and his faculties, assigning to every power a physical origin, and circumscribing all man's interests to the life that has its close in the grave; mind being born from and nurtured by the material senses, acting through and perishing with the machine those senses moved, and soul being ignored as an unprovable superfluity.

It is one of the phenomena of our organization, that if we rivet prolonged attention on any part of the frame, an exhibition of morbid sensibility will be caused there. Even while penning the arguments by which he supports this limited view of man, Fenwick's own feelings suggest a doubt of their soundness, for he has become engaged to Lilian Ashleigh, and in his affection there is a desire for the eternal which his theories deny. And while brooding over his conception of man as a sensuous, soulless being, he is brought into contact with Margrave, young, full of life, with eccentric notions and vivacious egotism, who does not believe in soul, and acts and thinks as if he had none—the very embodiment of his own theory.

His intercourse with Margrave perplexes and humbles Fenwick, for continually his reason and his senses conflict. What he sees and hears impresses him as supernatural and therefore obnoxious to common sense, and the material explanations by which his experiences are resolvable fail to satisfy. He is harassed by the per-

petual struggle of antagonistic impressions. Believing that all man's knowledge comes from the senses, he finds that the senses can delude and cheat. Thus he is constrained to doubt the reliability of the very foundations of his belief.

Meanwhile his projects are arrested, and his life saddened by the failing health of his wife, which neither change of scene nor constant care avail to benefit. In a desperate effort to win renewed vigor for her, Fenwick agrees to assist Margrave in a task which that enigmatical creature is confident will secure a restoring elixir. The experiment fails, and all hope seems gone; for what can comfort the survivor if the dead die forever? Suddenly Fenwick recalls that man alone asks "do the dead die forever," that nature gives no instinct in vain, and that the very question prompted by that instinct disposes of the doubt.

It is not by the terrors of the forces roused by Margrave that Fenwick is brought to a belief which the one he had set forth in his book contradicted and denied; nor by the wisdom of sages, though the wise Faber adduces arguments from the works of a wide range of philosophers, and from his own experiences and cogitations; but by the sorrow, affection, and hope common to all mankind. It is a realization of the unavailing futility of all comfort if love is not eternal which brings Fenwick to a belief in a hereafter, and humbles him into a suppliant acknowledgment of a benignant and tender providence. The affection and hope of all who live and love is the justification of the belief in immortality.

Lilian Ashleigh is one in whom imagination is over-

stimulated, and reasoning neglected. She is therefore the antithesis of Fenwick, mystical where he is material. The two have need of each other, for in neither is there that wholesomeness of mind which accompanies the harmonious development of the whole. His suppression of imagination produces perplexity and necessitates the abandonment of his profession. Her abstraction from the world and indulgence in reverie lead to phantasy and the clouding of mind. But in the ideas of visionaries are the germs of possibilities which subjected to practical experiment develop into vast potentialities; and therefore Margrave recognizes in her a power which he seeks to control and direct solely to his own advantage. Finally by sorrow Lilian is taught that it is in this world that mortals must pass through that probation which fits them for the world of angels.

The matter-of-fact coterie of the Abbey Hill, with its Mrs. Colonel Poyntz, who by a woman's ways made her will supreme and gained the ends she schemed for, is the nearest approach to realism that Bulwer ever permitted himself to make. Its introduction serves to attach to the waking world characters and incidents otherwise more appropriate to dreamland.

Every marvel in *A Strange Story* has its warrant in the writings of mystics, but the art with which they are here brought together and made to serve other purposes beside furnishing a fascinating narrative and the skill with which mental perplexities are substituted for contending passions and made to afford sustained and engrossing interest are alike unique.

A Strange Story was first published in *All the Year*

Round. A novel called *A Day's Ride*, contributed by Charles Lever, failing to attract the readers, was hurried to a conclusion and Dickens applied to Bulwer for a romance for that periodical. This story, woven out of a dream that he had dreamed, was altered by its author to conform to the serial form of publication, and began in August, 1861. Concerning it Dickens wrote: "The exquisite art with which you have changed it and have overcome the difficulties of the mode of publication has fairly staggered me. I know pretty well what the difficulties are; and there is no other man who could have done it, I ween."

THE COMING RACE

THE COMING RACE, *Kenelm Chillingly*, and *The Parisians* are definitely related to each other in subject. Each deals with the views, theories, and movements contemporaneously advanced and advocated on such questions as the position of woman, marriage, religion, social organization, and government; but in the manner of treatment and presentation they differ entirely. *The Parisians* depicts the ferment of these new ideas in a community disposed to encourage them. *Kenelm Chillingly* shows the dis-harmony resulting when an individual endeavors to reconcile them with the facts and habits of life, and *The Coming Race*, in the guise of a description of a subterranean people of comparatively perfect civilization, pictures society as it would be were the dreams of the philosophers and reformers realized.

Utopias, where ingeniously devised plans of organization have changed the social and administrative arrangements in directions deemed advantageous by their discoverers, have often been described. In all of these, although a far-off country or island is selected for the new experiment, the ordinary natural conditions are predicated, and man remains essentially the same as we know him.

In *The Coming Race* another conception is worked out. Man has advanced and his surroundings are different.

The potent sun, the changing seasons, the ebb and flow of the great seas, and the energies and raptures they inspire are unknown, unknown, too, the powerful influence exerted by these on the character and life of the inhabitants of earth. There science and skill have surmounted unfavorable conditions, and a controlled, orderly, and effectual mastery of temperature and soil contrast our dependence upon and subjection to the crude and violent phenomena of sunshine, rain, wind, and tempest. They have modified whatever was harsh, and annihilated all that was irksome. Mechanical inventions have dispensed with the necessity for toil, and centuries of culture have crystallized serenity, contentment, and satisfaction into habits, and developed potentialities continually extending.

The story begins with a plausible incident. A mining engineer and an American acquaintance resolve to investigate the recesses of a jagged chasm, which has been revealed in piercing a new shaft in a deep mine. They make careful preparations for their descent and return, but the venture is disastrous and the American finds himself without means of escape, alone in a region which is brilliantly illuminated and evidently inhabited, for there are fields covered with a strange vegetation, and he hears the hum of voices, and sees buildings which must have been made by hand. Cautiously he advances along the lighted road toward a structure which has attracted his attention, from which emerges a form differing from all hitherto seen, in dress, height, and calmness of expression. This figure approaches and accosts him in an unknown tongue, his replies to which are not un-

derstood. He is led into the building, and by means of signs and sketches on the leaves of his pocket-book he accounts for his presence among them and shows how he came there. Conducted to a home of great magnificence, he is entertained as a guest, meets other individuals of this singular race, learns much about their habits, attainments, and way of life, and his explanations and descriptions of these are the substance of the book.

The Vril-ya, as the people of this region are called, are stronger of form, grander of aspect, taller, longer lived, and more immune against sickness than we are, and the women surpass the men in height, strength, and intellectual power. Their scientific attainments, their inventions and mastery of methods, have enabled them not only to ensure full productivity from their fields, but also to diffuse wide culture among all, supplemented by the financial independence of each. There is no right or duty from which either sex is excluded, and absolute equality prevails. Industry is concentrated upon agricultural production, manufacturing, and constructing. The lawyer has no existence, and the trader is an unimportant factor. The mischievous and unnecessary thus eliminated, organization is simplified, and effectiveness increased. Poverty is impossible and crime unknown, and there are no incentives to cupidity and ambition. Fame is not desired, great wealth is a disadvantage, and heroic excellence is not striven for, but the moral standard universally attained is high, and exquisite politeness, generosity of sentiment, and abundant leisure are general characteristics.

This felicitous state of existence is the result of con-

tinued effort in the direction of general well-being, persisted in for ages. Their wrangling period of history, which approximates to our present, ended some seven thousand years ago.

The Vril-ya define civilization as "the art of diffusing throughout a community the tranquil happiness which belongs to a virtuous and well-ordered household." In the government which is the agency for securing this end they dispense with argumentative assemblies, have departments which administer the several services, and unite all under one head, the "Tur," whose requests are implicitly obeyed. Such substitute for labor as the attention and supervision of machinery entails is performed by the young of both sexes, who are paid by the state so amply that each has earned a competence before arriving at maturity. The size of the community is limited to the number which its territory can adequately maintain, and their surplus population voluntarily emigrates to other districts, which are prepared for occupation beforehand.

They have perfected aviation, and in addition all use mechanical wings. These and their many other achievements have been made possible by the discovery, development, and application to an endless variety of uses, of a force mightier than electricity, called Vril. This is their source of light, and the motive power of their tools, machinery, and automata. It can be directed to destructive purposes, and also to the invigorating of life. Every person carries a slender staff in which is enclosed a device for impelling this fluid to the desired purpose, and constitutional peculiarities, transmitted and strength-

ened through generations, enable the Vril-ya to handle this instrument with ease and certainty.

Religion has been pruned of both dogma and ceremony by the adoption of a creed with an apprehensible formula, and the simplifying of worship into a brief devout observance free from pomp. They believe that there is a Divine being and a future state, but it is impossible for finite humanity to quicken our comprehension of the attributes and essence of the one, or throw any light upon the other. Therefore there is no discussion or argument on the subject. Their devotional services are short, because earnest abstraction from the actual world, if long continued, is not beneficial. And they consider that life once given, even to a plant, never perishes, but constantly advances in an infinite progression.

Woman's happiness is more dependent upon affection than man's, therefore it is her privilege to choose, woo, and win the partner she selects as husband. Marriages are made for three years, and being thus terminable, each makes such effort to deserve the other that their unions are singularly happy and usually last for life.

Research and improvement of machinery and plants are the objects to which their thoughtful attention is assiduously devoted. The methods and resources of art are utilized so far as they serve the purposes of science, but their modern pictures and plays are meagre in quantity and inferior in quality to those produced in a remote past, and their last poet was regarded as a person of unsound mind and maintained at the public expense. Works of imagination have lost all attraction, and they have no contemporaneous literature such as ours.

Though this race is so superior in accomplishments to all with whom experience or reading has acquainted us, it is nevertheless but an advanced variant of our own, and the natural law which impels towards the normal in the perpetuating of the species, which causes desire for what we lack rather than for that which is best, asserts itself with them as with us, and affection for the American stranger is awakened in the grandest, wisest, and strongest of the Gyei, and this brings peril to him. From the danger thus incurred Zee saves the man who cannot return her love, by reopening the chasm, and bearing him aloft to the mine workings from which he had descended to the land of the Vril-ya, and then sorrowfully returns to her own people.

In describing the practical operation of the system under which the highest form of civilization yet conceived by man flourishes and provides serenity, happiness, and freedom from anxiety, it is pointed out that some institutions have become extinct among the Vril-ya in the gradual progress to their present exalted condition; and thereby the necessary processes for accomplishing a similar improvement are suggested. These institutions are so strongly entrenched and exercise such power among us at present, that it is wisely intimated that thousands of years elapsed before the Vril-ya effected their removal.

The perfect State as outlined by philosophers will be one in which poverty and crime have been eliminated, labor minimized, and culture and well-being universally diffused.

These conditions are realized in *The Coming Race*,

and it is shown that as a necessary accompaniment many other things must be dispensed with.

Crime, poverty, punishment, disputation, theology, and war have been relegated to the realm of things that were; and with them fame, rewards, art, literature, and wealth have gone; for they had the same origin, and the existence of the one series is a consequence of the flourishing of the other. But multitudes of terrestrial peoples would hesitate to give up these, even though the sacrifice secured general immunity from the others.

The contrast between the Vril-ya and our modern state is always significant. They have no vocation for the lawyer, the trader, the priest, the poet, the painter; for science is supreme, and imagination is suppressed. The energies of all are turned into serviceable channels, and the tribute these classes would exact from the community is saved, and thus a competence is secured for each, and in its train other important boons. We perpetually increase the number of persons following these callings, and enlarge the varieties of each.

They have discarded, as ignoble and demoralizing, rewards and punishments, competition, and vying for superiority. We regard these as the necessary and desirable aids to progress and government.

With them the sexes are absolutely equal, but it is evident from their superior development that the Gyei first raised themselves to man's level by a continued cultivation of their intellectual faculties, physical powers, natural qualities of affection, amiability, and gentleness. Our women dislike study, abjure self-improvement, and find attraction only in frivolity.

They have simplified organization and reduced governmental functions, to light duties easily discharged by one man, who keeps in constant communication with the several services or departments. We add to the cost and complexities of administration, increase the number of officials, permit a steady usurpation of power by the governing class, and accord the ultimate decision on matters of importance to the brute force embodied in a majority.

The habits, thought, and aims of the Vril-ya comply with what sages have dreamed as the results of civilization carried to its ultimate. Intelligence, goodness, and ability are developed in all. There is no salient difference in virtue or attainments distinguishing one above another, and they have abundant leisure and repose. Our philosophers would shrink from a lengthened experience of that equable, serene existence, and as a boy in the company of elderly people feels constrained and longs for the playground, so would they yearn for a return to something less dull and unexciting; for the Vril-ya are mature, we but as boys.

Yet boyhood is teachable, and may be disciplined into a desired consummation. For that object it is needful that the end be not only kept in sight, but steadily approached. A rower may admire a noble view and wistfully exult in its beauty, while every stroke of his oars bears him farther away from it. If he would advance toward the prospect which pleases him, he must alter the direction of his boat. The attitude of mankind toward improvements in social arrangements is one of approval and desire, unaccompanied by any effort for at-

tainment. Indeed, general activities and developments are in the contrary direction.

In *The Coming Race* the general use of electricity for power and illuminating purposes was anticipated, for the arc-light, which preceded the incandescent lamp, did not appear in London until June, 1878. The telephone, to some extent an equivalent of contrivances common among the Vril-ya, was not invented until 1876, and aerial vehicles "resembling our boats, with helm, rudder, large wings as paddles, and a central machine worked by Vril," were not imitated until after the close of the nineteenth century.

The book was published anonymously by Blackwoods in 1871, and its authorship remained undiscovered until Bulwer's death; yet the first paragraph of the thirteenth chapter indicates clearly to anyone familiar with *A Strange Story* that the same writer produced both works.

EXCURSUS

That the golden age is before, not behind us, a reversal of the ancient teaching which Jackson of Exeter was the first to advance, is the view of the author of *The Coming Race*, and in elaborating his conception of what human societies such as now exist may under thoughtful guidance develop into, he shows some startling departures from our present institutions and practices, and describes a singular form of government operating through departments of service in constant communication with the head of the state.

In the community which Bulwer describes, financial independence is assured to every one and poverty is an impossible condition. The several departments of art have become pastime hobbies, the vocations of the priest, lawyer, and trader have been abolished and the machinery of government is of the simplest kind. The people have elaborate culture, abundant possessions, ample leisure, and enviable comforts, their wellbeing is provided for and their capacity for improvement safeguarded, for no deteriorating adulteration of the race is permitted.

These attainments are the result of the institution of a system of government which fulfils its purpose and gives satisfaction, but as a preliminary to its adoption the people gradually fitted themselves for it. The ex-

altation of the race preceded the improvement in conditions.

The important characteristic of this system is that it is based upon service and is scientific, just and simple. In these respects it greatly excels all existing institutions and the advisability of adopting some similar arrangement is worth consideration.

The change from a complex to a simple form of government, however desirable, must be a gradual and slow proceeding, and there is no country in which the present trend is not toward further multiplication of offices and departments. This is consequent upon all governments allowing an alliance of certain classes to be in the majority, and therefore able to increase their own power and secure their interests without regard to the common good. The composition of all administrative bodies favors this alliance and causes these abuses, and proposals for ameliorating conditions rarely extend beyond plans for securing a better representation of minorities which would increase the number of opinions obtaining advocacy, without effecting any transforming benefit.

By applying the principle of services and arranging for the representation of each and all of these, a vast and far-reaching improvement would be wrought. Impartial and united efforts for the common good would be facilitated and in the course of time become effective.

Representation on the principle of service means the election by each class in the commonwealth of members of that class to serve as its representatives.

A civilized community is composed of definite classes, just as distinctly as are species of animals and plants.

There is the Producer instanced by the farmer; the Manufacturer or transformer who takes one product and fabricates it into another, as the weaver with wool, or the miller with wheat; the Constructor who makes ships, machines, roads, furniture, or houses; the Transporter who moves things from one district or place to another by road, rail, or water; the Trader who facilitates the exchange of commodities or money, and who may be shopkeeper, stockbroker, or banker; the Trainer who is schoolmaster, physician, professor, or preacher; the Warden comprising the soldier, the policeman, the officers of courts, and judges; the Director, the ministers and administrative agents of governments. Another class not recognized in *The Coming Race* but existing and flourishing with us is the Amusers, writers, players, artists, and the like.

The usual formula for securing representation in the government prescribes that the voters residing in a given district shall elect a member to serve their interest in the legislature. This is unscientific and its results are unsatisfactory, for the trader and the lawyer secure an excessive representation and more useful classes receive none. In accordance with the principle of service, the method would be to instruct a given number of producers to send one of themselves, a like number of constructors to do the same, and so with all. Let each be represented in due proportion to its numerical importance by members of its own class, for none can have such complete and intimate acquaintance with its requirements. And instead of having numerous elections in limited areas, register the several members of each class, apportion the

proper number of representatives to which it is entitled, allow every member of the class to vote for the full number and declare those who receive the most votes the elected members. The larger area would ensure the choice of the most able: and thus the representation of classes which are enduring would supplant that of opinions which are fleeting. The monopoly of power by any one class would be prevented, and the most mischievous element in all governments — the lawyer — reduced to his proper position as a member of a mere subclass would be deprived of much of his power to harm.

The abolition of the callings of the priest, the lawyer, and the trader is a startling proposition, for we are accustomed to regard these as not only necessary but desirable, and each is supposed to discharge a useful service. Admitting this, it is yet possible that more satisfactory arrangements could be devised. Nothing ever is attempted with a view to a more economical or better execution of their functions. It is assumed that they must continue as now although each is overdone in the matter of numbers, faulty in the discharge of service, and extortionate in the emoluments exacted as remuneration. With the object of diffusing general well-being throughout a community, the classes which live upon others must be diminished both in numbers and rewards, for their flourishing reduces the prosperity of the community as a whole.

That the head of each family should be the priest of the household and religion a domestic observance neither ignored nor obtruded is “a consummation devoutly to be wished.” But under present circumstances with

many citizens indifferent about such matters, the prospect for advantageous change is a remote one, and under any conditions the intellectual and moral understanding of the masses must be trained and heightened before the caste which has arrogated unwarrantably the entire teaching of morality can be dispensed with. The number of ministers of the gospel is large, the results of their labors meagre, and the money devoted to their purposes is practically thrown away. Their sermons repel, and but for the musical and ceremonious accompaniments of their services they would have no audiences.

One of the causes of the indifference manifested to religious observance is the preacher himself. In the progress towards our present imperfect civilization man has passed through many stages. He was a hunter, a herdsman, and an agriculturist before he became a denizen of towns, and when facilities for these successive advances were lacking he stopped short in his development. The individual goes through analogous conditions. He is first a physical being with senses craving exercise and active play of limbs and muscles but without sentiment and inapt at reasoning. As he matures he becomes intellectual, and pictures, plays, poems, and objects of nature afford him keener joys than games and contests. Later an ethical sense is evolved, he reasons and discovers why things are good or otherwise, the beauty of the production of art, the justice of awards, the motive of actions, the appropriate, the wise, the noble appeal to and please him. Later still a spiritual stage is reached and the charm of all else fades before the interest af-

forged by consideration of the hereafter and kindred themes.

The complete being is he who has in proper order undergone these several experiences. We, however, train young men for the Christian ministry, suppressing their delight in physical feats, restricting their joys of emotion, and prematurely forcing a spiritual development without the intermediate growths, and as a result we get a sort of fourth sex, untactful, undiscriminating, strange creatures, who are coldly tolerated, when not avoided, by men. Be they never so young, these persons will give advice from their pulpits on every phase of the business of life. Generally tame and uninteresting, they sometimes become sensational, forget the injunction "Judge not" and evidence in themselves how familiarity with the Ten Commandments breeds contempt for the ninth. And they complain because their congregations are small.

If when the weight of years makes it advisable that scientists, professors, engineers, physicians, and other cultured individuals should be succeeded by younger and fresher men, the ministerial vocation were reserved as an honorable retirement for these, their special knowledge combined with their full experience of life would give to their discourses and admonitions weight, power, originality, and interest such as must ever be wanting in men educated for the pulpit. They would give dignity and importance to their office, and lift religion from its present sunken condition.

The legal profession is said to have among its follow-

ers many men of high honor and flawless conduct. These however are spectators, not participating in the services which attract attention because of the enormous fees received, and they are too few to modify to any great extent the characteristics of their class. The lawyer has changed the very nature of his calling from what it was originally. He is no longer, in anything but pretense, an officer actually assisting in the dispensation of justice, but rather an instrument for corrupting and perverting it. To exterminate the entire class has been suggested as the quickest and surest way to reduce crime. Pending that drastic step, they should be debarred from all judicial office, because their fondness for quibble and technicality makes them foes to justice; legislative positions should be withheld from them, for a fee will influence their vote. Military training would acquaint them with honor and an improvement in their general conduct would be effected by dispensing with their forensic displays, and requiring the presentation of arguments in writing. Additional benefits would result from compelling them to be respectful in cross examination, and fixing their remuneration by a scale prohibitive of the extravagance now rampant.

The Trader's interests are so well guarded that any attempt to limit his activity seems foredoomed to failure. Because of his relation to the producer, manufacturer, and constructor, he receives credit for their achievements, and they are blamed for many of his wrongdoings. Every kind of production is subject to his manipulations. The fluctuations of the stockmarket are influenced by him, the heaviest fees to lawyers are paid by

him, and in the legislature he has most of the representation. His service to the community, nevertheless, is only that of supplying the place of barter, for which he provides a cumbersome and unscientific substitute, with unnecessary departments and duplications providing opportunity for fraud, and excessively expensive. Not the best discharge of duty, but the securing of profit is the object for which he strives.

In money-lending, a difference is recognized between interest, and excessive interest which is called usury and legislated against by many governments. No distinction is drawn between profits and excessive profit, although some articles in passing from producer to consumer are trebled in price. To buy cheap and sell dear is the practice of the trader, and the legitimate excuse for his existence as a class is lost sight of.

In the manufacture of commodities cost has been reduced by method, organization, and invention. A factory, like a piece of machinery, progresses by eliminating and displacing the unnecessary and attaining greater simplicity and economy. The trader reverses this procedure. Superfluous departments which may increase individual business but do not improve the conditions of exchange as a whole are continually added, the latest being the advertising agent. A dozen firms, any one of which could adequately supply the wants of the community in its line of business, have duplicate establishments and equipments: and each goes over the same territory and sells a similar article, and the maintenance of all is drawn from the community in the shape of profits.

The lack of comprehensive method, the disregard for economical organization and management, the multiplicity of unnecessary employes and the excessive rewards are enough to condemn the system under which the trader's duties are discharged, and there are other evils. By its extravagance and ostentation this class causes a universal rivalry in unthrift and luxury. The rapidity with which some of its members acquire enormous fortunes attracts from honorable callings, some who but for that lure might have chosen more useful pursuits. The apparent success of unscrupulous means, of which it presents numerous examples, has a demoralizing effect upon every other class. Its practice of extorting profits regardless of the worth of service is imitated, and its misrepresentations and extravagant use of superlatives in language are so general that they are regarded without disgust or reprobation as the natural accompaniments of business.

The trader's service to the state is poorly and clumsily discharged, and abominably overpaid, and the class is too numerous and powerful. The rest of the community is as Sindbad, and the trader is the old man of the sea.

Large organizations operating over an entire commonwealth, each distributing one class of commodities; eliminating travelers, advertisements, costly displays, unnecessary departments and the duplications of all these, would have advantages over the multiplicity of distributing agencies now existing just as the factory has over the small producer and machine production over hand labor. Wisely guarded these would supplant the trader to a great extent and benefit the commonwealth. If

governments fostered and encouraged the formation of such trusts and also provided for the gradual acquirement, by the state, of their possession and powers, by some such means as requiring the surrender of one per cent of their stock yearly as a tax, with proportionate representation in the directorate as soon as one-fourth of the stock has become the property of the state, the superior efficiency and economy would be preserved and the objectionable possibilities minimized.

And in addition to their usual shares which are assumed to represent an actual investment, all privileged corporations should be required to assume a further responsibility, in the shape of another capital stock of equal amounts to be retained in their treasury, the revenues from it to be given to every employe in the proportion of one share yearly until the completion of a stated number of years' service, after which without further labor on his part, the income should continue until the worker's death, the shares thereupon reverting to the corporation for issuance to other employes. This amelioration of the condition of the toilers would mean the diversion of much of the natural increment of the value of their undertaking from the owners, but in the abolition of the unrest which results from the worker having no share in that enhancement now, and the relief from the constant dependence under which he suffers, there would be a compensating gain. He would be interested in the careful and economical discharge of his duties, and the resort to strikes would have less justification.

A more frank recognition of labor unions would be

necessary under this arrangement. The workers would acquire some representation on the board of directors, and as a counterpoise to the power the unions would thus possess, the duty of ensuring and enforcing efficient and adequate execution of work by the members should be undertaken by the labor unions.

A good government should provide for the protection, safety, and advancement of its citizens, and it should secure an equal diffusion of instruction, employment, and comfort among all. This could be accomplished under an organization on the principle of service.

At present, the expansion of foreign commerce and the prosperity of the trader receive more thought and furtherance than the development of a fine race. Indeed, in the desire to foster trade, the native race has become a matter of indifference, and cheap labor, even if of alien extraction, is welcomed and encouraged. Whatever the theoretical definition of the function of the world's various governments may be at present, the problem they all seek to solve is how can our country be made most absolutely the slave for all the others? How ignoble, mean, and contemptible such an ambition really is, will be better comprehended when thus bluntly worded.

KENELM CHILLINGLY

EVERELY simple in plot and construction, dispensing with the dramatic effects of situation or opposed and conflicting characters, drawing its interest from the antagonism between the man and the new teachings, and recording opinions in greater fullness than adventures; concentrating all unfolding depiction upon Kenelm, but sketching a number of individuals with a completeness proportioned to their influence on his development, and presenting an animated and aptly described succession of able and original figures — this work charms, not only by the freshness and vigor of its action and observations, but also because the author has interwoven some of his own fondnesses and beliefs into the history and character of Kenelm. Running water; the fountain; quiet English scenery; violets; Italy; the Thames; Westminster Bridge, Palace, and Abbey — these had always, for Bulwer, a fascinating attraction as gladness-givers for teachers, and *Kenelm Chillingly* contains the last expression of his affection for them; and the judgments on art, literature, and life which abound in the work, however appropriate to the hero, are the real and final views of Kenelm's creator.

The work is an arraignment of certain views and opinions rife at the time it was written, and more largely acted upon and avowed since. They are here displayed

as motives of conduct, and their pernicious tendencies are shown by the effects they produce on those who adopt them, in contrast to the more honorable and humane behavior of him whom they disgust and repel.

These reprobated but increasingly popular perversions of the lessons which time has sanctioned as wise and experience approved as beneficial, have their foundation in the methods and principles of trade which are steadily encroaching on all departments of human activity, and have already so far infected other callings that between man in his private character and in his public conduct, a line of demarcation has been drawn which is fraught with evil possibilities, and morally indefensible. The lawyer, the journalist, and the parliamentarian may act in their professional capacities wrongfully and unjustly, and be excused; while deeds of a like reprehensible kind perpetrated in the social circles of their friends would cause irretrievable disgrace and shame.

In *Kenelm Chillingly* the insincerity which thus becomes a characteristic of many who engage in serving the public is exemplified in the member of parliament whose reason approves one line of action, but who nevertheless speaks and votes against his belief, because his party having adopted an unwise measure which his constituents clamor for, his career would be jeopardized if he manifested any hostility toward the proposed change; the journal-owner whose paper blames everybody to the end that it may have plenty of readers, disregards justice and honor, criticises every institution destructively, but never suggests an improvement, and endeavors to crush or undermine the reputation of those who are ob-

jectionable to its contributors or policy; the reviewer who, disdaining the canons applicable to the literary productions of all time, gives his adherence to some transient fad and appraises the works which come before him in accordance with the degree in which they comply with the methods of the school whose views he serves without believing in them.

Each of these is a model of rectitude in private life, but differentiating between his individual conduct and his public profession, and therefore acting under a dual standard of morality, the stricter reserved for social intercourse, the looser used in public life, which is regarded as business and pursued with the disregard of the common good which is usual in the various branches of trade.

The opinions which these men hold and advocate and by which they rule their conduct are all appeals to selfishness. Patriotism they scoff at as an obsolete prejudice standing in the way of free-trade and cheap labor. Love of country, care for its position among nations, zeal for its honor, and pride in its renown, are condemned as old-fashioned sentimentalities, the prestige of a country being a trivial asset not worth the cost of its maintenance. Ideals are ridiculed as unscientific, misleading and foolish, because it is better to know how contemptible and malicious men really are than to revere the heroic and strive to attain to it. They hold that it is the duty of an owner to get the fullest returns from his property, regardless of tenant or employe, for he is charged with the task of producing the maximum for the consumer, and the fate of the laborer is no concern

of his; that marriage is to be avoided because a wife is a costly encumbrance, and woman a simulating fraud and mischief-maker; that the democracy is omniscient, and when in the name of progress it demands changes or innovations, the legislator must facilitate their execution even though in his judgment the proposals are unwise.

In favor of these propositions much may be advanced. Nevertheless their general acceptance would demolish reverence for the past, discourage beneficent activity in the present, and destroy all worthy ambition and faith in the future. That they influence many now is a sign of retrogression, for all that we approve or enjoy today has been produced in scorn of such doctrines, and had our ancestors believed thus, their deeds and achievements would not have loomed so large in the vistas of history.

These articles of *The Trader's Creed* correctly reflect the appreciation of the commodity which furnishes a profit, over the human being whose labor made the commodity. The product receives greater consideration than the producer; and with the growth of the trader's influence, these views will become more general, and their effects more mischievous.

Kenelm is the representative of the class of English gentleman from which all modernism is a continued departure. Courage, honor, culture, and courtesy are to him more than mere names. Position is never used as an offensive privilege. He recognizes in every true man a brother; and he regards the mean, the sordid, and the selfish as contemptible. Though evading or declining

honorable and responsible duties, he yet does good, for his unostentatious acts are tactful and wise and his example is elevating and salutary.

Kenelm is an only son, heir to an ancient name and large estates. As a preparation for active life he is placed with a tutor who is an accomplished scholar, a man of the world and an authority on the new ideas, which he instils into his pupil with the definite purpose of equipping him for a successful public career. Kenelm by birth, rearing, and association has inherited and acquired the more chivalrous beliefs of his race. He is strong, well informed, capable of energetic exertion, and purposeful and thorough in all he undertakes. He is also sincere and truthful; and the lessons of his teacher, supplemented by the results of his observations of their effects on those who accept and practice them, instead of developing a desire for emulation, cause him to become contemptuous of fame, indifferent to the usual ambitions of men of his class, and unwilling to participate in their attempts to legislate and rule; for he is unselfish, patriotic, and has large sympathy with mankind. The falsity and active selfseeking which he sees everywhere cause a distaste for the circles in which deceits and pretenses abound. He declines all friendships, his recognized abilities have no vent, and he surrenders himself to a tranquil indifference, nothing being worth while, because action is more likely to do harm than good. So he becomes a contemplative, self-communing nurser of crotchets, a spectator instead of an actor, an old young man.

To dissipate the oddities which the conflict of new

ideas with old ones has produced in Kenelm, his father proposes a tour with friends in Europe. An accidental meeting with a wandering minstrel suggests a more promising experience, and alone and on foot the youth sets out on travels in his own country. His adventures are varied enough, and all tend toward the refutation of the lessons he acquired from Mr. Welby. Taught to regard everything with the scientist's eye, avoiding the imaginative and valuing only the actual, his views are widened by his discussions with the minstrel, who shows him that nature is more than a machine, that mankind readily and universally sympathizes with the unselfish and chivalrous, that imagining may be as instructive as reasoning, and is a more noble intellectual exercise. Everyone in whose behalf he interferes shows gratitude, appreciation, and desire to improve, and he finds that except in metropolitan coteries the doctrines with which he has been imbued have few adherents and little justification.

Cecilia Travers interests but does not yet attract him, for though he perceives that the many are worthy, he cannot regard duty with anything like enthusiasm because of the apparent hopelessness of effort against the ignoble. He meets Lily, the personification of romance, and his heart and mind are changed. An exalted conception of the purposes of life, and an eager desire to fulfill them is born of his love, and that his parents may be proud of his choice, he determines to engage in active affairs. The sorrow which follows, by showing how much each man has in common with his race, that no single

passion can be permitted lastingly to blight or monopolize a life, that humanity has claims on all its sons, and that in addition to sharing the common toils and griefs, he to whom ability is given is recreant to his trust unless he strive to work out for successive multitudes some joy or gladdening possession, arouses purpose in Kenelm, and in the interest of a wider circle than the home of his family, he resolves to cast aside the new ideas and earnestly work and battle for the old.

Lily Mordaunt is a creation as interesting as original, as far removed from reality as romance should ever be, wise though unschooled, perceiving intuitively what teaching rarely succeeds in rendering comprehensible, making all who know her happier and better, and accomplishing a task never undertaken before. Her family history, kept as a secret from herself, is a homily against the vicious ambition, too generally regarded as deserving of praise, against which Kenelm revolts, and which this work denounces: the ambition of the gentleman to exalt himself into a trader. The ruined tower and wrecked fortunes of the Fletwodes have reiterated mention long before the whole tragic story is related, because that vice is one against which repeated warnings are needed.

In Cecilia Travers is pictured an engaging type of woman, which is becoming more rare every day. Possessing talents yet unassuming, handsome but avoiding display, never trying to eclipse others nor to domineer, gentle, tender, sincere, of serene and cheerful temper and companionable disposition — the womanly woman,

who ennobles and exalts man's ambitions, inspires unhesitating trust, and makes Duty attractive, fascinating, and glorious.

The intimate and unaffected friendship between Sir Peter and Kenelm, who have many characteristics in common, reveals possibilities rarely realized in the relation between father and son. Each is to the other the dearest friend in the world, each understands the other, and in conversation or correspondence each is perfectly frank and confiding. Though the father's plans are often thwarted because of the son's oddities, he finds a compensating pleasure in yielding to the young man's wishes and assists in carrying them out, and when Kenelm divines any desire or purpose which Sir Peter on his account hesitates to suggest, he removes the difficulty by anticipating his father's request and proposing the doing of these things. The readiest way to Sir Peter's heart is to praise Kenelm, and he treats Cecilia as a daughter because he is aware of her affection for his son.

There is much delightful irony in the book, delightful because free from malice; several pretty little lyrics, and one impressive ballad.

The interior meaning of *Kenelm Chillingly* is that the imagination is as important a contributor to man's perceptions as the reason, and a more effective inspirer of his deeds and strivings. The realist's conceptions of man and his world are partial and incomplete, because derived from reasoning only. Art causes a modification in these views, by demonstrating the importance and influence of imagination.

And experience with men proves that they are responsive to unselfish appeals, capable of continued self sacrifice, desirous of good, and brotherly in sympathy and helpfulness.

Duty seen now is calmly viewed and estimated appreciatively, but awakens no enthusiasm.

Romance arouses imagination and a desire to propitiate and gratify friends by doing something of worth. Disappointment blots out this limited ambition.

Sorrow broadens the comprehension of life's privileges and responsibilities by the sympathy with all who suffer which it calls forth; makes labor for humanity's benefit a desired service; and by the grander views of life's realities which it bequeaths, stimulates to determined effort what was but desultory caprice; and by fitting man for beneficent action prepares that change in habit under which the discerned duty will have a calmer and more lasting attraction than even romance and beauty.

Kenelm Chillingly was written concurrently with *The Parisians*, and published in 1873 after its author's death.

THE PARISIANS

THE last days of Paris under Louis Napoleon; the unrecognized causes of the fall of the empire; and the changes wrought by the calamity in the character and disposition of the inhabitants of the city during the siege and its accompanying miseries, are among the subjects illustrated and illumined in *The Parisians*.

Under the autocratic rule of Louis Napoleon, France had reassumed her position among the great powers. Paris had been rebuilt on grander lines. The artisan had become consummate in skill and comfortable in circumstances. But these advantages and gains failed to conciliate the favor of the well-born, the cultivated, or the aspiring. For the most part these stood aloof, or gathered in coteries of Orleanists, Bourbons, Socialists, Republicans, and Revolutionists, each desiring a different condition, all endeavoring to discredit and undermine the existing government. The Emperor's policy of encouraging trade had given vocations and careers to thousands, and increased the number of millionaires, speculators, stock-brokers, and similar classes; and on their adherence and active support, and the loyalty of the army, his continuance in power mainly depended. But traders are ever timorous, unreliable, and over-concerned about their own welfare; and when adversity put their gratitude to the test, they were found wanting.

For many years the emperor had suffered from the most excruciating disease that a human being can be afflicted with. Physical agony, which benumbs the faculties, necessitated a delegation of his powers and duties to others. Aware of his feeble hold on life, and anxious to safeguard the sovereignty he had established, he sought to widen and strengthen its foundations, and therefore extended the liberty of the press, relinquished his hitherto absolute power, and instituted a government by ministers after the English pattern.

Paris looked upon these concessions as evidences of weakness. The new growth of journals encouraged and augmented the opposition. Mediocrities alone were available for a cabinet, the prestige of the government suffered by the division of authority, and it was weakened by what should have added strength.

And now Prussia determined that the resort to arms for which she had long been preparing should take place. The excuse for war in the first instance was furnished by conditions in Spain, but practically all France, eager to humiliate Prussia, united in the cry "on to Berlin," and the ministry caught the popular infection, and desired war. For three days the emperor withstood the noisy vituperation of Paris and the arguments of the cabinet. Then he yielded to their wishes and signed the declaration.

Meanwhile the trader had been fattening on the army. Fraud and jobbery had honey-combed the entire service, and the numbers of soldiers and their thorough armament, which as represented encouraged M. Ollivier to avow that "he entered upon war with a light heart,"

were soon found to be illusory, deceptive, and inadequate.

The Napoleonic tradition dictated that the emperor should accompany the army; and under the modified constitution the ministry was empowered to order, provide for, and decide upon all movements and actions of the forces in the field, and this gave occasion for divided counsels.

The accepted plan of campaign depended for its success upon quick army concentration and crossing the Rhine at Maxau, before the Prussians moved. But two weeks elapsed before the ministry supplied troops, and these were inadequate in numbers and deficient in equipment.

In rapidity of movement the Prussians outstripped the French, in discipline they excelled them. They were superior in numbers, and in singleness of purpose they had a further advantage, for the ministry at Paris overruled the generals in the field, and imposed upon them plans which resulted in an unheard-of series of reverses.

After a trivial victory at Saarbuck, in quick succession losses were sustained at Weissenberg, Woerth, and Forback, followed by the disastrous defeat at Sedan, where the sun of the Napoleonic dynasty went down in cloud and storm and carnage. For the empire fell when its founder surrendered his sword and became a prisoner of war.

Following the usual custom, upon realizing that their army had been defeated, the Parisians rose in revolt. The senate was dissolved, a republic proclaimed, and a provisional government assumed the duty of maintaining order and defending the city, which, surrounded by

a besieging army, remained shut off from civilization until starvation compelled surrender.

During the four months of complete isolation, the sufferings and dangers to which the citizens were subjected produced much disorder and outrage, but generally the finer elements of character were brought into evidence. Former exquisites and society favorites became ministrants of charity, volunteers for ambulance work, soldiers, and leaders in desperate sorties; delicate and tenderly nurtured women joined the ranks of nurses and attached themselves to hospitals; the churches were always filled, and a populace universally regarded as the most gay and careless, demonstrated that it could be devout, serious, and bravely indifferent to peril, discomfort, and privation.

In *The Parisians* the several aspects of French metropolitan life during the closing days of the second empire are depicted with an impartial discernment which combines an intimate knowledge of the various departments with an intelligent comprehension of their relative importance as parts of a whole. Attention is chiefly drawn to and care and thought bestowed upon, the worthy and admirable but not to the entire suppression of the vile and ignoble.

The plot of the work is a contributive rather than a fundamental source of interest, but it is marvellously ingenious and clever, of sufficient complexity to embrace over a score of characters, yet unconfused, clear, consistent in every detail, and conforming to the actual sequence of events.

The incidents succeed each other naturally and inevit-

ably, and are so diverse that while sometimes affording a pleased amusement, they more frequently arouse terror, sympathy, and pity. And always the event or subject discussed receives illumining elucidation from sagacious comment, or penetrative critical remarks. Thus the suggestive wisdom of the work is as marked as its masterly construction.

Representatives of the administrative, literary, enterprising, social, and revolutionary sections of the community are introduced, and we are made cognizant of the slender basis of popularity on which the apparently stable institution of government rests — its supporters apathetic and selfseeking when of influence; when enthusiastic neither inspiring confidence nor winning converts; and its foes numerous, active, and eager for its destruction, not agreeing upon any reasonable plan for a more acceptable system, but fostering dissatisfaction with the possibly pleasant order, in the expectation that from the Medea-caldron of its ruin, a rejuvenated France would arise.

The lively, pleasure-loving, fickle, inconsistent, and impulsive inhabitants of the perennially sumptuous and splendid city are first displayed in the enjoyment of the amazing prosperity and luxury resulting from the rule of Louis Napoleon, proudly conscious of their preëminence, and immoderately confident in their puissance and invincibility; then with their susceptibilities ruffled, regarding themselves as affronted, clamoring for war, and resenting all prudent dissuasion; again astounded and bewildered by the reiterated failures of their army, denouncing their rulers, accusing their gen-

erals, and applauding the magniloquence of mouth-fighters. Then suffering not only the privations caused by the iron ring of the conqueror's armed investment, but also the disorder and ruin consequent upon the substitution of mob rule for orderly government; and developing under these multiplied disasters patience, self-abnegation, modest heroism, and unselfish devotion—qualities latent in all Frenchmen, though ordinarily obscured in Paris by an affectation of frivolity and egotism, too generally accounted their real characteristics.

In the confidential search necessitated by the trust bequeathed to him, Graham Vane engages the services of M. Renard, and also enlists the aid of Frederic Lemerrier, whose large acquaintance and obliging disposition eminently fit him for assisting in Vane's difficult task. After much wearying delay a slight clue is found, and from this beginning, despite many checks and disappointments, other details are accumulated, and at last the tangled skein is unraveled.

In pursuing his investigations Vane frequents the social and literary circles of his friends, and penetrates into the region of the conspirators and revolutionists; and the persons met, whether in frank intercourse or casual contact, pass before us as a fairly representative panorama of Parisian life.

We see the high spirited young Marquis, fresh from his impoverished estate, rubbing off his Norman rusticity and much of his prudent thriftiness by contact with wealthier members of his class, blossoming naturally into the polished man of the world, anxious to serve his country, but finding no opportunity until France, need-

ing defenders, accepts him as a soldier; those paladins of the Bourse, the spectacular Louvier, and the generous Duplessis; the politic man of letters Savarin, cynical and satirical in opinion and observation but kindly in counsel and invariably genial, and the writers who cluster around him; the veteran De Breze, antagonizing the settled order and sighing for the past—his habit under every administration; the last new poet, with his songs to the “Ondine of Paris,” partly inspired by Julie, partly by absinthe; the brothers Raoul and En-guerrand, admirable in their every act, and however different in tastes and habits wholly alike in their devoted affection; Victor de Mauleon, former leader of fashion, now a sedate watcher of events, foreseeing change, bent on playing no unimportant part in the coming days, plotting and working against the rule which opposes his rise, and directing and inspiring those nurses of strife whom occasion and passion made the shakers of the throne—the mild Doctor of the Poor, the rash Dombinsky, Paul Grimm whom vanity made a conspirator (in that capacity he interested the ladies); Edgar Ferrier, versatile, daring, with madness in his blood; and the great hearted Monnier, who, taking from Rousseau many teachings to his injury, ignored the only safe maxim that deluder of youth ever put forth, “it is not permitted to an honest man to corrupt himself for the sake of others.”

These are but a few of the many uncommon figures, who play their parts and are involved in the tragedy of an empire’s fall. Three characters stand out in greater prominence than the rest. Their motives and purposes

are displayed and analyzed, and their portraits more fully elaborated. One illustrates the heroism of those who endured, at a time when action was productive of welter. A second shows the corrupting of a fine nature which follows its surrender to the stronger will of another, and illustrates the manipulated agencies by which revolutions are brought about. And the third is an example of the leader who by influence and personality causes others to do his will, not foreseeing the ultimate result, but sanguinely confident that it will provide opportunity for him.

Of these the first is Isaura Cicogna, who, resigning assured eminence as a songstress because she preferred to remain a woman, achieves a success equally mischievous when she essays authorship. She is patient, considerate, unselfish, and dominated by the sense of duty. When social customs interfere unreasonably with her desires, she neither rebels against nor ignores the tyrannous conventions, but recognizing that these protect and preserve all that makes life agreeable and safe, she conforms to the established rule, and foregoes the unaccompanied walks which had become a pleasure. Even when duty appears most stern and repellent, though the prospect causes her to shrink, she does not seek to evade the sacrifice.

Intuitively perceiving and desiring the noble and the good, with a mind naturally reverential, broadened by study, but never masculine in its judgments and appreciations, she is repelled from the strife for fame by witnessing the anguish and suffering which envy and jealousy cause in others of her sex who have succeeded as

writers and artists; and because a calmer existence, unembittered if undistinguished, has more charm for her, she welcomes a future which will require the sinking of the artist in the wife.

Isaura engages a larger measure of Bulwer's interest and regard than any other of his female creations. He shows a father's pride in her successes, a parent's solicitude in her griefs, dwells with a lingering fondness on her traits of mind and character, but hurries over the painful entanglement with Gustav Rameau.

The second of the great characters is the socialist, Armand Monnier. In the ranks of every association of reformers there are always a considerable number who have allied themselves with that particular movement not from a reasoned examination of its general propositions, but because of sympathy with its attack upon iniquitous conditions, or flagrant grievances, or intolerable wrongs.

Armand Monnier is one of these. Domestic complications have placed him in a quandary from which under existing conditions there is no escape. Socialism repudiates the forms and distinctions observed in the social system as at present constituted, therefore he calls himself a socialist. But as is the case with each adopter of that name, he formulates a distinct and special kind of socialism, differing in important details from every other, though having many beliefs in common with all. "Partly Arian, partly St. Simonian, with a little of Rousseau, and a great deal of Armand Monnier."

He is chivalrous, generous, and sincere, and his rough eloquence, heightened by burning passion, enables him

to move and command the masses. In his trade he is reliable and competent, and employment is always open to him; but when a strike is resolved upon he is loyal to his class, and needlessly joins the revolting workers, rouses and encourages them by his speeches, assists them from his savings. Recognizing in Jean Lebeau a purposeful leader whose aims in their early stages are identical with his own, he devotes himself to the service of that more able conspirator, and becomes one of the revolutionary committee.

When the Republic is proclaimed, it has no promise for him, and when Lebeau dismisses the council because of its disobedience, Monnier awakes to the fact that he has been used for purposes which do not advance his ideas, and then thrown aside as of no more value, and the knowledge humbles and crushes him. No longer proud, industrious, and enthusiastic, he sinks in his own esteem, and becomes reckless in conduct.

The deterioration of this grand creature proceeds rapidly. One by one his children are mercifully taken by death. The mother soon follows; and with only one object in life Monnier drags out the miserable days until chance shows him in the masterful soldier the misguiding Lebeau, and Victor de Mauleon is assassinated by the man he duped and abandoned.

Last of the three is the fascinating hero of the work, a brilliant embodiment of egotistical ambition and intellectual power, with much of frankness and kindly courtesy, great ability and redoubtable daring, combining secret conspiracy against the government and ruthless unconcern for the tools used and ruined. Contrasting

Isaura's loyal submission to authority and obedience to its dictates, he would sweep away whatever opposes his designs or impedes his progress. Yet neither in manner nor words is there any indication of the inflexible resolve and indomitable will of this strange man. His voice is attractive and pleasing, his demeanor suave and unpretentious. He possesses precisely the qualities requisite in a minister of the empire. In that capacity his abilities would have been exercised to the advantage of France; but by the irony of fate, he was debarred from it, and in this respect his position is typical of the relation between intellect and the government of Napolean the third.

The first act of the tragedy of Victor de Mauleon's life ended before the commencement of this history. His career as leader of fashion came to a disastrous end, and injurious charges against his honor had to be left to run their course, because his fortune was gone, and the proud man would tolerate no lesser position than that hitherto filled. More keenly felt than the busy slander or the loss of wealth was the ending of his engagement with the English girl whom he loved with all the ardor of his being, who now wrote him a cold farewell. That letter he preserved through all the vicissitudes of his life.

As Jean Lebeau he reenters Paris after years of exile. He has been a soldier in Algiers, a seeker of fortune in America, he has won a reputation for bravery and probity and amassed a modest competence. Behind the humble profession of a writer he hides his connection with revolutionary agents whom he directs and leads.

He decides to resume his name and station, and presents himself to M. Louvier, a friend of former days, explains the true history of the distorted events, submits his proofs, secures his aid, and learns something about his niece. Louvier calls together the friends and connections of the vicomte, and effects his restoration.

As Victor de Mauleon he again meets old friends. Many are cordial, some distant. One who owed life as well as success to the vicomte's generosity, refused his hand. But next morning this repentant ingrate, now a high court functionary, visits Victor and apologizes for his cowardice. From him the vicomte learns that the government will not accept his services, and would oppose him. Thenceforth his hostility to the government becomes more bold and damaging. The war begins, reverses cause revolt in Paris. Suddenly a republic is proclaimed. And he who most desired the downfall of the empire is most confounded by the result, which his own agents helped to bring about. He disbands the council — and as Jean Lebeau is seen no more.

His rank, his popularity and his experience as a soldier, make his rise to a command in the National Guard a matter of course. His battalion is the best drilled and presents the most orderly appearance. A sortie is ordered. In preparation for it the vicomte burns all his letters, lingering long over those from the English girl, but finally yielding them to the flames. With no farewell nor word of cheer he goes to his command, and brave deeds are done.

A dying nun who says she is the vicomte's niece sends for him. In response he goes to the convent. When the

Superieure enters, Victor recoils, for this majestic woman is the English girl whose tender letters he had long preserved. She informs him that his niece Louise died before his arrival, that a letter has been left which she gives him, and adds that she, the poor religieuse, has learned with joy that the honor — never doubted by her — has been vindicated, and that prayers for him are never by her omitted. Dazed, with every nerve quivering, and his heart dead within him, the vicomte proceeds to his work on the ramparts. Hurriedly he seeks to carry out the request contained in his niece's letter, and mechanically he pursues his duties. Though a mighty future seems to be awaiting him, the charm is gone. While aiding a poor doctor who had called his name aloud, he is stabbed by a wounded communist who dragged himself forward, plunged a dagger between De Mauleon's shoulders, and fell back dead. The vicomte's wound proved mortal, and thus master and agent perished together, having both outlived the desire for life.

Bulwer and Louis Napoleon were on friendly terms before either became famous, and the former was one of the very few who did not underestimate the ability and determination of the future emperor.

Napoleon the Third occupied his last night at Sedan with the perusal of *The Last of the Barons*. The volumes were left on the table of his room.

A few pages are lacking in *The Parisians*, but the author's custom of writing some of the ending before reaching it, which was followed in this instance, virtually gives completion to the work. The pen fell from his

hand while he was developing one of the quaintest situations ever conceived.

The Parisians was written while its author was also engaged upon *Kenelm Chillingly* and at least two other works. It appeared first in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was published in 1873.

PREREQUISITES TO GREAT PLAYS

FEW subjects have given more employment to the pens of essayists than the alleged decadence of English Acting Plays. The existing condition is usually viewed by writers as a lamentable decline from a naturally high standard, and by selecting a small percentage of the plays of the past and comparing these few with the many of the present, an apparent foundation for the charge of modern inferiority is obtained. Acting plays however, though immense in quantity are generally poor in quality and productions of remarkable worth have only for brief periods distinguished the theatre of any country. That great plays are rare variations from a standard far from high is proven by the hyperbolic laudation showered upon mediocre works. But each department of literature, and every branch of art, presents the same phenomena. A widened public now patronizes theatres, libraries, and studios; the crude avidity for amusement which animates its masses is more easily and profitably catered to than the taste of the discriminating few, and commercialism dominates the actions of producers and impels them to provide what they think the public wants rather than that which would improve and benefit.

In all productions with which man has concerned himself, animal, vegetable, or intellectual, though variations may occur the tendency of successive generations is to-

revert to the original or normal type, and only by persistent interference and contradiction of that tendency have superior forms been developed and continued. Natural selection results in the perpetuation of the normal, and left to themselves the horse, the sheep, the beet would inevitably breed back to their inferior progenitors.

That the play is subject to this law is shown by its history. Beginning with the goatsong and the bacchic procession it has at various times been raised to high importance, but these periods of exaltation have never been long continued. They have always followed a time of intense stress during which an entire people was subjected to the discipline and experience of anxious, exciting and perturbing circumstances, which elevated intellect, emotion and conduct by compelling habitual self control and austerity. Athenian tragedy followed the Persian invasion, the Augustan age succeeded the peril of Rome, the Spanish drama flourished after the expulsion of the Moors, the Elizabethan plays were produced subsequent to the defeat of the Armada. When a nation after sustaining a prolonged conflict with a powerful antagonist achieves a victorious peace the tense interest which produced seriousness and earnestness in all, affects the writers of that and the succeeding generation, and their works are lofty, serious, and vigorous. But with the cessation of the cause the effects gradually disappear, frivolity becomes increasingly congenial, heroic and tragic works cease to attract the many, authors conform to the changed requirements, and comic and whimsical productions attain an increasing popularity.

The first necessity for the production of great plays is a superior playwright. The advances made by mankind have resulted from the many learning from the few. Cecrops initiated the improvement of Attica. A school wherein the pupils decided upon their work and discipline without the direction and guidance of a teacher would not be a greater absurdity than many of the democratic devices for equalizing intelligence and opportunity. The utmost benefit attainable by such limiting methods is the codifying of technical rules by which a mechanical imitation of what has already been accomplished may be attempted, but further progress is impossible when the wise, the perceiving, the inventive, the able, are denied their proper vocation of pioneers to further development.

Another indispensable factor in creating and maintaining a high standard in acting plays is the existence of an audience with the training and capacity necessary for judging aright, and the disposition to be impartial or "biased less to censure than to praise." Nowhere save in ancient Athens could the general public be deemed capable of deciding on the merits of an artist's work, and there only citizens had a voice—the slaves were excluded. Literary productions depend for their immediate popularity upon the reception they receive from those who constitute the first tribunal to which they are submitted, and because of the cost of theatrical representations this is especially the case with a play. The praise of the few influences the many. Hence the important part played by cultured patrons in every brilliant literary era. When the few were scholars and gen-

temen great works received recognition and their authors were honored and encouraged. When a section of the fourth estate arrogated the right to forestall the judgment of audiences and readers a pernicious change was begun. As the number of professional reviewers has increased the quality of literary works has declined. Tragedy has vanished from the stage like a pleiad from the firmament.

A further requisite for the production of great plays — efficient actors — need not be enlarged upon, for if the other conditions existed, this would soon be forthcoming. But the play should be a great moral agent, and its instruments ought not to be startlingly defiant of social conventions, yet the present preference for sensational productions and dramas which glorify the wrong-doer and the weakling is not more characteristic than the disposition to substitute for trained players, recruits from the ranks of the notorious.

Nowhere is there any indication of such conditions as have in the past preceded the production of great literary works, and if the conditions are essential to the phenomena, there is no likelihood of any immediate era of plays of other than trivial and commonplace qualities.

The elevation of a nation in conduct and mental power is possible, for to some extent it has at times been achieved, but modern societies are averse to high intellectual training, the improvement of the race is regarded as of less consequence than the personal gratification of its present representatives, and the stoicism required in the continued culture of an individual or a nation, repels a generation intent upon having a good time. The demo-

cratizing trend everywhere impelling to a descent toward universal equality may reach that goal, and then begin a gradual reascension to more human conditions, but hitherto, democracy has always been a destroying force, creating nothing except the necessity for a tyranny as a stop to its degradations and an escape from its failures.

The conjunction of an able playwright and a competent and appreciative audience may be made ineffectual by press hostility. The greatest literary artist of the nineteenth century wrote a number of acting plays. The critics ridiculed and depreciated his every production. To gain a fair hearing it was necessary to conceal the authorship of one, which under the shelter of anonymity achieved an immense popularity. When its parentage became known, it was abused with redoubled but ineffectual fury. For four years he persisted, triumphing again and again. Having demonstrated his ability to succeed despite the press, and not being under the necessity of subjecting himself to malignant misrepresentation, he abandoned the field, although a series of works which he considered the best of his plays had never been performed.

Professional critics are the most imitative of created things; they consult and copy what others have said about a work, and the attitude adopted by the first is affected by the latest reviewer. The habit of abusing this writer and his productions, initiated by a gang of Alsatians, has been followed by every succeeding generation of reviewers. It had some provocation in the polit-

ical activities of its object. His advocacy of the repeal of the newspaper stamp duties, the act which he added to the statutes, prohibiting managers from appropriating without consent any published drama, and his attacks on the patents which limited the number of theatres in the metropolis, made him obnoxious to the owners of established monopolies, and they availed themselves of the chance to visit upon the playwright their dislike of the member of parliament, but this frenzy of vituperation had its chief cause in the fact that the author was a gentleman.

The republic of letters is in reality a congeries of tyrannies. Magazines, periodicals, and newspapers have acquired great power under the pretense of the moral purpose of elevating the taste of the public, but they are, one and all, commercial enterprises, and neither authors nor readers have any part in their management. Their morality and intellectual qualities are absolutely governed by considerations of revenue, and they favor or traduce as one or the other pays.

The worthlessness of professional reviews is attested by the fact that every generation relegates to a deserved oblivion the critical pronouncements of its predecessor. "Literary history is a series of judgments set aside."

The fault is only partially chargeable against the reviewers, who are but instruments carrying out the wishes of their employers. As conducted the thing itself is wrong, for it is the exercise of power without responsibility. That is the prerogative of devils, and men who usurp a similar privilege grow devilish in the process.

Rulers who become despots generally develop monstrous, vicious, and insensate proclivities, and a corresponding growth of evil dispositions shows itself in those who assume critical dictatorships on however small a scale. The possession of power unaccompanied by counterbalancing responsibility produces a species of vertigo in those who attain to it, and their acts and utterances are more frequently the indications of disease than the evidence of intellectual ability.

The desire for the unlimited liberty of the press is just as irrational as the demand for the free use of revolvers would be. It is not by such freedom that civilization advances, but by voluntary obedience to laws each of which is a limitation of liberty. Murder might result from the free use of revolvers. A worse crime is often committed by the press, for all must surrender life. Character and reputation which might be enduring are sometimes destroyed by journals.

The lack of a directive function in governments is evidenced by the lagging of protective legislation behind the need of it. The "thou shalt nots" wisely promulgated against the individual ought, long ago, to have been supplemented by inhibitions against the wrongful acts of periodicals and corporations, and the punishment for infringing these laws should be visited upon the owners, not the agents — the substance, not the shadow.

If the receiver of the profits accruing from journalistic immorality knew that he would be punished the practices would cease. Criticism would then become gentlemanly or be abandoned altogether — either alternative would be

an improvement. But as long as the hurried work of imperfectly disciplined journalists expressing the views dictated by proprietors is influential in deciding the fate of an artist's creation, there is no greater possibility of a series of noble plays being produced, than would attend the attempt to rear exotics in an exposed arctic climate.

BULWER'S CONNECTION WITH THE STAGE

HENRY REEVE records that when Sheridan Knowles was introduced to Bulwer, he said: "You, sir, lead a very artificial life; Shakespeare and I, sir, are the children of Nature."

The self-magnification illustrated by this story is characteristic, not only of Knowles but of almost all who have written about Bulwer and his plays. Between Shakespeare, Nature, and themselves reviewers discern some close affinity, but the author whose life, works, and relations to the men, measures, and circumstances of his time present more points of resemblance to Shakespeare than are to be found elsewhere, they consign to some inferior category, and refer to in pretentiously patronizing and condescensive terms.

Friendly relations with Mr. Macready, and admiration for that actor's gallant attempt to advance his art, turned Bulwer's attention to the stage, but the circumstances of the time influenced the shaping of the works, the selection of effects, and even the language in which they were expressed.

Prior to 1843 the presentation of dramas in London was a privilege restricted to two theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Consequent upon the monopoly they enjoyed these houses were so huge in size that what

was uttered on the stage was inaudible in some parts of the theatre. Spectacle was more popular than poetry, and exhibitions of trained animals were more profitable than plays. Performances commenced at seven, people were admitted at half price at nine, and often the entertainment comprised three plays. When *Money* was first produced, *Foreign Affairs*, and *The Boarding School* were included in the bill, and candles furnished the only light at the Haymarket until 1842.

Mr. Macready was a great actor and an accomplished scholar, somewhat imperious and self-opinionated, jealous of his prerogatives as head of his profession, and afflicted with an ungovernable temper, which caused him much mortification, for he was a pious man, and his stormy ebullitions were followed by periods of deep humiliation, contrition, and fears of divine wrath which his prayers could not assuage.

Ambitious to exalt the character of stage representations, he gathered around him a company of fairly competent players, gave admirable renderings of Shakespeare's greatest works, produced three of Byron's tragedies, and exerted himself to procure original compositions by contemporary authors. He asked Bulwer to write a play and in response *The Duchess de la Valliere* was completed and after extensive changes, received its first presentation January 4, 1837.

Its symmetry was destroyed by the alterations which increased the importance of the character which Macready assumed. It was dragged into a four hours' performance. And the parts of Lauzun and Louis XIV were execrably played. It did not find favor with the

public, and it gave opportunity for much journalistic abuse, sarcasm, and prophecy. After nine performances, which the manager wished to extend to twenty, it was withdrawn by the author.

In publishing the play, the changes made at Macready's request were discarded, and Bulwer recorded his conviction that performed as written, but with such deletions as would reduce it to the usual length of plays, it could be restored to the stage with every prospect of success.

On the fifteenth of January, 1838, *The Lady of Lyons* was produced at Covent Garden Theatre. The exclamation of the troubled manager whose theatrical ventures were causing anxiety and fear—"Oh! if I could only get a play like *The Honey-moon*," prompted the composition of the work, which was written in ten days, and given to Macready, who, displeased that in the fourth and fifth acts Pauline overshadows Melnotte, and dubious of its prospects, avoided incurring expense over it.

Press hostility to Bulwer precluded all possibility of other than dishonest criticism of any play by him, therefore the authorship of *The Lady of Lyons* was not confided to anyone but Macready. As the work of an unknown writer it achieved a marvellous success.

On the night of its first presentation, Bulwer was detained in the house of commons by a debate on reform in which he took part. Hurrying away he met Talfourd just come from Covent Garden and enquired about the new play. "Oh! it's very well for that sort of thing," the author of *Ion* replied. Arrived at the theatre Bul-

wer entered Lady Blessington's box, and was presently asked by Dickens what he thought of *The Lady*. "Oh! it's very well for that sort of thing," he repeated. Dickens expressed his astonishment at the lack of appreciation the remark indicated, and Lady Blessington said it was the first sign of jealousy she had seen in Bulwer. As soon as its favor with the public was secure, the author' name appeared on the playbills.

Richelieu was produced at Covent Garden Theatre March 7, 1839. The changes made in compliance with Macready's suggestions transformed the work. The principal character in the first draft became the De Mauprat of the play and the Cardinal was elaborated into the important figure to which all else are subsidiary. It was abundantly successful.

Under the title of *The Sea Captain*, the play later called *The Heir of Montreville*, and now known as *The Rightful Heir*, was given its first presentation at the Haymarket October 31, 1839. The actor required many changes which were made, and he assumed the part of the Heir and made it the important feature of the performance. The play pleased the public and gratified Macready but did not satisfy the author, who interrupted its run, withdrew and re-wrote it. The revised work is more compact in structure, its characters develop greater power and distinctness, and the action is less tumultuous than in the earlier version.

At the Haymarket the comedy of *Money* received its initial presentation December 8, 1840. In this instance whatever changes were made originated with the author. When he saw it in rehearsal, the interpretation of his

work displeased him so greatly that he was with difficulty deterred from withdrawing it, and the manager had to postpone the opening, drill his actors more thoroughly and make many modifications in the business of the piece. Its success was as great as that of its predecessors and it was played nightly until the close of the season.

Macready's retirement put an end to Bulwer's connection with the stage. In 1851 he wrote a comedy, which a distinguished company of amateurs, including Dickens, Forster, and Jerrold, acted at Devonshire House and elsewhere. But in the composition of *Not so bad as we Seem*, the idiosyncrasies of the several players, and their limited experience in an unfamiliar art, were kept in view, the powers of the actors were not overtaxed, and because it made no undue demand upon the abilities of the "splendid strollers" it was effectively performed.

Walpole, a three-act comedy in rhyme, was published without having been acted in 1869. *The House of Darnley*, an unfinished play with an incongruous fifth act by Mr. Coghlan, was performed by Mr. Hare's company in 1877, and *The Household Gods* was produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett in 1885.

These works are but a part of the plays written by Bulwer. References to *Hampden*; *Charles the First*; *Cromwell*; *Brutus*; *Oedypus*; and *The Captives* occur in the memoirs of contemporaries, and the Earl of Lytton speaks of a series of carefully completed plays all intended for the stage but never acted, and therefore never published.

"The playwright should consult his tools, the actors," says Goethe, for their practical knowledge of stage-craft enables them to estimate the effectiveness of groupings

and situations and they can often suggest improving changes in the arrangement and presentation of a play.

Bulwer complied with this condition and adapted his compositions to the views of Macready, accepting criticism and making extensive changes even when dissenting from the opinion which necessitated them. A comparison of the plays as written, with the versions made to conform with the manager's demands, shows that Macready's advice to Bulwer was invariably mischievous, that the actor lacked both nice perception of symmetry in construction and apprehension of the delicate relation of parts to the whole. Strength and power impressed him more than harmonious composition, and though sensible of the poetic his taste was faulty. In his production of *King Lear* he omitted the Fool. He misinterpreted the character of Sardanapalus in his presentation of Byron's tragedy, and he erred repeatedly in his estimate of the relative importance of the parts in some of Bulwer's plays. But Macready's greatness in his art is evidenced by the fact that every succeeding actor has copied his interpretations even when he was wrong.

A pardonable desire for self display, combined with a distrust of the abilities of his supporting company, caused him to insist upon the augmentation of the importance of the character he elected to personate regardless of other considerations, and his phenomenal ability frequently won success for plays thus mutilated. The important changes made by Bulwer at the request of Macready were generally unwise and injurious.

The Duchess de la Valliere was mangled, the third act being compressed into a single scene.

The Lady of Lyons was not subjected to any altera-

tion, for Macready was unprescient of its possibilities, took little trouble over its production, allowed it to be acted as written and experienced a double surprise when it proved popular and he realized that it was a gift. Later managers have dropped the first scene, thereby omitting the display of Pauline's haughtiness, which is the provoking cause of Beauseant's resentment, and depriving the audience of that glimpse of the unamiable beauty, which prepares them for the treatment Melnotte's messenger receives.

Richelieu was twice rewritten, and entirely transformed under the stimulus of Macready's criticisms and suggestions, and the resulting play is probably an improvement on the original design, although in plot and construction the work became more tenuous than any other of its author's productions.

The alterations in *The Sea Captain* enabled Macready to make his part the dominant feature of the performance, but that distorted the work, for the Countess-Mother is the greatest and most impressive character and, properly personated, the Poor Cousin would rival the Captain. Macready misjudged *Money* and instead of carrying out the author's purpose and treating Sir John Vesey as the master character, he transferred that dignity to the more amiable part of Alfred Evelyn, which he appropriated but disliked.

Of the many playwrights who had dealings with Macready, Bulwer alone never resented his criticisms and always respected his opinions. Their friendship continued through life. Macready was a frequent guest at

Knebworth, and Bulwer's admiration for the Roscius of his time never abated.

His experiences, however, destroyed whatever illusions he may once have had regarding the stage. He discouraged his son's desire to write plays. "It would absorb and vulgarize him. Its success has no honor nor renown and its damnation is infernal." To Sir William Fraser, who asked his counsel about a contemplated play, he said, "I feel sure that you would write a very good comedy. I feel, also, certain that you would sit in the stalls perspiring with horror at the manner in which it was played."

THE ACTING PLAY

A PLAY is a combination of poetry and spectacle representing and explaining an event or story which some interrupting incident complicates by causing a conflict of passions in the principal characters and suspending or changing the indicated consummation.

It appeals to the emotions, not to the intellect.

The characters are the most important evidences of the playwright's creative ability. They should be apprehensible possibilities but not recognizable familiars, and their actions and development should be consequences of the experiences to which they are subjected, their conduct under the changing circumstances conforming to what is regarded as probable.

To secure attention to the characters a play should contain not only a variety of appropriate and unusual incidents following each other naturally, and each having some effect upon the action, but also, situations emphasizing the salient points of the story, and providing occasion for the manifestation of emotions and passions, under the stress of which the characters are developed and the resulting consequences made to appear inevitable.

Concentration is the imperative necessity of the play. On the stage "life is the verb to do" and languor in action or excess in speech becomes tedious and destroys il-

lusion. Not only language and incidents, but even events must be condensed for the sake of effectiveness — a duel interests, but a battle only confuses.

A play addresses a large and miscellaneous audience, and gesture and movement accompany the spoken words, which should be consistent with the varying capacities of the characters represented, and convey a meaning easily understood by all. Subtle, super-refined and attenuated expressions may be properly used in private conversation, or where not the many but the one is addressed; to be effective in plays the language chosen must be bold, vigorous, terse, and dignified.

The players join the most fitting action of which they are capable to such perfect expression as they can command in performing the parts assigned to them, avoiding palpable imitation, for on the stage attitudes, movements, utterances, entrances and exits differ from those in actual life. Thinking aloud — soliloquizing — is an absurdity off the stage; there, it is not only effective and appropriate but conducive to rapidity of movement, since it allows of the revealing of purposes and feelings in less time than would be required for the unfolding of these in dialogue and action.

The players supply the physical qualities of the characters, and only slight deviations from the normal can be satisfactorily assumed; and the period of time represented as elapsing in a play must be a restricted one to allow of its adequate indication, because the simulation of the change in personal appearance resulting from the passing of years, severely tasks the actors' skill in a minor but necessary department.

The purpose of a play should be achieved by suggestion rather than by preaching. The results of habits and indulgencies, the effects of passions, and the importance of prudence and self-control — exhibited in the fates of the characters represented — have the superior effectiveness which example ever has over precept.

The heroic takes its inspiration from conduct transcending the ordinary in magnanimity and grandeur. Actions exceeding in ruthlessness and selfish purpose the common experiences of mankind originate the tragic. Incongruous lapses from the normal in appearance, dress, or behavior produce the comic.

Comedy leaves to the play the heroisms and crimes which because of their effects upon the race, need serious and impressive treatment; and, taking for its purposes the follies, vices, and affectations which are sins against society, assumes the duty of amending conduct while amusing the audiences it attracts; and by banter and ridicule seeks to make unpopular the practices it selects for satire.

It generally takes its illustrations from the generation contemporary with its production, but it is not debarred from availing itself of whatever advantage in costume or decoration a previous age may offer, nor are serious situations and dialogue excluded from its means and effects provided these arise naturally from the progress of the action. Its characters are generalizations from many individuals fused into typical specimens of classes. It is more familiar in manner and less compact in structure than the play and it makes use of surprise as an effect.

Only in the instances where the obnoxious propensities or absurd peculiarities which it ridicules perpetually recur, is comedy assured of more than a transient appreciation, and it is always subject to the disadvantage of having its purpose of amendment lost sight of or obscured because of its more evident aim of amusement.

THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE

AN early episode in that grandiose epic of artifice and intrigue—the reign of Louis the Fourteenth—furnished the material for the tragic play of *The Duchess de la Valliere*.

In the flush of his early successes, before glory had palled or power wearied, the gracious and idolized Louis showed his admiration for one of the ladies of the court, by promoting the young beauty who regretted that he was a king to the position of favorite, and making her a duchess.

The craving for amusement and change which grew with his increase in importance and magnificence and necessitated the transference of his court to the more imposing palace at Versailles, after a few years caused the Grand Monarque to transfer his favors and attention to the more pretentious Mme. de Montespan. The forsaken La Valliere thereupon took the veil and as a carmelite nun spent the remaining thirty years of her life in penance and austerities.

The play sets before us glimpses of that dazzling court where pomp, pageantry, ceremonial obsequiousness and the adulation of all who were distinguished by genius or beauty ministered to the egotism of a prepossessing and generous king whose enviable personal advantages were enhanced by his happy facility in uttering tactful com-

pliments, but whose mental resources were in pitiable contrast to the gorgeousness of his state.

The creatures of that court are displayed as brilliant, polished, but heartless schemers for place and power, skilled in flattery and intrigue, esteeming the privilege of being near the king as the height of human felicity, and regarding the world outside Versailles as rude, barbarous, and unworthy. For the rule of Louis the Fourteenth, consummating the policy of Richelieu, centralized power and authority in the king and made him not only the fountain of honor but also the dispenser of patronage and preferment, and the well-born who declined to debase themselves into courtiers were left without vocations, and as a consequence of careers being denied to all outside the monarch's silken circle active civic usefulness ceased to animate men and virtue died in women. This evil of despotism is illustrated in the characters of Mme. de Montespan and Lauzun. Beauty degraded into a plaything becomes wasteful, conscienceless, and flaunting. Intellect deprived of opportunity to ascend scintillates and corrupts in the dust.

La Valliere endured the splendor to which she had been advanced, but retained a keen sense of her equivocal position and never became indifferent to the reproaches her transgression deserved. The epithet tender was generally applied to her. A resigned sadness characterized her demeanor, she sought vainly for consolation, and her real feelings were a bitter commentary on the envy she excited. Her sacrifice was repaid by desertion and humiliation, and the cloister became a welcome refuge to the friendless and broken-spirited woman.

to whom the world had become distasteful because of her experience at Court.

La Vallieres are by no means rare in the ranks of young womanhood. A propensity to regard self-sacrifice as good in itself irrespective of its motive is common and in some instances induces a sanguine belief that such a proof of devotion will ensure a lasting reciprocation in affection, and the results are always disastrous. Those in whom the heart is stronger than the head have the greatest need of the protection which the conventions of society have established and in all cases where these usages are disregarded sorrow and misery are the consequences. This is the warning lesson of this play.

Bragelone is the finest and greatest of the characters, in him the disappearing old warrior nobles have a worthy representative, brave, loyal, unselfish, and sincere, his natural dignity and manliness brought into contact with the falsely-great humbles and reduces to their proper proportions both courtier and king. Lauzun in his presence shrinks into an ignoble jester, Louis is awed into a superstitious trembler. His only weakness is his ill-placed affection, and it is in conformity with the traditions of his class that when dishonor comes near him, he sickens of the world and adopts the cowl of the monk. Prompt in act, fearless and stern in the discharge of duty, he quits his military career to assume a humbler labor, denounces the monarch for his vices, shows La Valliere that to temporize is to be dishonest, and guides and aids her harsh journey through renunciation to repentance.

Lauzun has an importance beyond what is disclosed in

his easy and supercilious progress among courtiers whom he moves and uses and despises, for he shows what always happens to intellect when it is constrained to minister to the caprices of one instead of promoting the improvement of all. With capacities qualifying him for useful activity in the state, the circumstances of his time compel him to be a courtier, dwarf his powers and restrict his development until he becomes indifferent to all that is high and ennobling, scornful of virtue and content to gratify his vanity by sarcasm, scheme, and petty triumphs over insignificant rivals who nevertheless are able to irritate and thwart him.

The interest of the work is a consequence of the alternation of passions and mental struggles, love and conscience are in perpetual conflict in La Valliere, and loyalty contends with the sense of wrong in Bragelone. The strongest scene is that between king and monk, the effective situations are at the close of the second act and at the end of the play. The catastrophe — the self burial of a young and beautiful woman — is singularly awe-inspiring and impressive.

The play opens at the La Valliere home, an old chateau surrounded by vineyards and woods, near a river which reflects the setting sun, and neighboring a convent the turrets of which are visible in the distance. Mother and daughter are having their last evening together for on the morrow Louise goes to the court. Bragelone, her betrothed, enters, war calls him again, and he will not have to linger forlorn amidst the gloom her absence will cause. Their years are scarce well-mated, the soft spring in hers and o'er his summer already autumn creeps, but

her sire betrothed them, his heart has never wandered, and in her youth he hoards his own. And so well he loves that if her heart recoils from their union she need but speak and his suit will be dumb. She believes him the noblest of France's chivalry, has pride in his friendship, honor in his trust, but her heart whispers not the love which should be the answer to his, and wishing neither to pain nor deceive him she asks him to forget her. He finds that his soul is less heroic than he deemed it. He cannot accept this dismissal, he will be content to love and wait, absence will plead his cause, the contrast between the courtier-herd and one faithful to God, to glory and to her, will be in his favor and he will await the time when she will bid him not forget her. At the behest of her mother Louise places her scarf round Bragelone's hauberk, bidding him wear it for the sake of one who honors worth, and with restored hope the soldier departs.

Bertrand in the armory of the Castle of Bragelone is polishing a sword, a trenchant blade not of the modern fashion and therefore appropriate for his lord. There is a notch in it which he would not grind out, for it marks the stroke received when Bragelone saved the king. The warrior gladdens his old servitor by telling him that after this campaign they will find some nook wherein to hang their idle mail and rest from labor, and he charges Bertrand to train the woodbine around the western wing of the castle because she loves it.

In an antechamber at Fontainebleau Lauzun and Grammont converse about the court's new beauty and Lauzun begins plans for profiting by what he foresees

will be the result of La Valliere's innocent fancy for the king.

The next scene is at night in the gardens, which are brilliantly illuminated. The king enters, followed by his retinue. To Lauzun he expresses his interest in the youngest of the graces, fair La Valliere, and learns that in himself this young Dian sees the embodiment of her girlish dreams. While they converse La Valliere and other maids of honor are seen approaching, and monarch and duke hide in one of the bosquets. As the ladies pass, the king emerges, takes La Valliere's hand, owns that he has overheard her and prays that she will not divorce the thought of love from him who, faithful still to glory, swears that her heart is the fairest world a king could conquer. Beseeching him to forget her, protesting that she is but a simple girl who loves her king but honor more, La Valliere leaves him, his passion inflamed by her modest coyness.

The queen and her guests enter, and as a prelude to the banquet a diversion to shame the lottery of life is begun, the pavilion opens and discovers a temple with Fortune enthroned in the centre and on each side a vase over one of which merit presides and over the other honor. The guests draw lots from merit which are exchanged for gifts from fortune. The king draws and receives a diamond bracelet, which he clasps upon La Valliere. The court ladies utter depreciating comments upon the new favorite.

The second act begins in the gardens. Disquieting rumors have reached Bragelone, who has left the camp and sped hither. He will not even suspect La Valliere,

but he may warn and protect her. Lauzun in reply to his questions confirms the evil reports, rouses Bragelone's anger, is disarmed and forced to retire. La Valliere enters seeking the king. The soldier recalls to her the maid he loved, now advanced to too high a position for shame, and become the object of courtiers' envy. She declares the aspersions false and regrets that she came to court. Bragelone denounces the ungrateful monarch but is interrupted by her exclamations, and her agitation makes it plain that she loves Louis. Bragelone describes the ideal she had always embodied to him, the regard in which he had held her, the indulged hopes now overthrown. To lose her he could bear, but with his hopes he loses all confidence in virtue and is sick at heart. She pleads with him to advise and help her and be still the friend. She can fly from the dangers of the court to her mother. He answers that the king can reach her there, and that if she earnestly desires to fly from gorgeous infamy to tranquil honor the convent alone can shelter her. But she shrinks from the thought of the cloister where she would nevermore meet those eyes nor hear that voice, and Bragelone asks her to take back her scarf since this gift is worthless now, and turns to depart. She begs that she may see the king but once, after which she will seek the convent. The soldier warns her that heaven will accept no such composition — vice first and virtue afterward; he bids her think of her mother, and La Valliere, weak when she loves, shows that proportioned to that weakness is her power to conquer love, and bids him take her hence.

Lauzun is receiving rewards from his monarch when

Grammont enters and announces the flight of the duchess. Louis is roused; he will tolerate no interference with his desires, he will reclaim La Valliere. Who stands between the king and her he loves becomes a traitor and may find a tyrant.

In the chapel of a convent La Valliere kneels before a crucifix. It is night, and a storm is raging, the thunder and lightning without less fearful than the tempest and war of passion within. A trumpet sounds, the clatter of steeds is heard and the opening of the great gates which are only unbarred for royalty. The king enters. La Valliere begs him to be merciful and leave her. The abbess seeks to protect her charge but Louis claims the right free and alone to commune with the maiden whose pleadings fail before his protestations. She loves; who loves trusts, and to his entreaties and promises she yields and is borne from the convent.

The third act has its early scenes in the palace of the duchess de la Valliere. A few years have changed both circumstances and feelings. Lauzun has developed levity, and become more selfish. La Valliere has changed from the girl who anticipated a glad and ennobling future, to the woman who has experienced the world's favors and found them apples of sodom, and Louis from the promise of Fontainebleau has grown into the Grand Monarque, wearied with himself, burdened with his own glory, and vainly desiring relief from ennui. Lauzun has not won the power he looked for from the favorite's friendship and therefore he is plotting with a more pliant rival, Mme. de Montespan. The second scene discloses Louis and La Valliere at chess. In the mimic as

in the real war he proves victor, but his brow is less serene than usual, and he accounts for his gloom by the news just received that France has lost a subject kings might well mourn, one who merited all favor and scorned to ask the least, the brave Bragelone. La Valliere's agitation and distress arouse the king's curiosity and replying to his questions she tells him of their early betrothal, blames herself for his death, and begs permission to retire. Louis regards this manifestation of sorrow for another as a personal affront; he desires diversion, not tears, in the bower; he is displeased that another had her first love and perceives that the hours grow long when passed in her presence, that sighs and tears make a dull interlude in passion's short-lived drama, and that he needs amusement, therefore he will seek Lauzun, who never causes yawning. The duchess returns to assure the king that henceforth she will keep sad thoughts for lonely hours, but finds he has gone, and she entrusts her friend Mme. de Montespan with a letter to his majesty, acquaints her with the cause of the king's displeasure, and asks her to explain and promise that sad news shall not again mar the music of his presence. De Montespan uses her opportunity and information as steps to her own advancement and in discharging her mission supplants La Valliere.

The fifth scene is at the palace at Versailles. The queen slighted the favorite, and De Montespan gives evidence of her newly acquired influence. The king, conversing with the duchess, puts aside her plea for forgiveness with the remark that wounded feeling is not displeasure, and commends her friend De Montespan, to

whose side he presently moves. Lauzun approaches La Valliere and directs her attention to the favor with which the king is honoring her friend. The duchess is perturbed, thinks he cannot mean evil, yet he lingers, he whispers, and she is unhappy. The king announces a repetition of the fetes of the carousal and La Valliere takes heart again, for there he wore her colors, though she gave them not; now she offers them but his majesty's service is vowed elsewhere. Lauzun's timely counsel to give the envious crowd no triumph enables La Valliere to bear without disclosing how acutely she feels the hurt and shame of her betrayal.

The fourth act has its opening in the gardens of Versailles. Lauzun is embarrassed by debts which he plans to discharge while further advancing himself by marriage with La Valliere, and he prays the king to sanction his suit. Louis, disbelieving in the possibility of one who shrank from him wedding the wildest lord that ever laughed at virtue, permits him to go and prove his fortune, but his jealousy is aroused. Lauzun knows the sex, is wise and witty. Marriage would be a balm to conscience and an excuse for change, and therefore best for both; yet still the king is curious and wonders will she accept him.

La Valliere in an apartment of her palace, unwillingly realizing that the king prefers another, muses on the sacrifices she has made — and their reward. Her mother sleeps the long sleep and it is hard to be alone on earth; despair has taken the place of hope, and the world is hateful. Lauzun is announced and she anticipates news of the king, but as he proceeds to inform her that Louis

would fain see her link her lot with one whose affection would be her shelter, and has permitted his suit and bade him prosper, her disappointment crushes her, she sinks down and covers her face, to every entreaty of Lauzun she can only murmur "he bade thee prosper," she will not subject the duke to the debasement of being refused by one at once fallen and forsaken, and she leaves him.

Bragelone in the habit of a Franciscan friar seeks audience with the duchess, tells her of the soldier-lover who pardoned her desertion but sunk at what he termed dishonor and sends back by him the token he had once so gladly worn. La Valliere interrupts him; in the tone of his voice and in his presence she detects something kindred to Bragelone. He proclaims himself the brother, of whom she had doubtless heard, who early tired of the garish world, fled to the convent's shade and found repose. Then she calls upon him to be what Bragelone would be were he living, a friend to one most friendless, and beseeches him to counsel and guide her. Continuing his narrative he acquaints her of her mother's last hours, watched over by Bragelone, who by invoking tenderer remembrances won a blessing on her child instead of the meditated curse. La Valliere can bear no more; heartbroken she rushes from the room.

The king is heard approaching. Bragelone's hand mechanically seeks the sword he no longer wears. Louis enters and there ensues an intense and powerful denunciation of the monarch's acts, his deeds are recounted in terms very different from those used by courtiers and cardinals. To the humble minister of God, Louis the great is one who has betrayed his trust, beggared a na-

tion but to bloat a court, seen in men's lives the pastime to ambition, looked but on virtue as the toy for vice. The king bids him add to the beadroll of his offenses that when a foul-mouthed monk assumed the rebel the monster-king forgave him, but is told that his changing hue belie his haughty words and is called upon to awaken from the dream that earth was made for kings, mankind for slaughter, woman for lust, the people for the palace. The fate of Charles of England may await a descendant of Louis, and when sages trace back the causes they may find the seeds which grew to the tree from which the scaffold was shaped, in the wars, pomp, and profusion of a heartless court. Bragelone leaves the king awed and disconcerted and striving to justify himself to himself. Impatience to know how Lauzun had fared in his wooing had prompted the visit of the king, and now recovering from the fear and surprise of his interview with the monk he calls for wine and bids the duchess be apprised of his presence. When Louis avows his wish that La Valliere should wed she promises to obey him, her choice will be a nobler one than Lauzun, but not yet shall he learn it. The king departs and the monk is summoned to guide her back to peace.

The fifth act opens with De Montespan, Grammont, and courtiers in the garden of Versailles discussing La Valliere's departure for the convent, and the failure of Lauzun to repair his fortune by marriage with the deserted favorite. De Montespan, exasperated by this tribute to her rival, threatens to use her influence to Lauzun's injury. In the old home La Valliere, accompanied by Bragelone, is regretfully recalling her former

happiness, her mother's fondness and her lover's affection. To the expression of her yearning for pardon from Bragelone he responds by disclosing himself and explaining the reasons for the course he had pursued. With one murder less upon her soul La Valliere has no further dread of the cloister. The fourth scene takes place in the convent of the carmelites. Louis would prevent La Valliere from becoming a nun and has sent Lauzun in advance of himself to delay the ceremony. De Montespan accosts Lauzun and receives the king's letter of dismissal from the court. The sixth scene is in the chapel of the carmelites with the service of renunciation which is interrupted by the entrance of the king, who forbids the rites. He is confronted by Bragelone, but La Valliere descends from the altar and listens to Louis's entreaties and promises, without being moved from her purpose. The king has dismissed her rival and will know no other love, and though he was never more dear to her, she remains firm. For Louis she left innocence; she now leaves Louis for heaven. Her heart is the nun already. Unmanned, reproaching himself as the cause of her self-immolation, and overcome with emotion, the king receives his victim's last farewell and departs. The ceremony proceeds and at last her bridal robes are exchanged for the garments of the sisterhood. La Valliere approaches Bragelone and, kneeling, asks him to bless her who as the poor nun is less unhappy than as the Duchess de la Valliere.

THE LADY OF LYONS

THE LADY OF LYONS is an unpretentious play depicting the very commonest of emotional conflicts but presenting these vividly and under conditions which touch the chords of memory and unseal the fount of sympathy. Its embodiments of beauty and strength in the glow, vanity, and egotism of youth are little removed from ordinary characters except by their eloquence, until their relative position of injurer and injured is reversed. Then the steadfast resolution with which the discipline of duty as perceived by each is accepted, and the constancy maintained under trial, lift both to the heroic.

The play is a glorification of love — not the frantic fever to which Bichat allotted a duration of two years, but the transforming influence which awakens dormant capacities and high resolves and dignifies through patience, devotion, and discipline. Here that power changes a haughty and unamiable girl into a trustful and forgiving woman: causes a peasant to become an enthusiast for self-improvement in the romantic hope that one above him in fortune will deign to accept his hand, and after insult has provoked him to an unworthy revenge leads him to atone for the wrong by self-denial and exile, and then advances him to equality with the woman whose grace inspired his early efforts, whose memory sweetened his later toils.

The plot was suggested by a tale called *The Bellows Mender*. It is the story of a proud young beauty who rejects the addresses of two suitors because they are not of sufficiently important station, and marries one whom they impose upon her in the disguise of a prince, who is really a peasant whom her disdain has embittered and enraged. But because the gardener's son loves the haughty maiden and discovers that she is less heartless than he had believed, he repents of his misdeed and seeks to repair it by restoring her to her parents. Her anger at the fraud practiced upon her gives way to admiration of his earnestness. His contrition and self-blame move her pity, he has won her heart, and because of his devotion and generosity she elects to remain with him and sacrifice her pride. He, however, desiring to deserve her preference and regain his own self-respect, makes separation inevitable by joining the army, and she returns to her father's house. After two and a half years, during which he has won wealth and promotion, he comes back in time to prevent a marriage with one of the old suitors which she is about to contract as a means of saving her father from bankruptcy. He discharges all obligations, reclaims his bride, and is welcomed into the family which formerly resented his pretensions.

Pauline, an embodiment of modern middle-class femininity, inherits from her mother disdain for her own class, extravagant ambition and excessive pride, and these faults are nourished by the admiration her beauty excites and the deference her father's wealth commands. Of duty she has only an indefinite and vague apprehension. She has no instinct of race and therefore finds

gratification in humiliating others; no nobility of mind, consequently neither incentive to usefulness nor enthusiasm for worthy achievement. Physical beauty unrefined by moral perception or intellectual culture, and her father's wealth, she regards as title-deeds to high rank and position, and to marry a prince is a sufficient object in life.

Her pride is crushed when she finds herself the victim of a mortifying indignity, but when she discovers that tenderness, eloquence, and magnanimity exist elsewhere than among the wealthy, the knowledge that a strong man loves her awakens appreciation and she desires to equal his unselfishness, relinquish luxury, and descend to her husband's station. The self-denial which prevented this sacrifice completes the conquest of her pride, makes constancy a religion and reunion a hope. The threatened ruin of her family constrains her to desert her trust, but it also ennobles her character, for unwillingly she complies with the demand of a higher duty, and at the moment of doom her woe is changed to joy.

Claude Melnotte watched the growing beauty of Pauline as she moved among the flowers in the gardens where he worked, and for qualities which his fondness attributed to her in profuse abundance he worshiped from afar. His exalted estimate of her goodness and kindness impelled him to efforts in self-culture and the acquirement of accomplishments which distinguish him from his class in speech, appearance, and deportment. Frank, vivacious, and enthusiastic, a favorite of all and the pride and comfort of his mother, he nurses a poet's dream, and puts a soldier's confidence in its fulfillment.

The contempt with which his verses are rejected awakens a desire for revenge, and in his anger he becomes the instrument by which his rivals seek to disgrace the beauty of Lyons. He plays the part of prince successfully, is ready in speech, profuse in gifts and exuberant in invention. He captivates Pauline and then learns that in seeking to punish a girl's ambition by ridicule he has treacherously won a woman's heart. The enormity of his offense overwhelms him, he would fain retreat and spare her the shame and himself the sin of his fraud. Forced to carry out the letter of his oath, his audacity and confidence desert him, he can no longer exult in what seemed a deserved retaliation, and with heavy heart, in bitter sorrow, he conducts his bride to his mother's home, confesses that he has tricked and duped her, and that he is the gardener's son. But her love is her salvation. She shall be freed from the bondage fraudulently put upon her, his mother will protect her until her parents are brought, and he will assume all blame and bear all punishment. He discourages her evident willingness to forgive and accept him as husband, for he is undeserving, and he wishes to save her from suffering, therefore he becomes really what he has always been in idea, a soldier. He goes to the wars, strives manfully to redeem his name and make himself less unworthy of her regard, and in time succeeds and consummates a union in which there is no longer any shame.

Pauline's beauty charms and her wrongs enlist sympathy, but Melnotte is the finer character, and the fluctuations in his feelings are more varied and morally interesting. She is first a luxurious girl, infatuated with

titles, then the woman who loves but once and forever, then the deceived victim, indignant but forgiving, then the devoted bride reluctantly parting from one more beloved because of his guilt, and lastly, the dutiful daughter sacrificing all her hopes and happiness.

He from the wondering boy grows into aspiring youth, indulging an extravagant fancy and building upon its realization. Stung by contempt when he anticipated responsive admiration, he becomes angry and unjust and conspires to punish her whose contumely he construes into insult. He exults in his masquerade as prince and wooer until he finds that the man and not the title has won her affection. Then the shame he designed for her recoils upon himself and his suffering is intensified by her undreamed-of gentleness. Contrite, repentant, and determined to redeem his name, he welcomes the opportune offer of a soldier's career and in action wins fame and promotion. When his purse disconcerts his rival, his happiness begins. He regains the wife whose love he won by guile, but her respect has been earned by deeds.

Few plays have exerted as much influence as *The Lady of Lyons*. Many a merchant's daughter, inspired by the example of Pauline, has bought with her father's wealth the title under which some spurious creature masqueraded the while he exhibited a knowledge of nobility curiously like that of Melnotte, combining prodigality in expenditure, parsimony in truthfulness, conversational audacity, and a facility in representing himself as of importance.

The play opens in the merchant's house. Pauline is

reclining on a sofa, her maid under her mother's instructions is arranging flowers in her hair. Beauseant is announced. Pauline's attractions outshining all at last night's ball have made him desire her as wife and he proposes for her hand. He is disdainfully rejected and after he has gone the mother congratulates her daughter on the judicious condescension with which she declined the offer. Damas enters, rallies Pauline on her last night's triumphs and on the effect of her charms on Glavis and Beauseant. The mother snubs the soldier and tells him that such as these are no match for her daughter.

Beauseant drives a few leagues into the country to dissipate his chagrin, and meets Glavis at a village inn. Accounting for his preoccupation he confesses that he has been refused by Pauline, a tradesman's daughter, and learns that Glavis has had the same experience. They are startled by shouts of "Long live the prince," and the landlord explains that Melnotte, who has just won the prize in the shooting-match, is always called prince because he is a genius, wears fine clothes, is brave and strong and has such a proud way with him. The landlord further confides to his guests that Melnotte is in love with the beauty of Lyons, though he has never spoken to her. Beauseant at once conceives a plan to humble Pauline by introducing this fictitious prince under some foreign title and bringing about a marriage.

Melnotte shows his prize to his mother. It is another stage in the ambition to be worthier to love Pauline. She wears the flowers he sends anonymously and that has encouraged him to pour his worship into poetry and send

the signed verses to her, and he anticipates that she will return an answer bidding him advance himself and hope. Then he will become a soldier, make headway, win fame and come back with the right to approach her. Gaspar, his messenger, has had the letter he conveyed contemptuously returned and he has been beaten for his impudence in presenting it. Melnotte in anger tears the letter and is voicing his indignation at the insult put upon him, when a message from Beauseant is delivered, offering to secure the realization of his hopes if he will swear to marry her he loves and bear her to his cottage on his wedding night. Eager to return scorn for scorn Melnotte accepts the proposition.

In the second act Beauseant and Glavis in the gardens of the merchant are felicitating themselves on the success of their plot, grumbling at their prince's extravagance and scheming to bring affairs to the desired finish quickly lest some interference bring about discovery.

Melnotte as the prince of Como evidences his readiness, exuberance, and generosity by turning the soldier's pronunciation of Italian (which he does not understand) into ridicule, and giving away with unconcern a ring and a snuffbox, both of great value. With Pauline he talks of ancestry and birth as only deserving admiration when they are the incentive to exertion. She asks that he tell her again of his palace by the lake of Como, and he, evading her request, describes with glowing eloquence the home to which could love fulfil its prayers his hand would lead her. She listens in an ecstasy of delight, expresses her bliss in being so beloved, and wonders who would not love him as she does. He bitterly retorts that

it is the prince she loves, not the man, that had he painted poverty, toil, and care, she would have found no honey on his tongue and he declares that is not love. She protests that though she might not have been won save through the weakness of a flattered pride, that now could he fall from power and sink — he interrupts, “as low as that poor gardener’s son who dared to lift his eyes to thee,” and she replies that even then he would but become more dear, and he is conscience stricken; he has won the woman’s heart, when he desired to abase a girl’s vanity. In the guise of a prince he has acted like a knave, and he goes out to seek from his fellow conspirators release from his oath. But it is too late. They have arranged that all shall be completed this day. Damas comes to correct his Italian. He has brought two swords and he forces a duel on Melnotte, who disarms him, restores his weapon, and wins his admiration. Beauseant returns with Madame Deschappelles, greatly perturbed. The Directory suspects the prince and may arrest him, therefore he must quit the town, and in order to spare the mother disappointment, a marriage must take place at once. Beauseant undertakes all arrangements, fetching the priest and having a coach and six at the door before the ceremony is over. Melnotte asks Pauline if she has no scruples, for it is not yet too late. She answers that when she loved him his fate became hers; triumph or danger, joy or sorrow, she will be by his side, and Damas wishes him joy and says he envies him.

The first scene of the third act is at the village inn. Pauline is within, the carriage having broken down.

Beauseant and Glavis have come to gloat. They are accosted by Melnotte, who reminds them that he has kept his oath; that they are done with him and his; that he was Pauline's betrayer, he is now her protector; and he orders them to be gone. Pauline, uncomfortable in the inn where all are rude and boisterous, comes to Melnotte for safety and he begs her to accompany him to a cottage close at hand, where she will be more secure from vulgar eyes and tongues, and he leads her towards his mother's home.

The widow has been apprised of their coming by a line so blotted she could scarce read it. She is bustling about preparing supper when they enter. Her greeting surprises Pauline, and further words make it plain that he is Melnotte, a peasant, and her anger rises, she hysterically repeats his description of his palace, and perceiving herself the jeer and byword of all Lyons, bids him kill her and save his wife from madness, and demands his reason for crushing her so. Melnotte tells her that pride caused angels to fall before her time, and that because of pride the evil spirit of a bitter love and a revengeful heart had power upon her. He relates his early romance, his toils to deserve her love, his confession and the disdain it received, the plot to humble her so eagerly furthered, his struggle, anguish, and remorse. He assures her that reparation to the full shall be given, that her fraudulent marriage is void, that he will restore her to her parents and the law shall do her justice. He calls his mother and commits to her care their honored guest, and is left alone with his shame.

The fourth act is at the cottage. Day is breaking.

Melnotte is writing. His mother approves of the course he has decided upon, and has no reproaches, but her heart bleeds for him. He goes to send off messengers and Pauline joins the widow, noting his consideration in absenting himself. The two women converse. Claude is their only theme, and Pauline learns how long and fondly the gardener's son has worshiped her. Beauseant comes to the door, tells the widow her son wants to see her, then enters the cottage and urges Pauline to fly with him. Again repulsed, he draws a pistol and is about to seize her, when he is dashed across the room by Melnotte who has returned. Pauline faints at the sight of her husband's danger, but Beauseant retires without firing his pistol. Pauline recovers just as the widow returns with the news that Monsieur Deschappelles and his friends are at hand. All Pauline's anger has vanished and her pride has changed. She is anxious to remain with Melnotte, and seeks to induce him to ask her to stay, but though his task is thus made harder, he will not take advantage of her goodness. Her parents and Damas enter and all upbraid the peasant. Melnotte reminds the soldier that he was spared when unarmed, and Damas, recognizing something fine in the fellow, ceases to taunt and seeks to aid. Melnotte gives to Pauline's father the necessary papers and promises to rid them of his presence and in some other land mourn his sin and pray for Pauline's peace. The widow begs him not to leave her; no divorce can separate a mother from her son, and Pauline becomes courageous, declares all forgotten and forgiven, and announces her desire to remain. But Melnotte will not rob her of holier ties.

Her husband should be one who can look her in the face without blushing. He is not that man and he accepts Damas's offer of service in his regiment which starts for Italy at once.

The fifth act is in Lyons. Two years and a half have elapsed and the soldiers are returning. Officers are discussing Damas, who is now a general, and his friend Morier, who interests all by his melancholy, his valor, and his brilliant rise. Damas confides that Morier hopes to find a miracle in Lyons—a constant woman. Beauseant passes and is accosted by the general, who learns that Pauline has consented to annul her marriage with Melnotte and unite herself to Beauseant. The papers are to be signed to-day and Damas is invited to be present. Melnotte joins Damas. He has heard the news and is despairing and in grief. The general suggests that Melnotte accompany him to the house. His dress, his cloak, his moustache and bronzed hue will prevent anyone from recognizing him, and thus he may see her and perhaps learn something.

In a room of the Deschappelles residence Pauline in great dejection is thanked by her father for consenting to save his name from disgrace. Her repugnance to the step he has urged is so evident, that he will rather face the ruin than spoil her life, but she tells him she is not ungrateful, only human, and since there is no other hope she is prepared. Congratulations are a mockery; she is reconciled to her doom. She appeals to Beauseant to be generous and save the father but spare the child. He replies that he has not the sublime virtue to grant her prayer. Damas enters and introduces Colonel Morier,

and while others are engaged with the hero the general gathers from Pauline the circumstances which compel the barter of her hand. Damas cannot help her, but Morier is the intimate friend of Melnotte and by him she might send some message to soften the blow. Pauline approaches Melnotte; she is ashamed and dare not look up at the colonel, who must despise her. She asks him to convey to Melnotte the assurance that she would rather walk the world by his side, work, beg for him, than wear a crown; that if he could read her heart he would pardon the desertion; that her father is on an abyss and calls his child to save him, and she must not shrink; they will meet in heaven. A few words with Damas acquaints Melnotte of the impending bankruptcy, and when the contract is about to be signed, he seizes and destroys it, putting forward his prior claim and giving more than the needed sum, and speaking in his natural voice, which is recognized by Pauline, who rushes into her husband's arms. It is quickly explained how as Morier he rose from rank to rank until he could again bear his father's name spotless, and he is Morier no more after this happy day.

RICHELIEU

IN this heroic play the purposes and characteristics of the cardinal-statesman who made France great, and consolidated the power of its monarchy, are elucidated and displayed. He opposed a king's passion which was fostered by his foes, and preferred to surrender power and allow his patriotic labors in recreating the institutions of his country to be undone, rather than abate his resistance to a monarch's unrighteous design. The benefits he conferred and the motives which inspired him are recounted as his titles to renown, the courage and resolution with which he defied opposition and carried to completion his aims are shown as incentives to emulation, and the tenderness and disregard of kingly wrath manifested in the fulfillment of his duty as protector of the innocent are adduced as qualities which establish a fonder claim on human sympathy than the distresses which accumulated upon him. Santine's *La Maitresse de Louis XIII* suggested the plot, but the fable, incidents, and persons of the play bear little resemblance to those of the romance.

A great character — combining hero, statesman, patriot, and priest; a great event — a conspiracy to admit the foreigner into France; great situations — a minister humiliated by his king, yet not quailing; a cardinal interposing the Aegis of Rome between a monarch and his

victim; a dying statesman reanimated by power conferred anew — these receive adequate expression and representation in noble verse and virile figures to which have been imparted distinction, endurance, and animation, the signs of the mind of a man.

An oddity of effect pertaining to all dramatic representation is illustrated in *Richelieu*. The destiny of France is involved in the fate of the cardinal, the audience is aware that the Spaniard will dictate at Paris if the conspiracy succeeds, yet the emotional response to the agony of the minister who foresees the coming woes is slight and limited in comparison to the ready and fervent sympathy evoked by the sorrows of Julie; and it is the relation of the old man to the orphan — age guarding innocence — which arouses general pity, not the misfortunes impending upon the country, nor the reverses of a devoted patriot.

Richelieu is menaced by a conspiracy which seeks to destroy him, to tamper with the army in the field, and to use his ward who has charmed the king as an instrument to ensure success. He hastens Julie's marriage with De Mauprat to thwart the domestic scheme, arranges to intercept a dispatch intended for the commander of the army and thus defeat the larger plot, and by an addition to the number of his guards he provides for his personal safety. But the cardinal's plans all fail, the marriage is annulled by Louis, Francois is despoiled of the papers and the captain of the troops turns traitor.

Julie, separated from her husband and tempted by the king, seeks refuge with Richelieu, and De Mauprat enters the minister's castle bent on slaying him. Finding

his wife safe with her guardian and perceiving that he has been duped by his false friend, the chevalier becomes assiduous in defense. Enemies are everywhere, so the cardinal feigns death and the news is carried to the plotters at Paris, who to prevent possible confessions promptly imprison the message-bearers.

Richelieu's reported assassination gives encouragement to the conspirators and when, surprising all, he enters the presence of the monarch and reports the planned murder, his demand for justice is denied. Posts of honor are conferred upon the cardinal's foes, who promise to secure Julie's return to the court, and Richelieu, anticipating dismissal, and more enfeebled by fear for France if his policies are reversed than by his ailments, attends the king to surrender his portfolios. The report of conditions everywhere save in France alarms Louis and he perceives that his court has no capable successor to the cardinal whose life appears to be ebbing away. Francois has recovered the lost dispatch and brings it to Richelieu, who desires the king to read it. Learning from this document the real designs of his pretended friends and his own imminent danger, Louis begs his old minister to live and rule with absolute power, and, revivified by the restoration to authority, the cardinal rises, orders the arrest of the conspirators, issues instructions to the envoys, wins clemency for Julie and De Mauprat, and resumes his position as minister of France.

The incidents which are links in this chain of events increase in importance, impressiveness, and poignancy as the action progresses, and each discloses a different phase of the many-sided patriot-priest. His familiar unbend-

ings with Joseph and his resignation to a state of physical weakness, since he is able to wield a mightier weapon than the sword, are followed by the revelation of his minute information, his earnestness, and his grim irony, together with his rapid appreciation of manliness in De Mauprat. The soliloquy wherein he defends his use of equivocal means by the glorious ends accomplished, unfolds his ambition and designs, and discloses the latent justice which denies happiness to him. His ardent interest in the young gives warmth and gentleness to the grave but encouraging words by which he restores confidence and hope to Francois. His colloquy with the king is distinguished by the sustained dignity with which he recounts his services, sweeps aside all rivalry, asserts his confidence in future justice, and proudly disdains all temporizing. His defiance of Baradas is matchless for its denunciatory intensity. And the potency of his will to triumph over bodily exhaustion is startlingly evidenced when with the new grant of power fresh life seems to invigorate his frame and he rises from his couch to crush his foes and complete his projects.

The figures whose coöperations and antagonisms attract attention to and from the great cardinal are such as the circumstances and the time associated with the minister. The shrewd, tactful, and unscrupulous Capuchin Joseph, the eager, devoted, and persevering Francois, the frail confidence-betrayer Marion, and the traitor-spy Huguet are such instruments as Richelieu availed himself of — for beneficent ends using devious means — and they reflect the enthusiasm he inspired in those to whom he deigned to be gracious. Julie arouses

the deepest interest, the innocence, grief, and danger of the young wife make a stronger appeal to emotion than the vicissitudes of the statesman, for she is a representative of the race and her peril comes home to all, he of the passing generation, and political misfortunes are only comprehended by the few. The fatherly tenderness of the old man to the young orphan wins sympathy for both which deepens into awe when he throws around her the august protection of the Church. De Mauprat, the frank and highminded chevalier who, misled by the suspicions plausibly insinuated by his rival, is confused into doubt, error, and almost into crime, is a worthy specimen of that noblesse which cheerfully dared all danger and preferred death to baseness. The unstable Gaston, Baradas, the ennobled knave inebriate with unmerited success, De Beringhen, whose chief business in life is eating — these envious coveters of power, who by their contrast to the austere demeanor of Richelieu win temporary favor with the timorous, selfish king, are the complaisant and sycophantic creatures natural to such a court as that of Louis XIII.

Richelieu's personality dominates the play, and his designs, methods, and traits of character are compacted into a comprehensive portrait which impresses by its qualities of grandeur and concentrated will. And though the cardinal is exhibited only in kindly and noble actions — evincing human emotion in fatherlike cherishing of the weak and moral strength in his devotion to a sublime abstraction — the alloy of evil in the aspiring statesman is not ignored; the fact that men conspired against his rule is but one indication of grave faults in the min-

ister and he reveals his own consciousness that undue severity has accompanied the carrying out of his measures.

The creation of a united and powerful France was the object of Richelieu's every act and thought. He disregarded an agonizing disease and overtasked a feeble constitution in his endeavors to compass that achievement. His agents were spies, courtesans, and priests, he was ruthless in dealing with opposition and sent many to the headsman, but never one who was not an enemy to France — no merely private foe was ever his victim. And despite the caprices of an ailing king whose bodily infirmities rivalled his own, despite intrigues, plots, and treasons, before he died, worn out at fifty-seven, he had established order, reformed the administration, destroyed feudalism, exacted restitution from the Church, enlarged the army, created a navy, and made France safe, strong, and paramount among the nations.

The white-haired, deep-eyed, sharp-visaged man whose pain-racked frame housed an indomitable will and a large-visioned mind was a strange blending of seemingly incongruous qualities. Ever oscillating between extremes of arrogance and humility, sternness and play, courage and timidity, high ambitions and petty desires; subjecting France to iron rule he submitted to tyranny from his own domestics. The most powerful of statesmen, he yearned for fame as a poet. When the queen-mother visited him he received her capped and in the purple. Her majesty stood and he sat. When a half-dozen mediocre authors were engaged in criticising his

verses, they were seated and wore their hats while the cardinal stood bare-headed.

His manner was as variable as his moods. His movements were at times quick and impulsive, at others languid and slow. At one moment he seemed a dying man, soon he would display unusual vivacity and energy. The scornful contempt long bestowed upon rivals would suddenly be abandoned for a serious appraisement of their merits. He could be a gay flatterer, an adroit courtier, an impassioned orator, and he knew how to praise. Generally fervidly earnest in discourse, he did not disdain the resort to familiar cajolery, and cynical irony was a frequently used weapon.

His judgment of character seemed unerring. The men whom he preferred to office proved themselves able, loyal, and worthy, and his penetration into motives and rapid decision as to actions were as remarkable as the thoroughness with which he kept himself informed of antagonistic movements.

In displaying the patriot-minister, a juster view of the man is presented than is usually adopted by writers. Bulwer's characterization of Richelieu is the result of independent study and research. He condemned the numerous exaggerations of the cardinal's cruelty and wrote as follows in accounting for the deeper impression created by his punishments than his achievements:

"Compare the One Man with the Multiform People,— compare Richelieu with the Republic. How much wiser in his generation is the One Man! Richelieu, with his errors, his crimes, his foibles, and his cruelties, marches

invariably to one result and obtains it; — he overthrows but to construct — he destroys but to establish; — he desired to create a great monarchy, and he succeeded. The People — with crimes to which those of the One Man seem fair and spotless, — with absurdities which turn the Tragedy of Massacre into Farce, — with energies to which all individual strength is as the leaf upon the whirlpool, — sets up a democracy as the bridge to a despotism. And suddenly the Soldier with the iron crown of the Lombard fills, solitary and sublime, the vast space where the loud Democracy roared and swayed. And this because in the individual there is continuity of purpose. The One is a man, the Many a child.

“Like all men who rise to supreme power, the great Cardinal had the characteristics of the time and the nation that he wielded. In his faults or in his merits he was eminently French. He represented the want of the French People at the precise period in their history in which Providence placed him as its tool: he reduced provinces into a nation: he forced discordant elements, whether plebian or patrician, into order; he did not make the people free, nor were they fit for it; but out of riotous and barbarous factions he called forth orderly subjects, and a rough undeveloped system of civil government. He never once appeared as the enemy of the Multitude: his cruelty was directed against their enemies. In an early state of civilization the worst foe to the country is the powerful baron, whose intrigues are hatched under the helmet, and whose threat is civil war. The traitor to the King is in these times the traitor to the country. The silken and graceful Cinq Mars, in re-

belling against the monarch who had heaped him with favors, aims at introducing the foreigner into France. In all those contests for power, in which we see the worn, anxious, solemn image of the Cardinal-Minister, with his terrible familiars of Spy and Hangman, he is still on that side where the French Nation should have ranged, building up the school beside the throne, and making at least a State, though the time and the men had not yet arrived for the creation of a people. But it was precisely because his cruelties (with some rare exceptions when his religious opinions, in common with those of the Catholics of the age, pushed him into intolerance) were exercised, not against the mean but the great, that in the very rank of their tyrants the ignorant multitude saw greater cause for compassion, and condemned the rigid severity that alone preserved them from feudal outrage and civil war. It is true that Richelieu was often thus personally unpopular, but that is the general lot of those who boldly and sternly represent the People.”

The play opens in the house of Marion de Lorme, which the conspirators have chosen as the safest meeting place. Baradas has arranged that at the given signal Bouillon with his army will join the Spaniards, march on Paris, dethrone the king, install Orleans as regent and constitute a new council calling their friends to the important positions. To assure complete success, Richelieu's assassination is necessary and Baradas charges himself with the duty of procuring his removal. De Mauprat has been playing at dice while the conference was proceeding. He has lost heavily but shows no sign of dis-

appointment. There is something in his demeanor that provokes curiosity and Baradas determines to learn what secret causes his contrasting behavior; presuming on their boyhood intimacy he questions De Mauprat, who informs him that he daily expects a summons to the gallows, that he participated in one of Orleans' revolts, and was omitted from the general pardon by the cardinal, on the ground that in one enterprise he had acted without orders, for which death is the penalty; that Richelieu had given him opportunity to change the traitor's scaffold for the soldier's grave and sent him against the Spaniards, but seeking death he could not die; and when the cardinal reviewing the troops beheld him he grimly observed that he had shunned the sword, but the axe would fall one day. Baradas thinks he has here the instrument for slaying the cardinal and invites him to join the conspiracy and assist in freeing France from the tyrant, but De Mauprat refuses to be an assassin. Richelieu is needed, he is not. Further queries lead Baradas to discover in his companion a rival in love, and he determines to make him a victim since he will not be a murderer. As they are leaving the apartment the agents of the cardinal arrest De Mauprat; his suspense is over.

Richelieu and his confidant, Joseph, are discussing the new conspiracy of which spies have informed them. Their penetration enables them to see many weaknesses in their foe's arrangements, and one detail angers the minister. His orphan-ward has charmed the king, and Baradas schemes to make her useful by marrying her as a cloak for the king's designs, and that indignity the cardinal determines to prevent. Julie is announced, and

Richelieu questions her, fearing that she may care for the king or for Baradas. Her answers reassure and convince him that De Mauprat is the object of her preference. He bids her forget him. Huguet reports that De Mauprat waits below and Julie manifests a betraying concern and anxiety, begging the cardinal not to rank Adrian among his foes. She is told to wait in the tapestry chamber while the chevalier is interrogated, and De Mauprat is brought in. Richelieu reminds him of the clemency shown him three years ago requited by evil living, wassail, gambling, dishonesty, and fraud. De Mauprat indignantly demands that these words be unsaid, and Huguet, waiting behind a screen to protect the cardinal, raises his carbine. With a wave of his hand Richelieu deters Huguet, remarking: "Messire de Mauprat is a patient man and he can wait." Turning again to the chevalier he tells him the amount he owes, and says he must pay his debts. De Mauprat's answers are bold, frank, but respectful, and please the cardinal, who rising impressively describes the condition in which he found his country, his labors to recreate France, the justice of his rule, and the evil judgments men circulate about him. He declares he intends to make De Mauprat his champion to confute the detractors; he shall be rich and great, and in return shall accept from Richelieu a bride whose dower shall match but not exceed her beauty. The chevalier demurs, he has no wish to marry. Richelieu charges him with loving his ward Julie, which De Mauprat admits, advancing that as a reason why he cannot consent to other nuptials. He would rather meet the fate he looked for. Rapidly and sternly Richelieu

orders Huguet to conduct his prisoner to the tapestry chamber. Then Joseph is instructed to prepare the house by the Luxembourg for a bridal present for Julie, who weds tomorrow. De Mauprat, expecting death, has found himself in the presence of the woman for whom he braved it, and doubtful of their good fortune Julie and he come forward, are assured that they are not dreaming, and the cardinal blesses his children.

The second act begins in De Mauprat's new house. Baradas, intent on ruining his successful rival, has communicated both the secret of his unexpiated offense and his marriage with Julie to the king, who has declared the nuptials contrary to law, and has ordered De Mauprat, on penalty of death, to refrain from communicating with Julie. Baradas persuades De Mauprat that he has been snared by Richelieu, that the pretended favors are blinds to facilitate the suit of the king, who is infatuated with Julie, and he again urges the chevalier to join the conspiracy and revenge his wrongs while delivering his country. De Mauprat is confounded and distracted and requires time to think. The sight of man is loathsome, and he goes into the gardens. Meanwhile Julie has been summoned to the Louvre and this extraordinary command, together with the perturbed and strange behavior of her husband, cause anxious misgivings. De Mauprat returning finds that his wife has gone in the king's carriage. The insinuations of Baradas seem confirmed, and concluding that he has been misused and outraged by Richelieu, he joins in the plot to destroy him.

Particulars of the conspiracy are accumulating and

the cardinal's contemptuous levity is changed by the information Marion de Lorme brings to him and he recognizes that there is danger which it will tax his resources to circumvent. A dispatch is to be sent to Bouillon, and the interception of that document would place the cardinal's foes in his power. Marion can choose the messenger and Francois is entrusted with the duty of receiving it, and because another agent is needed, against Joseph's advice Huguet is to be promoted to greater power. That individual overhears that certain personal requests he has made are to be promised as an incentive to faithfulness, but not complied with because too unreasonable, and therefore he becomes a traitor.

The third act discloses Richelieu in a gothic chamber of his castle, reading and soliloquizing about his own career and acts. He has done great things by such instruments as he could command. These have not always been commendable, but no selfish aim has ever degraded his ambition. All his energies have been expended for France, yet happiness has not rewarded his efforts. Francois enters hastily and asks the cardinal to punish him, for he received the package but it was wrested from him by an armed man who avowed designs on Richelieu's life. The cardinal tells him the treasure meant honor, which is more than life; that he must track the robber and regain the despatch; he has not failed, there's no such word as fail; and with renewed courage Francois goes back to his task. Julie comes for protection. The king having commanded her attendance at the palace, at night sought her chamber and when repulsed sent Baradas, who told her that De Mauprat

knew the king's purpose and deemed it honor; and she, recalling her husband's mystery in words, looks, acts, begins to see an imposter where she had loved a god. Richelieu remarks that he thinks she wrongs De Mauprat, but bids her proceed. She relates how the queen preserved her and secured egress from the Louvre, how she hastened to her home and found it desolate and so came hither. The cardinal assures her that she wrongs her husband and conducts her to her room. When Richelieu returns he is menaced by a figure in complete armor who threatens death. Undauntedly the cardinal proclaims that earth has no parricide who dares in Richelieu murder France, and asks what cause has led to such a purpose. The intruder relates his tale of supposed wrongs, bids the cardinal expect no mercy, and lifting his visor reveals De Mauprat. With lofty pity Richelieu shows how he has been duped, calls Julie as proof of his statements, and composes their misunderstanding. De Mauprat, perceiving his error, now bestirs himself to save the cardinal, whose castle is filled with armed foes. Escape being impossible, Richelieu eke's out the lion's skin with the fox's and feigns death. As other conspirators burst into the room the doors of the recess wherein he lies are thrown open by De Mauprat, who cries "*'Live the king, Richelieu is dead!'*" and eager for promised reward, all rush back to Paris with the tidings.

Orleans and De Beringhen, dubious of the success of the plot, are arranging for their own safety if the plans miscarry. Baradas has prepared for the quick punishment of his agents if they succeed. Huguet brings news

of Richelieu's murder and demands the promised reward. He is sent, a gagged prisoner, to the Bastile. Francois reports the theft of the despatch by an armed man who watched without. In alarm they conclude this must have been De Mauprat and order Francois to find him.

In the fourth act Louis XIII appears. He half regrets Richelieu's death, not knowing who can govern France; he is half glad that a restraint is removed from his own actions; he pities himself because on so promising a day it would be indecorous for him to hunt, and he resents the loss of Julie, which he attributes to the cardinal's want of love for him. De Mauprat, eager to punish Baradas' duplicity, enters in search of that conspirator. Francois asks him about the despatch, but before an answer can be given Baradas is seen, and De Mauprat orders him to draw and they are fighting when the king enters. Baradas protests that his crime was self-defense and informs the monarch that his adversary is Julie's husband. De Mauprat is ordered to the Bastile. At this moment, to the consternation of king and courtiers His Eminence the Cardinal Richelieu and his attendants enter and De Mauprat calls upon the minister for protection. The cardinal takes the writ from the guard. Louis, determined to exercise authority himself, confirms the sentence and De Mauprat is removed. In the meanwhile Francois has elicited the name of him to whom the despatch was given. Richelieu fiercely demands uninterrupted audience with the king, who, prompted by Baradas, persists in disregarding the minister's demand for justice, and leaves him disgraced

and powerless. Joseph suggests to Richelieu that he should have been less haughty, relates fresh instances of the activities of their foes, and sees that nothing can save them now but the production of the despatch. Julie demands her husband, who saved the cardinal's life. Richelieu, more concerned for her trouble than his own, tries to comfort her, but has to tell her that De Mauprat is in the Bastile. Joseph acquaints her with the king's anger and the present inability of Richelieu to help anyone. A courtier comes commanded by the king to pray Julie's presence. Richelieu orders him away, and is leading his ward out when Baradas comes to enforce the king's orders. The cardinal with terrible energy turns, and threatens him with the curse of Rome if he or anyone dares to approach her. The effort exhausts the weakened old man; he sinks and appears to swoon. The cowering Baradas regards his fainting as an indication of failing powers, but he retires knowing that his head is in jeopardy.

In the fifth act, Joseph fails in an attempt to bribe his way to Huguet. De Beringhen has better success and good-naturedly obtains admission for Francois, who represents himself as Huguet's son. De Beringhen by force secures the package and as he emerges from the prisoner's cell Francois seizes and struggles with him.

Baradas and Orleans see all their plans near realization, their only disturbing fear being lest the despatch finds its way to Richelieu. The king makes Baradas minister and confers upon Orleans the baton of his armies. Julie petitions the monarch for her husband's life but is

referred to Baradas, who promises to free De Mauprat if she will become his wife, otherwise her husband's fate is sealed. Julie offers to separate from De Mauprat and enter a convent if his life is spared, but Baradas declares he will not lose her, and orders De Mauprat to be brought in a prisoner to pass to death unless she saves him, and he seizes Julie's hand. That touch decides them—they choose death. The cardinal, apparently on the verge of the grave, attends the king to deliver up the ledgers of a realm and spare his majesty some pains of conscience by resigning office. As one by one the secretaries describe the condition of their departments, about which Baradas has no practical advice, affairs appear so critical that the king repents the change he has made, since there is no one else with Richelieu's ability.

The cardinal is very weak. In depriving him of power they crush his heart and his enfeebled frame can scarce sustain the agony with which he perceives his policies which have made France great being thrown to the winds. Francois has been wounded but he brings the despatch to Richelieu, who hands it to the king, whom it most concerns. Louis reads and discovers the purposes of his supposed friends. The cardinal sinks supine. The king, alarmed, beseeches him to live to resume sway and reign with absolute power. Revived by restoration to his place and authority, Richelieu rises, gives quick instructions to the secretaries, orders Baradas away, "he has lost the stake," destroys the death-warrant of De Mauprat and bids Julie embrace her husband. The king observes peevishly that one moment

makes a startling cure and Richelieu replies that the might of France passed into his withered frame in that moment.

The conspiracy is foiled, the cardinal is restored to power, and Julie and De Mauprat are forgiven.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

THE story of the sin of a mother whose undue partiality for a younger son impelled her to deny and attempt to defraud her firstborn, is utilized in this tragic play to show the defeat of a fraudulent design by affection, and the withering of worthy ambitions by remorse. Its characters fill important stations in the social life of the haughtiest days of England's nobility. Its period is that of the Spanish Armada and its catastrophe the sacrifice of wealth and title — the things men value more than life. It is rich in incident, sentiment, and situations.

Poems which take for their subject the acts of persons previously distinguished, more quickly win favor than those wherein the author creates his characters. Unknown heroes excite only a limited interest until time has enlarged our familiarity with them so as to make an impression of reality. The personages of *The Rightful Heir* are unusual but enduring varieties of human life, but they have not the foundation in the actual which secures immediate faith in their existence.

The chief and highest character is the Countess-mother whose preference for the offspring of a second marriage leads her to plot against the firstborn, and nearly causes the destruction of both. The combination of pride, iron will, and waxen heart, the opposition of an affection

which circumstances surround with dignity, against a love never ardent and only revivified by admiration and sympathy, her ambition and her weakness, provide emotional conflicts of an uncommon kind. She is proud of her name, her station, her ancestry, her repute, and haughtily stern to everyone but her favorite son. The memory of her early imprudent marriage is reminiscent of humiliation and shame; the child of her low-born husband never had much of her love nor any of her attention and his reported death years ago was the more readily credited because it relieved her of the dread of degrading disclosures. The child born of more august nuptials was hers entirely, the recipient of her care, the reflection of her pride, the object of her ambitions, her comfort and her companion. The habit and custom of a life made the latter-born the best beloved.

When Vyvian relates his history she realizes that he is her son, that they both have been deceived, cheated, and wronged, and her heart yearns to comfort and claim him, but the remembrance of the other to whom luxury and wealth have become necessities, makes her resolve to temporize and if need be repudiate the elder and preserve the inheritance for her younger son. Calling craft to her aid she seeks to hinder discovery by the lure of marriage with Eveline and immediate departure in Vyvian's ship.

Thwarted through the machinations of the poor cousin, pleaded with and confronted by proofs, her denials and rejection grow weak before the earnestness and tenderness of Vyvian. And the war of two affections ends in the displacement of the favorite, but the generosity of

the heir is as great as his love; he relinquishes his rights. He has found the mother he sought and that suffices.

When Vyvian's disappearance and Clarence's dejection arouse in her the fear that a crime she suspects but dare not name has robbed her of one son and imperilled the other her emotions and anxieties become tragically intense. After all else seems to have been lost she would yield up her own life to save that of Clarence.

The poor cousin whose abilities were suppressed and denied scope and opportunity because of his nearness to a great inheritance is an original and profoundly impressive character. His equivocal position enables his elders to disappoint his every youthful and pure ambition and constrains him to restrict the activities of an aspiring mind to the services of more fortunate kinsmen whose mental inferiority he despises. The enforced dependent condition makes him coveteous, and humiliations to which he is subjected embitter his disposition. The deference of others to the wealth he sees but does not share, their subserviency to his equals, their insolence to himself, make him a scorner of all. His talents degenerate into cunning, his passions into malice, his pride remains but is shown now in an ostentatious obtrusion of his poverty. The earldom which has prevented his useful activity is regarded as his due and the lives whose rights interfere with his are obstructions to be removed. He employs his intellect in weaving plots to secure his succession and stings those who have fared better than himself. The apparent success of his schemes turns his head, and from indulging anticipations of coming greatness he begins to fancy himself already in possession and

rehearses the part as he intends to play it, and when all his plans are frustrated, his scorn of humanity survives his failures and he desires to be buried in the grave of his dog.

Vyvian's characteristics partake of those of the adventurous men of his day. The enthusiasm of the poet, the chivalry of the knight, and the daring of the sea-rover blend in the youth who, trained by a priest, was incited to become a sailor by wild tales of new-discovered lands. Perplexed by mysteries of his life, yearning for knowledge of his parentage, surviving misfortunes, hardships, and danger, and acquiring wealth despite all his handicaps, the first brief interval of rest is devoted to the search for his betrothed and enquiring into his birth. Rejected by the mother so longed for, his tenderness gives way to passion and he dares the threatened indignity with which his appeal is received, but when the countess, quailing before his determination, admits his claim, his affection resumes dominance and his native magnanimity prompts the surrender of all he might claim, for wealth and title he sought not, and they are of little worth compared to the mother he has gained.

The younger son is more than a passive agent, haughty, imperious, and courageous as befits one taught to brook no rival, to endure no superior, his hopes and purposes are patriotic and lofty, his speech frank and undissimulating, and, until another is preferred by his cousin and favored by his mother, he is worthy of his race. Artfully worked upon by the poor cousin he forces a quarrel upon Vyvian and horrified at the unexpected consequence becomes a prey to remorse, shunning those whose

actions he had been emulous of sharing because deeming himself the doer of a dishonorable deed. All that his mother's fondness sought to secure him was valueless, and he a burden to himself until Vyvian's return, dissipating dread and grief and peril, restored his hopes by clearing his honor.

In the first act Sir Grey de Malpas, my lord's poor cousin, learns from a hireling that the heir to Montreville, whose death he had plotted years ago, is alive and in the neighborhood. This is a third between himself and the earldom, and he has again to scheme for his removal. Vyvian, the heir, having heard that fighting is put off, but hoping that the rumor is false, sends one of his officers to learn the truth from Drake, and occupies the interval by endeavoring to learn something of his birth, and visiting his betrothed. To save time he asks his lieutenant to apprise the priest who reared him of his landing and then hastens to the castle which is Eveline's present home. The countess has dreamed of her son who died ten years ago, and is perturbed. Her favorite, Clarence, asks about Eveline and is rebuked. It is not meet that he should haunt the steps of one who cannot be his wife. The young man disclaims all thought of wedlock but wants the society of their ward when he returns from hunting, which now attracts him. Eveline is warned by the countess not to build serious expectations on Clarence's flattering attentions, because for him high destinies are anticipated. Sir Grey informs the countess that her eldest son is not dead as was reported, that he lives and is coming hither, and that she must de-

tain him as guest until they can arrange to secure and destroy all proofs of his rights. Eveline is musing on her absent lover, and wondering where he is, when Vyvian enters and answers her questions. The love scene which follows is ended by a beautiful eulogy of the sea. He is introduced to the countess and they enter the castle.

Seated at table, the sailor relates some of his adventures, jesting merrily at his misfortunes but distressing the countess by these relations, which show the heartlessness of his parents. The recital of his punishment by the pirates is a magnificent declamatory passage. The lovers are seen by Clarence, who is maliciously told by Sir Grey that the stranger's suit to Eveline is approved by his mother. Clarence imperiously interferes, is disregarded by Vyvian, and draws his sword, when the countess commands him to abstain from such unseemly conduct and dismisses Sir Grey to soothe and mollify him, then because of this dangerous rivalry she proposes to Vyvian that he marry Eveline at once, and bear his bride away in his ship. She will in the meantime sharpen law, explore the mystery of his birth, and discover his parents. Thus the terror of a mother will be removed and Eveline and himself made happy. Messengers bring Vyvian news that the Armada has sailed and that he is wanted by Drake. The countess' plan cannot therefore be carried out; Vyvian must meet his foster-father, say farewell to Eveline and hurry to his ship.

Vyvian learns from Alton, the priest who watched over his childhood, that Lady Montreville is his mother, and is given letters and documents proving his birth. At once he hastens back to the castle. Sir Grey discerns

him advancing rapidly and whispers to the countess that his eagerness may arise from having learned his birth from Alton. She interrogates Clarence as to his willingness to accept a less luxurious station and his answer that if he fell it would be after the Roman fashion on his sword's point hardens her resolution to defend all for him. Sir Grey betrays the countess' scheme to Clarence, who forces a quarrel on Vyvian, St. Kinian's cliff being selected as the place. There Vyvian hopes to clasp a brother, and when Eveline anxiously questions about Clarence's purpose, he throws away his sword and assures her that both will be safe for one will be unarmed. Sir Grey and his hireling have heard all, and a great possibility reveals itself to the poor cousin. His instrument is instructed to track the brothers but not to interfere until in the duel one is slain. Then his testimony will convict the other and this calamity will kill the countess and the poor cousin will become Earl of Montreville.

In the interview between Vyvian and his mother, she, determined to protect her youngest son at all risks, denies the claim, and would leave the presence of the man who declares himself her son. Before his earnestness and proofs her resolution is weakened, but remembering Clarence she turns fiercely, denounces Vyvian as an impostor and calls her people to eject him. Her rejection arouses his wrath. He defies her anger and dares her threats. Realizing the certainty of injurious publicity if she persists, the countess dismisses her servants and becomes the petitioner. She confesses that he is her son but entreats him to renounce her and accept a huge dowry with his bride. He refuses to give up the mother so longed for,

and she, foreseeing that Clarence will not survive the loss of all he has been taught to regard as his own, prepares to abandon all to Vyvian and bids him take his revenge. Revolted by her unkindness to himself, his resentment is mitigated by the evidence of her tenderness for Clarence, and to the mother who misjudges his affection and desires, he gives the papers which jeopardize her favorite's future and turns to leave her. His generosity breaks down her determination; she acknowledges and blesses him, though aware that by her act she dispossesses Clarence. But the heir declares that her blessing was the birthright he desires and having won that, Clarence is welcome to all the rest and they may deem him dead. Clarence at the tryst impatiently awaits his rival and the hired bravo is there to compass the destruction of the survivor. Vyvian's ship signals for him, and he is hastening towards it, but Clarence intercepts him and insists on fighting. Backing away from the lifted sword the sailor loses his footing and falls over the cliff; the bravo crawls after him. Vyvian's ship sails away.

A year later Alton discovers that Vyvian was not among those who dispersed the ships of Spain and seeks Sir Grey to learn what befell when with the proofs of his heirship Vyvian came to claim his mother. The poor cousin artfully increases the priest's suspicions by acquainting Alton of the rivalry of the brothers. Vyvian's lieutenant, now that war is over, seeks for his missing captain, and tracking his steps comes upon bleaching bones and articles of clothing belonging to Vyvian. Clarence has been a different man ever since the captain's

visit. He has no longer either joy in exercise or ambition for enterprise, and honors sought for him by the countess are declined by the son on the ground that he is unworthy. His demeanor causes his mother to fear that some crime has wrought this alteration and she cannot avoid associating the guilt with Vyvian's visit. The constable, Sir Geoffrey Seymour, has been called to enquire as to the missing Vyvian, and the discovered bones have been borne into the justice hall, to which the countess and her son are summoned. Sir Grey is active in the investigation. With seeming reluctance he deposes to acts which inculpate, and elicits facts which make it seem that Clarence is a murderer. The countess attempts to protect her son but is confronted by Alton, who asks if she conspired to slay her firstborn and if Clarence knew that Vyvian was his brother. The young man, horrified, calls upon his mother to confute the slander, but the proofs are overwhelming, and Sir Grey is about to take his unfortunate relations into custody — the step which will make him earl — when an armed soldier comes opportunely, asserts that the bones are those of the instrument Sir Grey hired to commit murder, and explains how Vyvian escaped death. Sir Grey in desperation draws his sword, reasserts that Clarence slew Vyvian, and offers to prove his charge by battle. The soldier removes his helmet and is recognized as Vyvian. He relates how after failing to reach his ship he joined Essex's expedition and has just returned a knight. Riches and title he has no need for, but his bride and his mother and his brother will share them. The world's most royal heritage is his who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives.

THE HOUSE OF DARNLEY

UNDER this title, four acts of an uncompleted play by Bulwer, with an incongruous addition by Charles Coghlan, were produced by John Hare at the Court Theatre, October 6, 1877.

From internal evidence the work appears to have been written before 1842, but the possibility of a satisfactory production never presented itself during the author's lifetime and therefore it remained unfinished.

It is a vigorous specimen of the playwright's craftsmanship; has poignant and strong situations and the characters give indications of great possibilities of development which are never realized because of the lack of the completing act.

The mischief caused by indulging in jealousy, that phase of lunacy so prevalent with frivolous women, is the theme of the work, and the exposition of the great injury resulting from this evil passion would have furnished the binding interest, and supplied the material for the completing fifth act.

Lady Juliet is infected with this form of dementia by the gossip of a designing relative and mistakenly concludes that she is wronged by her husband. She promptly resolves upon a separation. He, hiding the hurt caused by this unexpected and undeserved return for much toleration and indulgence, consents to the over-

throw of his household hopes, and facilitates the execution of her purpose, but the blight makes him indifferent to the future and incapable of giving his customary attention to his business affairs, which soon threaten to involve him in bankruptcy. Then he perceives the un-wisdom of allowing his love for an unworthy wife to make shipwreck of his reputation and career, and bestirs himself to retrieve his business and fortune, now in extreme danger. Lady Juliet, hearing of his reverses, with a woman's inconsistency pawns all her jewels and pays the sum thus realized to his account. This unexpected and unknown assistance staves off the run on the house of Darnley, and his own energetic resumption of activity effects changes which assure an early freedom from financial anxieties, but his confidence in himself is gone and his ambition has no further motive, and he determines to abandon business and with his daughter seek a new home in some foreign land.

Only to this point is the story conducted, and modifications in some of the scenes would have been necessitated by the concluding act. The fragment is but the draft of a play of which some portions would have received elaboration and others condensation, had the work been brought to a symmetrical completion.

Sir Francis Marsden is reading the newspapers when Selby Fyshe calls upon him; news, being the concerns of other people, has no interest for this gentleman who facilitates himself on not being injured by the calamities of others. Marsden craves excitement, fighting, politics, gaming, drinking, wine, love, which are all bores to

Fyshe, who, however, is impressed with the tranquil qualifications of Miss Placid, whose uncle has left her a large legacy, half of which she forfeits if she refuses to marry him. Marsden congratulates him and solicits his good wishes regarding his Juliet, which Fyshe demurs to, because Juliet is married, and joy is high priced at Doctors Commons. Juliet is the wife of Darnley, a well-born, scholarly speculator who by daring and originality has acquired an enormous fortune. To his house Marsden goes.

Darnley is engaged with his head clerk, Parsons, planning investments and giving reasons for steps which Parsons considers imprudent. Mainwaring's school friend and intimate companion wishes Darnley would stop money-making and give more attention to domestic matters, and especially curb Lady Juliet's extravagance and the constant attentions of Marsden. Darnley regards this advice as the result of the disappearance of his friend's sister, whose desertion worries and makes her brother severe. Lady Juliet and several guests including Marsden come to examine the drawings for a new villa. Darnley disconcerts Marsden by his irony, but when they have gone is half inclined to call Lady Juliet back. She of her own accord returns, thinking he may wish her to stay at home, but he, desiring not to be selfish, contents himself with merely asking her to take their child with her. A lady calls to see Darnley, and Mainwaring is in the way so he is dismissed and Darnley takes upon himself the task of finding shelter for her.

Marsden learns from Fyshe that Darnley has rented a villa and installed therein a young and pretty female

whom he visits every day. Fyshe has an interview with Miss Placid, whose quietness charms him. When he takes his departure she, desiring to revolt him, perceives that her playing the fool will not do, and resolves on another course of action. Mainwaring, whom she cares for, is asked to counsel her, and shows that he would marry her even without fortune, but he is perturbed; Darnley's last and greatest venture has failed, and all who have demands upon him, chiefly Lady Juliet's tradesmen, are making a run on him. Darnley tries to intercede with Mainwaring in his sister's behalf but is rebuffed, and urged again to curtail Lady Juliet's expenditures. Fanny, the daughter, asks Darnley to go to her mother, who has just heard that he has come in. Marsden is with Lady Juliet making theatrical love, when Darnley enters, and taking up some of Marsden's phrases turns them into ridicule and in sarcasm describes Marsden's present pursuit under the parable of a friend, and leaves the room. Lady Juliet, deeply grieved that her thoughtless levity has stung her husband's heart, turns to dismiss the cause of her folly, and Marsden, defending himself and claiming that his accuser is a hypocrite, gives Julie the address he learned from Fyshe.

The Lady in the Villa is visited by Lady Juliet, who determines to know the truth, makes vague charges which are not denied, and leaves confirmed in her suspicions. The run on the bank continues. Mainwaring takes all he possesses to the head clerk. Miss Placid prepares to shock Fyshe, and rehearses to Mainwaring her new rôle. In the midst of the relation of her adventures at a hunt Fyshe enters and is dumfounded. Lady

Juliet seeks Miss Placid, announces her intention to part forever from Darnley, and writes him a notification of her purpose. Darnley is exerting himself to provide supplies to meet the continual run when Lady Juliet's letter is brought in to him, and his coolness and stoicism fail. News of losses no longer affect him and he is prepared to give up. Mainwaring's counsel encourages him to renewed effort; he makes preparation for the protection of his name, but his spirit is broken.

Darnley seeks explanation from his wife, but her determination to give no reasons prevents anything but further complications, and her father is sent for to complete the details of the separation, and Darnley leaves. Marsden comes and entreats her to allow him to deserve the affection her ingrate husband has cast away. Darnley returns with Fanny, sees Juliet weeping, Marsden kneeling, and retires. Mainwaring enters, and outstays Marsden, and chides Lady Juliet for listening to a soft tongued knave when her husband is on the verge of ruin, ruin caused by her. She asks particulars; she will not leave her husband at present despite her wrongs. Mainwaring tells her that supplies counted upon have failed, and a few thousand pounds would be worth more now to Darnley than half a million at other times. Lady Juliet brings her jewels, and asks Mainwaring to dispose of them and get the money to Darnley, but never tell her husband. Darnley consents to the separation, leaving all details to Lady Juliet's father, but retaining Fanny. Mainwaring joyfully informs Darnley that timely aid has enabled the house to meet all demands, and the panic is subsiding, and also assures him that Lady Juliet re-

tracts and repents. But Darnley is obdurate now; he saw Marsden at her feet, his wrongs he cannot forgive; henceforth his child shall be the only heart left him to cherish, with her he will go abroad. Lady Juliet, coming to her husband, hears his words and misapplies them, and as he goes out she swoons.

MONEY

THIS comedy satirizes a prevailing form of tolerated despicability, by displaying the quackeries of one of its successful practitioners, while ridiculing certain fashionable affectations by exposing the inferiority of the adopters in comparison with others who are natural, unpretentious, and unselfish. Variety of character and felicitous groupings of masses of individuals in effective situations are its most interesting features, but the structural beauty of the work results from the adequacy of the plot, the consistency of the incidents and situations, and the appropriate language by which the purposes of the comedy are developed.

The characters are such as flourished in 1840, typical of the time, sufficiently marked for the use of the playwright, and individually distinct from the ephemera which in each generation supply illustrations of fashionable vagaries.

The utterances of the characters are appropriate to the circumstances in which they appear, action is never retarded by conversational vivacity, but bright, cynical, wise, and terse observations are frequent, and there are occasions where the remarks of many are ingeniously interlaced and dovetailed.

The reading of the will, which changes Evelyn's fate, with the alternations of feverish expectancy and pro-

found disgust; the courting scene where Lady Franklin successfully schemes to make the disconsolate widower laugh, sing, and dance; the game at piquet with Evelyn losing fabulous sums to Smooth, and his friends abandoning their prejudices against gambling in their eagerness to secure a share of the plunder while the lone old member keeps the waiter in perpetual journeyings after the snuffbox; and the final collapse of Sir John's machinations, are the great scenes of the comedy, but more poignant incidents are the several interviews between Clara and Evelyn—when she rejects him, when she urges him to useful activity, and when she defends her refusal to drag him down by marrying on nothing.

Sir John Vesey is the most important character, enabled by his acquired reputation for respectability to perpetrate quackeries, deceits, and knaveries with as much unction as though they were virtuous actions, without drawing down the reprehension of his class; a genuine whig, inherently mendacious, selfish, and hypocritical, titled but without honor, associate of learned societies but neither studious nor erudite, famed as an orator but incapable of composing a speech; less benevolent than the poor dependent, less honest than the professional gambler—the typical product of nineteenth century political society, and the evidence of the power of a title to shield rascality from its deserts. L'Avares and Tartuffes are neither so numerous nor so insidiously corrupting as this specimen of the modern man who has succeeded, and who justifies to himself the frauds and meannesses he regards as necessary incidents in that management by which he humbugs a world which otherwise

would deny him the station and prominence he has so long usurped.

Alfred Evelyn, scholar and gentleman, poor and therefore imposed upon until an unexpected legacy lifts him above the herd of his relatives, is a cynic in profession but a philanthropist in practice. Penury has taught him the value of money, experience has familiarized him with the crushing influence of circumstances, and affection has prompted to ambitious projects. Able, practical, and sagacious in everything where intellect is called into play, but undiscerning and a blunderer where the heart is concerned, he misjudges the girl who rejected him because both were poor, and attributes nonexistent generosity to the daughter of his former oppressor.

Made suspicious by his friend's criticism, he resorts to stratagem to test the sincerity of Georgina and Sir John, and finds that the money, not the man, attracted. Professing friends fell away when wealth was supposed exhausted, while those who had presumed to reprove, and desire activities more suitable to his abilities, remained loyal and wishful to aid. He escapes from the clutches of Sir John and his daughter, and is restored to her who thought more of him than of herself when she refused to share his poverty.

There is wonderful variety in the minor characters. Mr. Graves, hiding a kindly heart and genial disposition under the exaggerated evidences of his grief for his sainted Maria, meanwhile enjoys good sherry, admires fine women, and contrives to get much good out of life. Sir Frederick Blount, who objects to the letter R because it is too rough and therefore drops its acquaint-

ance; Lord Glossmore, whose grandfather kept a pawn-broker's shop and who accordingly entertains the profoundest contempt for everything plebeian; Mr. Stout, puffing, hot, and radical, with immense misinformation about political economy and no clear opinion about anything; Captain Smooth, with the mildest manners and the deadliest success in duels, able to keep a secret, ready to do anything to oblige, and though a gambler evincing a nicer honor than the pretentious superior persons with whom he is brought in contact.

Georgina Vesey is frivolous, Clara Douglas amiable and serious, but Lady Franklin, experienced, good-natured, shrewd, well-informed, and unaffected, is the most captivating of the ladies in the comedy.

Mr. Graves has notified Sir John Vesey that at two o'clock he will bring the lawyer to read the will of the late Mr. Mordaunt. Sir John, assuming confidently that his daughter Georgina will inherit the nabob's wealth and become thereby the richest heiress in England, takes this opportunity to inform that young lady that notwithstanding appearances and report, he is not the rich man he seems, that the world judges men by what they appear to be, not by what they are, and that therefore he humbugs the world by always living above his means and taking credit for more than he possesses. By management he has obtained the repute of being stingy, which implies wealth, but it is all humbug. Further, as now she will be a great heiress, all thought of Sir Frederick must be dismissed, and she must look out for a duke. Lady Franklin with her niece Clara joins them, and they discuss the relatives of the deceased, until Sir

John's secretary enters and interrupts their satire. Each has some errand or task which needs Evelyn's attention but he cannot perform their commissions because his old nurse is dying and he wants some assistance for her. He asks Sir John for ten pounds but does not obtain it. Georgina, contemplating sending something when she receives her legacy, writes down the poor woman's address. Clara copies it unobserved, and, Lady Franklin assisting her, sends the sum anonymously. Sir Frederick Blount enters. His manner to Clara is lacking in courtesy, and provokes Evelyn, whose interjections make Sir Frederick uncomfortable. When he has gone, Evelyn seeks to compensate for the cavalier treatment Clara has received by evidencing his own respect. He commiserates her position, like his own, that of a dependent, and passion carrying away his reserve, he asks her to marry him, and is gently but firmly rejected, because he is poor and she too. She loves but will not ruin him. Stout, Glossmore and presently Graves and the lawyer arrive, and Sir John dismisses his secretary so that they may get to business. The lawyer observes that all the relatives should be present and bids Evelyn be seated. The will is read. The testator has indulged a bitter ironical spirit in his bequests, most of which cause disappointment and indignation in the recipients, but to Georgina he leaves ten thousand pounds, to Graves five thousand, and all the residue to Alfred Evelyn, whose wealth now separates him from Clara more than his poverty did. Those who had hitherto been condescending to the poor secretary, become effusively kind to the heir, and when he asks for ten pounds for his old nurse every man offers it.

The anteroom of Evelyn's new house is crowded with artists, publishers, builders, and the tradesmen whom wealth attracts. Stout, the explosive, vigorous radical, bursts in, having heard that Evelyn has bought the great Groginhole property. The member for that borough cannot live another month and Stout wants the new proprietor to support Popkins. Glossmore, with the same information, solicits his interest for Lord Cipher. Evelyn bids them go and play at battledore and shuttlecock by themselves. Graves is the most cordially valued of all Evelyn's new friends and to him, after cataloguing the miseries of life, Evelyn relates his early harsh experiences and even his rejection by Clara, in revenge for which he has pretended that in a letter which accompanied the will Mr. Mordaunt had ordered the payment of twenty thousand pounds to Clara Douglas, which amount has been given to the woman who refused him. Mr. Mordaunt had expressed the desire that Evelyn should choose one of his two cousins for wife, and as Clara had declined his hand, and his nurse had received ten pounds anonymously and only Georgina knew her address, he concludes that he is in duty bound to propose to Sir John's daughter. Sir John overhears Lady Franklin conversing with Clara and learns of the sending of the money. Dudley Smooth, a successful gambler and a dead shot, is introduced and Sir Frederick asks Evelyn's good offices in his suit for Clara, for Georgina now pretends a prior attachment. Sir John represents to Evelyn that Georgina, at some sacrifice, sent relief to his nurse and that apparent fact decides Evelyn. He proposes to Georgina and is accepted.

Evelyn has not pressed the fixing of the wedding day; he seldom comes to the house, and Sir John is uneasy. He determines to get Clara out of the way and to that end he tells her that lest it might embarrass her he let Evelyn suppose that Georgina sent that letter and he pleads his interest in his daughter's happiness as an excuse for suggesting that Clara, whose presence keeps Evelyn away, could accompany Mrs. Carleton abroad. Clara is miserable, hails the opportunity and agrees to the proposition. Meeting Evelyn she informs him of her plans, thanks him for past kindnesses, asks that they part friends, and as a sister to a brother begs that he will use his benevolence, his intellect, his genius so that she may always recall with pride that once this man loved her. Graves thinks that Evelyn has been too hasty, hints that Georgina cares more for Sir Frederick, whom Clara has refused, than for him, and leads Evelyn to perceive that he has been duped by Sir John, who is immensely fond of his prospective son-in-law's money. Evelyn determines to beat Sir John at his own weapons; he therefore recants his promise to foreswear gambling and pretends to disregard certain important information regarding banks. Lady Franklin receives Graves in her boudoir, and in the way of a widow with a man cajoles him into laughing, declaiming, singing, and dancing. Just as he is proposing and about to embrace her, a troop of their friends enter. The lady escapes and Graves stops in front of Sir John. Their mirth is resented and Graves leaves in anger. At the club Evelyn is engaged in play. He bargains with Smooth that they will pretend to gamble for enormous stakes to the end that Sir John's sin-

cerity may be tested. The play is so high that all watch. Sir John is in agony. After tremendous losses Evelyn proposes to make a night of it and they adjourn to his own house in spite of Sir John's entreaties.

In the anteroom the tradesmen and other gnats are regretfully commenting on their patron's transference of the privilege of ruining him to gamblers. Evelyn's bad luck continues and it becomes evident that after losing all else he has staked his house on the odd trick, and lost. The tailor arranges to arrest Evelyn as an absconding debtor because he overhears that a passport for Belgium has been procured. Evelyn borrows from Sir John, Sir Frederick, and Glossmore. He announces that he is through with Smooth, but is crippled and must retrench and he asks Georgina to advance him the ten thousand pounds bequeathed to her. That discreet young lady will let him hear from her tomorrow. Evelyn questions his friends if in the twelve months since he became rich he could have spent his money in a way more worthy of their good opinion. They answer no emphatically. The lawyer whispers to Evelyn, "The bank's broke." He repeats the words in a frightened voice. Simultaneously he finds there is an execution in the house, and opinions change. Sir John demands the return of his loan, and all save Smooth and Graves abuse Evelyn and depart in disgust.

At the club Glossmore receives a despatch acquainting him that Evelyn has been nominated for Grogginhole. He despairs of the country if men of unknown principles are to make its laws, and considers it infamous in a bankrupt to get into parliament just to keep out of pris-

on. Sir John makes it up with Sir Frederick; he will not sacrifice his daughter's happiness to ambition, therefore at dinner tonight they will talk over the settlements. Her ten thousand pounds is to remain her own, which is not agreeable to Sir Frederick, who wonders if it wouldn't be better to elope with Georgina. Stout, more heated than usual, informs Sir John that Evelyn has played a trick on them; he hasn't lost any money to speak of; the Groginhole purchase has been completed and before the day is over he will be a member of Parliament. Sir John promptly revokes his promise to Sir Frederick and sets about strengthening his claims on Evelyn. Sir Frederick, roused to anger, determines to induce Georgina, with whom he has an appointment, to elope. Graves is questioned by Clara as to Evelyn's reverses and how he bears them. Having heard from Georgina that ten thousand pounds will free him from all liabilities she has paid that amount to his credit. Graves assures her that it is not Georgina that Evelyn cares for, tells her that Evelyn concocted the story about her bequest, and encourages her to hope that all will come right, for Georgina will prove herself Sir John's daughter. Clara, anxious that when others desert she should not be classed with such false friends, induces Lady Franklin to accompany her to her cousin's house. There Evelyn is discussing affairs with Graves, pointing out that it was not regarded as wrong for him to gamble, the crime consisted in losing. Graves offers to assist his friend financially and Evelyn confides to him that his losses have been trivial; that all has been a pretense to test Sir John and Georgina and see whether it was the money or the man

they cared for. A letter is brought notifying Evelyn that ten thousand pounds has been placed to his credit, and concluding that Georgina is the donor and that his suspicions have wronged her, he writes to undeceive her as to his supposed losses, and binds himself irrevocably by asking her to fix the day for their wedding. Lady Franklin and Clara come. Graves regrets that they are too late, as whatever is good for anything generally is. Sir John enters beaming and effusive and announces that they will all lend him any amount he requires and that Georgina insists upon giving him the required sum. He is perplexed to learn that it has already been received and an answer sent. He beseeches Lady Franklin to search for Georgina, whom he has not been able to find. A deputation confirms the news of Evelyn's election for Groginhole and Sir John elicits from the lawyer that the gambling losses amounted to less than a week's income, and hugs himself on having caught Evelyn in his own trap. Lady Franklin returns, bringing Georgina and Sir Frederick with her. Evelyn, preventing Sir John from communicating with his daughter, asks Georgina if she is still willing to marry him. She answers that his fortune dazzled her; she pities his reverses; life is nothing without money, and as their engagement is annulled — as papa told her — she has promised her hand where she has given her heart, to Sir Frederick. Evelyn produces the letters on the strength of which he proposed and asks their meaning. Lady Franklin explains that her maid wrote them at Clara's request. Evelyn is free and at once claims Clara as his wife. Sir John is furious, scolds Georgina, and denounces Lady Franklin un-

til he learns that his daughter was on the point of eloping to Scotland. Evelyn doubles Georgina's legacy and a match is made between her and Sir Frederick. Lady Franklin accepts Graves and they undertake to finish their reel on their wedding day.

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM

THIS title was given by Charles Dickens to a comedy written by Bulwer for performance by a company of amateurs whose oddities of speech, bearing, and demeanor were transferred to the figures invented for them, as were also, in some instances, salient characteristics of the players. Wilmot, like Dickens, "with heart as large as his genius," was better known to the many because of negligible affectations and obtruded foibles than by his natural goodness and geniality, and Forster had Hardman's failing of occasionally allowing his zeal to outrun his prudence.

The limited histrionic experiences of these players had to be taken into account in the invention and arrangement of incidents and business. Subtleties and intensities in effects and situations are avoided, and the feminine interest is of the slightest proportions. The comedy called for all the skill and adroitness of the actors, and gave excellent opportunities for the display of their ability in an unfamiliar art, without inviting failure by too high an aim.

The illusion of remoteness was obtained by casting the comedy in the time of George the First, and the greatest artists of the day coöperated in ensuring faithfulness in the details of scenery, furniture, and costume when it was first performed.

The language is terse and fluent, sometimes delicately

touched with satire, often rising to fervor, and the situations amuse, compel attention, and arouse admiration. As the action progresses the characters develop, and amiable and admirable traits are shown in all. Each collision of antagonism in purpose and disposition has an amending result. The foibles inviting ridicule are found to be mere trivial accompaniments of praiseworthy qualities, and it is revealed that there is more of good in every man than our superficial judgments acknowledge. Therefore it heightens our regard for human nature and has an ennobling effect.

Not So Bad As We Seem was first produced at Devonshire House, May 16, 1851. It was afterwards played by Mr. Webster's company at the Haymarket.

Wilmot is the principal character, the admired leader of the mode, masking by a pretense of heartlessness, cynicism, and levity, a quick sympathy with the noble and aspiring, an eager activity in beneficent deeds, and an unselfish readiness to assist less fortunate individuals.

Hardman is sterner and less amiable than his friend, and his ambition and selfwill nearly turn to evil a disposition prone to overvalue practical success. With the ability to discern what is right, and with eloquence to move others to noble action, he plays the sophist with himself and contemplates a resort to treachery. Surprised at finding unexpected goodness in others, and realizing the unfavorable comparison his own conduct suggests, better desires are awakened in him and as a first step to becoming actively useful to humanity he changes his intention, aids those he had planned to injure, and enjoys the happiest moment he has ever known.

Next to Wilmot, Sir Geoffrey is the best of the characters. Early experiences of man's duplicity and deceit have made distrust habitual to him, and he is suspicious of everything. His wrongs have made him reserved but not sullen, the injuries he has received have embittered his life, without making him revengeful. He is unable to suppress his inherent kindliness and generosity, and however droll his imaginary dangers and the fears they cause may make him appear, his shrewdness, wisdom, and greatness win respect and admiration.

The duke of Middlesex carries pride to the boundary of the absurd, yet is nevertheless more than a grandiose figure. In his interview with Hardman, where the honor of a woman is in question, he rises to the sublime.

The distressed poet is a pitiful yet ennobling portrait of unfriended and neglected genius. Ambitious to perfect a worthy legacy to his country, he is compelled to write pamphlets instead, and scarcely able to support his family by his own toils he yet resists the temptation to sell the scandalous composition of another for the high price the publishers offer. In a work designed to emphasize the importance of the literary calling, it was necessary to place its representative in a favorable light, and David Fallen portrays the professional author, not as he is, or has been, but as he should be.

Lord Wilmot, rising late, finds that he has no duels awaiting him, and less than a score of social engagements, and therefore a dull day confronts him. A lady who professes interest in Sir Geoffrey Thornside and his daughter and wishes to communicate with Miss Thorn-

side, applies to Wilmot to assist her. Their interview being interrupted by another visitor, she leaves hurriedly, appointing the evening for a fuller explanation. Mr. Shadowly Softhead, an imitator of his lordship, is the caller. He is the best fellow in the world, neither strong nor wise, yet ambitious to be thought as daring and wild as the exquisite he copies. Hardman, a rising politician, comes to secure Wilmot's support for the government, but finds that his lordship is more attracted by art than polities and has just bought a superb Murillo, the very thing Walpole most desires. Hardman's punctilious formality is disagreeable to Wilmot, who wants to forget he is a lord, in his bachelor's apartments, and he declares that if a duke called upon him he would dispense with all titles and call him by his name. The valet announces his grace the duke of Middlesex and to justify his boast, Wilmot accosts his visitor as Middlesex, an impertinence which Softhead imitates, to the consternation of the duke. Hardman takes Softhead out of the room, and Wilmot explains and apologizes for his assumption of familiarity. The duke is anxious about a scandalous narrative written by his sarcastic brother and reflecting injuriously on himself, which he is told is about to be published, but the purpose of his call is to invite Wilmot to join in a project for restoring James the Third to the throne. Wilmot undertakes to gain possession of the dreaded manuscript but he declines to assist in what would cause civil war, and the duke takes his leave regretting that he mistook the son of Lord Loftus. Wilmot is perturbed by the reference to his father, who may be compromising himself in a conspiracy, and he en-

treats Hardman, who has a knack of finding out everything, to sound Lord Loftus and learn if he is being lured into treason.

Sir Geoffrey manifests an aversion to Wilmot, and interposes obstacles to his meeting Lucy. In order to put the father on a wrong scent, Wilmot arranges that Softhead shall make pretended love to Miss Thorside while Sir Geoffrey is present, and he will devote his attentions to Miss Easy, whom Softhead worships, and they proceed to the Thorside home.

Sir Geoffrey is distressed because the dog howled last night, and his servant's behavior makes him apprehensive of designs on his peace, and some enemy must be plotting against his life because every day flowers are thrown into his room. Mr. Easy and his daughter come to visit Lucy, and Sir Geoffrey confides his fears to his friend. Mr. Easy suggests that the flowers come from a female admirer, or are intended for Lucy, who may have attracted some one who takes this method of showing attention. This reminds Sir Geoffrey of Lord Wilmot, who persists in calling despite every rebuff, and who may mean making love to Lucy, which Easy thinks the only likely suspicion his friend has hit on for many a day. He has heard of Wilmot, who is rather a madcap, but adored by his companions, and Softhead professes to copy him; he incenses Sir Geoffrey by wishing him joy, for the knight has other designs for his daughter. Lord Wilmot and Softhead call. They devote themselves to Lucy and Barbara according to their prearrangement. Easy is delighted to observe Wilmot's attention to his daughter, and visions of her as my lady

and himself as member for the city loom before him, and he facilitates the stratagem of the visitors by enticing Sir Geoffrey from the room. As soon as the fathers have gone the partners are changed, but a return to the previous alliance is necessitated by the entrance of Hardman, who intends to marry Lucy, and fears a rival in Wilmot, but he is deceived by the pretended attentions and concludes that it is Barbara who is preferred by his friend. Miss Easy agrees to aid Wilmot on condition that Softhead is sent back to the city and reconciled to her father, but she is afraid that this is no longer possible for Mr. Easy is severe on social indulgences and dislikes men who make themselves absurd by aping those of another class. Wilmot determines to test Mr. Easy's severity and invites him to Wills Coffee house.

Easy, despite his prejudices, contrives to advertise to all his acquaintances the fact that he is to meet his friend Lord Wilmot. Hardman has asked for an office in the gift of the minister and is expectant but anxious. From David Fallen he will learn about the new plot. Lords Middlesex and Loftus are engaged with the pamphleteer, a requisition is ready for conveyance to France, and a messenger is to be procured by Fallen to whom Middlesex will deliver the document at an appointed place. When the noblemen depart, Fallen acquaints Hardman of the arrangements and leaves to him the choice of a messenger. Walpole writes expressing regret that the place asked for is needed to conciliate a family otherwise dangerous. Wilmot introduces Softhead to some of his friends whom he represents as fire-eaters and duelists, and in whose company he leaves him, while he

gathers from Tonson, the publisher, particulars of Lord Mowbray's memoirs and the address of the poor poet who has them in his custody. Hardman, bitter and resentful, confides to Wilmot his disappointment, but for which he would have had courage to ask for the hand of one long-beloved but above him in station and birth, and he contrasts his position with that of his friend, who need fear no rebuff where he places his affections. Wilmot stuns him by confessing that it is to Lucy and not Barbara that he has lost his heart. Hardman determines to crush his rival by means of his knowledge of the plot in which Lord Loftus is compromised, and hastens away to possess himself of the papers intended for conveyance to France. Wilmot, grieved that his friend should lose the woman he loves for want of a pitiful place, resolves to gain it for him by giving Walpole his Murillo, and for that purpose he drives to the minister's house.

Lucy prefers to be unhappy rather than to deceive her father, and therefore acquaints him that it is not Barbara but herself whom Lord Wilmot comes to see. Hardman later informs Sir Geoffrey that Wilmot has no thought of Mr. Easy's daughter, and undertakes to find out the sender of the flowers.

After dinner at Wills Coffee house, Easy, hilarious, musical, and oratorical, Softhead, abject, sorrowful, and lachrymose, and Wilmot, sober but affecting inebriety, are on their way home. Easy promises Barbara to Soft-head since Wilmot is preëngaged, and then upsetting a watchman and securing possession of his rattle, he imagines himself a successful contestant for the city's representation, and emphasizing his speech of thanks springs

his rattle, which brings other watchmen who carry him to the guardhouse, he all the while believing he is being chaired member for the city. Wilmot describes the house they are to visit, as devoted to dreadful purposes, and so terrifies Softhead that he runs home, and Wilmot enters alone.

Sir Geoffrey has conceived a new suspicion and fancying that the annoyances to which he is subjected originate with an old enemy, he resolves that he will find and fight this foe, and as he may receive death instead of dealing it, he must at once secure a protector for Lucy, therefore he must hasten her marriage with Hardman, whom he has chosen for her, whose career he has secretly furthered and whose worth he will judge by the candor with which he answers certain questions. Hardman's replies, while attributing all his successes to his own unaided efforts and ability, satisfy Sir Geoffrey, although every step, save the latest, in the progress so proudly set forth was smoothed for him by his benefactor. The last honor received today is the government appointment previously refused. He is told to win Lucy's consent and soon, because Sir Geoffrey is determined to fight his insulter. Hardman assures him that the man he accuses died two months ago. He recalls that the memoirs bequeathed to Fallen may put a different construction on the acts which Sir Geoffrey deems so unforgivable and he goes to secure the memoirs.

David Fallen in his garret, endeavoring to write while worried for the wherewithal for food, is visited by Wilmot, who personates Edmund Currl. The mock publisher declines to buy the poem Fallen regards as his

greatest book but offers a large sum for the papers of Lord Mowbray. Despite his needs the poet refuses to allow writings which would cause pain to many to be given to the public. The pretended publisher changes his attack and represents himself as the agent of the Duke of Middlesex. Fallen has cause to resent the neglect and contempt with which the duke has treated him. These memoirs would make the proud duke the jeer of the town, but he will not sell scandal even to the head of the Mowbrays nor will he be the instrument of a brother's revenge; he will retain the confessions. Then, revealing himself, Wilmot apologizes for his deception, and asks for the papers not as a matter of price, but as an evidence of the nobility of the poet who can humble by a gift the prince who insulted him by alms, and having received the memoirs Wilmot begs Fallen's acceptance of an annuity from him. Hardman hears with dismay that the confessions he needs are now in the hands of the duke. He learns enough of the contents to see that Sir Geoffrey has been mistaken and perceives that it is the attempts of Lucy's mother to attract her daughter's attention which have perturbed the Thornside home. Turning to the Jacobite plot, Hardman arranges to supply the messenger and thus receive the incriminating documents.

Softhead acquires knowledge of the bribery of the prime minister which secured Hardman his appointment, and is confirmed in his purpose to quit fashionable life, but perceiving Lucy and Wilmot entering the house he has been taught to dread he becomes alarmed, and not finding Sir Geoffrey at home, he seeks Hardman and

confides his fears to him. Hardman has secured the requisition of the plotters, and he has successfully appealed to the heart of the proud duke, who has promised to produce his brother's confessions, and he sees that Wilmot has forestalled his plan and led the daughter to the mother's arms. He sends Softhead for officers and for Sir Geoffrey, who is with Mr. Easy, and then enters the house and accosting Wilmot proclaims his rivalry, exhibits the proof of Lord Loftus' treason, and exacts as the price of the surrender of that document the withdrawal of Wilmot's suit to Lucy, and the personal attendance of both the conspiring lords. To Lucy he promises the restoration of her mother to the hearth of her father, but at the price of her hand, and he has just wrung this pledge from her, when Sir Geoffrey and his friends arrive. Hardman is thanked for having saved Lucy and thus requited the kindnesses and preferments which have been rendered in secret to him, and when he protests that no man has ever aided him, that alone he has carved out his own pathway, Mr. Easy confounds him by detailing the interference of Sir Geoffrey, which made each step save the last one possible, and Softhead tells him how Wilmot secured that for him. Hardman, perceiving that all have been beneficent to him, becomes ashamed of his planned treachery and changes his purposes. He explains to Sir Geoffrey that Lucy was but led to her mother, that that mother had been maligned, and he produces as the proofs of her innocence the confession of Lord Henry Mowbray, the authenticity of which Lord Middlesex attests. Sir Geoffrey, convinced of his wrongful suspicions, goes to ask forgiveness, Wil-

mot fulfils his agreement with Barbara by winning Easy's confirmation of his yesterday's promise, Hardman destroys the treasonable requisition and yields Lucy's hand to Wilmot. There are many sides to a character and when men are better known they are not so bad as they seem.

WALPOLE

THIS innovation in comedy was developed from an experiment adventured upon in the years when Bulwer was actively engaged in producing plays for the stage. It was completed and published in 1869.

The immediate object of the work is to show that comedy can be furnished with an appropriate muse-like measure in which the mirth and satire of its dialogue may be expressed more pleasantly than in prose, and it submits the twelve-foot couplet used by Moliere as an available and advantageous verse for the purpose.

Constructed for representation, it was not submitted to any manager, for Hayward and others who were consulted were unanimous in reporting that no London theatre possessed performers to whom the principal parts in *Walpole* would be congenial or suited. Therefore it was published as a comic poem of a kind in which there is no previous example in the English language.

It is a satisfactory demonstration of the advantages metre gives to the colloquy or recital of comedy which aims at permanence. The lines flow freely, elisions and inverted constructions are avoided, there is no sign of effort, and the dialogue takes an added point and terseness from the rhyme. It may require greater care in delivery by the actor, but it does not appear to have occasioned any difficulty to the playwright.

The differing influence of private aims upon political action is illustrated in the work, which consists of three acts. The story is one of intrigue and every incident adds to our knowledge of the character of Sir Robert.

The tactful and masterful whig could only be appropriately treated in comedy, for though he was neither more selfish nor unscrupulous than other leaders of his political caste, there is nothing of the exalted or noble in the man or his measures. Large, strong, shrewd, and tolerant, he was determined to maintain peace at all hazards, and took whatever steps were necessary to secure that boon. He bribed right and left, for his experience taught him that every man has his price. But statesmen must labor for that which they perceive is expedient, and use such means as the circumstances of the times make available to carry their measures, and the censure incurred by Walpole's lax methods should be extended to the lords and commons of his day.

The clemency, adroitness, and purposeful cajolery of the practical politician are humanized in the comedy by the addition of an unexpected tenderness. Walpole had no sister, but without the introduction of Lucy he would have been but coldly interesting. The call upon his emotions by revealing a warm heart within a cold mechanism increases and heightens our regard.

The exuberant, sunny, and unselish Bellaire is a prepossessing embodiment of noble youth. The minister cannot induce him to sacrifice his participation in the onrushing time, yet in a woman's face he sees a fairer paradise than office promises to the ambitious Blount. Nothing in his conduct is unworthy, he acts as becomes

him without hesitation even when knowingly incurring danger, his trust in his father's friend is not a weakness, and it is but just that he wins the bride Blount would rob him of, for May and December can never agree.

Blount, the veteran leader of an opposition, has outgrown all enthusiasms except that of thwarting Walpole, until the knowledge that his ward has attracted a younger suitor rouses passion and determination which neither scruple nor consideration is allowed to interfere with. He cannot believe that the superior person he considers himself to be can fail to receive the preference of her to whom he deigns to offer marriage, and the obstructions his plans encounter make him ungenerous, deceitful, and treacherous, for

“When love comes so late how it maddens the brain
Between shame for our folly and rage at our pain.”
Dazed and made desperate by the failure of his schemes to secure a wife, he would add crime to the blunder which has exposed him to ridicule and shame, but is saved by the intercession of Lucy and the generous admonition of Walpole to hold up his head and keep a laugh for the ass who has never gone out of his wits for a lass.

Walpole explains to his agent Vesey that until the new king and his government are more firmly established the risk of an unfavorable general election must be avoided. A bill extending the life of the present parliament can be carried if Sir Sidney Bellair and Selden Blount can be induced to support it, therefore these men must be won or bought even if the price be high. Vesey under-

takes to arrange a meeting between Blount and the minister which may bring about the conversion of a present opponent. Bellair enters humming a tune. Walpole compliments him on the brilliancy of his last speech — though the subject, an attack upon himself, was not quite to his liking; invites him to Haughton and then leaves the young member with Vesey, who wonders why Bellair is not among Walpole's friends, and hints at a duke's daughter and a peerage as certainties if Sir Sidney allies himself with the minister. Vesey's attempt to secure Bellair is unsuccessful. Blount enters fresh from the Guildhall where his patriotism has been lauded at a banquet. Vesey suggests that he call upon Walpole and discuss a measure in which they are both interested and names three o'clock, which Blount, who has vowed to amend every ministerial proposal, changes to two, then addressing Bellair the opposition leader seeks to establish a community of interests with him. Walpole cannot buy Sir Sidney but Blount can, for he visits at the home of a young lady who has interested Bellair, and by facilitating his meetings with Lucy Wilmot, the patriot will so serve him as to ensure his constant support. Blount alleges that the lady is of such lowly station that it is useless to think of her as a wife, and he himself would defend her against a philanderer. Bellair persists in requesting that Blount aid him in winning Lucy for his bride, and the reluctant patriot is constrained to comply.

Walpole has connived at Nithsdale's escape from the tower, and is pleased that the young man has relieved the government by evading the fate of a martyr, which

would have strengthened his party. Free, he can do no harm. Blount calls and the minister reasons with him on the proposal to extend the life of the parliament. Blount regards this attempt to silence the nation as infamous and declares that he is not to be bought. Walpole argues that man prevails only by buying and selling, and that only those who are worth nothing are not bought. Blount is worth much, he is wanted, and he is asked to write his price. On the paper handed to him he writes "Among the men who are bought to save England inscribe me, and my price is the head of the man who would bribe me." That strikes Walpole as too high reaching, but he must have Blount's support, so other means must be thought of.

At Mrs. Vizard's house, where Lucy Wilmot has her home, two Jacobite lords seek shelter for a lady until evening and as they reward her amply she accepts the charge. It is Nithsdale disguised in his wife's dress. Blount enters and upbraids Mrs. Vizard for her carelessness in permitting Bellair to see and confer with Lucy. He has represented himself as John Jones, and his intention to make Lucy his wife has never been divulged. Now his plans being in danger he decides to hurry matters and will see and talk to Lucy. To her he denounces Bellair as a wolf in sheep's clothing to save her from whom he will marry her tomorrow, and he goes to perfect the necessary arrangements, giving the astounded Lucy no chance to either protest or refuse. The news-men announce Nithsdale's flight from the tower disguised in his wife's dress and Mrs. Vizard, convinced that her new guest is the escaped lord and intent upon

the offered reward, locks her doors and hurries to Walpole to sell her prisoner. Nithsdale, suspecting that he is in a trap, smashes the door of his room and finds Lucy similarly caged. He explains his danger, asks for another hood and mantle, and retires to change his disguise. Blount informs Bellair that Lucy his promised her hand to Mr. Jones, and Sir Sidney, resolved to know his fate from her own lips, tries to attract her attention by throwing a pebble at the window. Nithsdale interprets this as the signal of his friends and descends from the window to the astonishment of Bellair. The mistake is explained, the danger told, and Nithsdale is sent to safety in Bellair's carriage. Lucy, replying to Sir Sidney's enquiries, relates how she has been told to marry Mr. Jones, whom she reveres as a grandfather but never dreamed of as a lover. Bellair arranges to come with a ladder at ten o'clock and convey her to his home, where priest and friends will be present. Blount, having found a parson and secured a cottage, is felicitating himself on his success in misleading Bellair, and gloating in advance over the cheers he will win in the house when he exposes Walpole's attempt to bribe him, meets Sir Sidney and is told that Lucy never intended to marry old Mr. Jones, that on the contrary she is to become Lady Bellair this day and he is asked to attend the nuptials and act as the bride's father. A Jacobite lord thanks Sir Sidney for his generous assistance to Nithsdale, who has now got safely away, and gives him a letter exposing the treachery of Mrs. Vizard which he hands to Blount, who retains and transfers the missive to Vesey, making the arrest of Bellair the price of its surrender.

Vesey hurries to Walpole, and an order for Sir Sidney's arrest is signed, but the minister insists that only gentle measures are to be taken. Bellair must stay within doors, and Vesey had best keep him company. When Mrs Vizard came to betray Nithsdale, Walpole detained her until his messenger could make sure that the bird was flown. In her den his agent found another captive, a weeping girl named Wilmot, and the minister must know who she is and how she came there. Mrs. Vizard is summoned. She explains how Seldon Blount has been benefactor to Lucy Wilmot, an orphan, and the name being that of Walpole's sister, the minister suspects that she is a member of his own family and he accompanies Mrs. Vizard to her home to investigate. An interview with Lucy convinces him that he has found his lost sister's child. He learns all about her two lovers and how Bellair proposes to take her away tonight. Disapproving of the planned abduction Walpole sends his servant to bring Sir Sidney. A pebble is thrown against the window, as agreed upon, but it cannot be the signal of Bellair, for he is safe. Walpole looks from the window and sees a ladder, so he instructs his niece to whisper "I'm chained to the floor, come up and release me," and he hides behind the door. Blount enters through the window. He upbraids Lucy for her deceptions and falsities, and when she defends her actions, he grows stern and declares that only as his bride shall she leave these walls. Then Walpole taps him on the shoulder, steps into the balcony and pushes down the ladder, and returns as Blount, realizing the impossibility of escape, draws his sword. The minister bids him abstain from

further blundering, and Lucy intercedes and asks forgetfulness of a moment's madness which cannot wipe out the long-continued kindness shown a poor orphan, and Walpole agrees that the matter shall be a secret. A knock at the door behind which Walpole conceals himself precedes the entrance of Bellair, Vesey, and Mrs. Vizard. Sir Sidney upbraids Blount for his betrayal of friendship and confidence. The minister interrupts what threatens to become a quarrel, by representing the disclosure of Nithsdale's letter as a kindness, for it was coupled with the condition of Bellair's pardon, which is granted, and Blount's presence is another service since it saves Sir Sidney from degrading his bride by the scandal of flight. He asks Bellair in a whisper if he intended honest wedlock with one seemingly so far beneath him, and when assured of his good faith, bids him ask of Walpole the hand of his niece, and thank the friend who has preëngaged his consent. Bellair's good opinion of Blount is restored, and a nephew cannot vote against his uncle. The generosity of the minister converts the opponent into a friend and assures the safety of the bill, and so the matters which threatened storm take on another complexion and the glass stands at fair for the minister.

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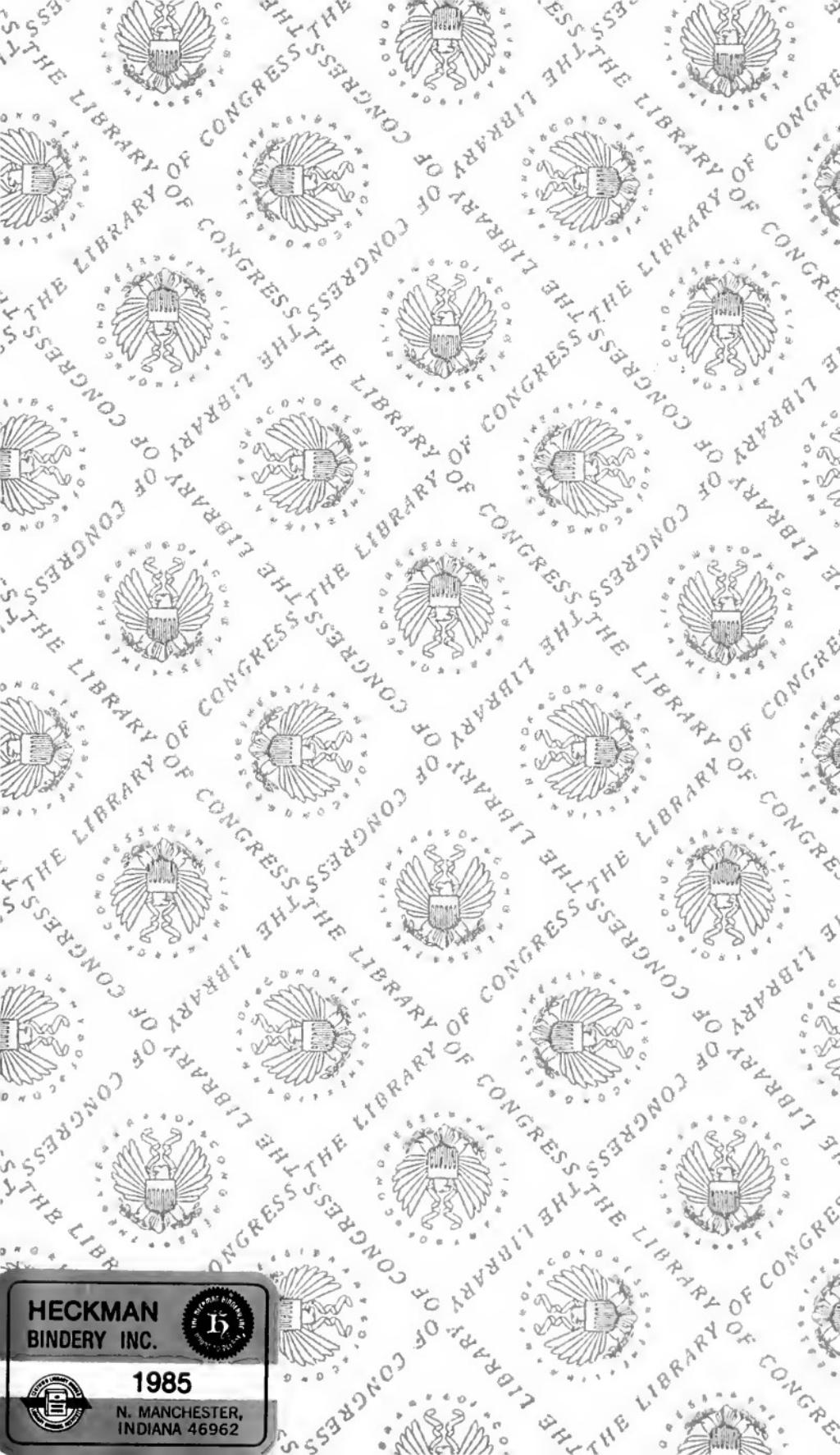




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